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FAVORITE HAUNTS

AND

RURAL STUDIES.

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FAVORITE HAUNTS

AND

RURAL STUDIES;

INCLUDING

VISITS TO SPOTS OF INTEREST

IN THE VICINITY OF

WINDSOR AND ETON.

BY

EDWARD JESSE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY,"
"COUNTRY LIFE," ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1847.

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DOOR WAY, UPTON CHURCH, NEAR SLOUGH.

(*See* p. 42.)

PREFACE.

THE kind indulgence with which the Public have received my former works, has been perhaps my chief inducement in offering the present one, which may be considered as a trifling contribution towards preserving a recollection of some places of interest in my more immediate neighbourhood. It is to be regretted that this has not been more extensively and frequently carried out by others

who have greater time and abilities for the task than myself. What I have done, however, I may, without the appearance of undue presumption, say, has had considerable pains bestowed upon it, having endeavoured to obtain the most desirable information concerning those subjects which I thought deserved notice. It is almost my first attempt in antiquarian pursuits, and as such I shall feel gratified if it escapes severe criticism.

I should mention that I was led to undertake the present notices of some of the interesting places in Buckinghamshire, and a few in Berkshire, by the following observation of the Rev. Gilbert White, in his preface to his Natural History of Selborne. He remarks that "if stationary men would pay some attention to the districts on which they reside, and would publish their thoughts respecting the objects that surround them, from such materials might be drawn the most complete county histories."

The rest of this work includes some tales of the country and a few facts in Natural History which may not be uninteresting.

It now only remains for me to make my acknowledgments to those friends who have kindly assisted me in my researches, and especially to the Rev. J. Mitford, of Benhall, Suffolk, my agreeable companion in all these pleasant excursions, and who is equally well known for his extensive learning, and his acute criticism. His poetical contributions to the present work will, I am sure, be read with pleasure. I must also return my thanks to an amiable clergyman in Hampshire for some interesting information.

EDWARD JESSE.

Upton Park, Slough,
Jan. 1847.

ENTRANCE TO THE CELLAR, PARLEM PARK, RITCHINGS.

(*See* p. 18.)

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DOVECOT, LADY-PLACE, HURLEY.

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MILTON'S WELL, CHALFONT ST. GILES.

RITCHINGS PARK.

Libet jacere modo sub antiquâ ilice,
Modo in tenaci gramine:
Labuntur altis interim rivis aquæ;
Queruntur in silvis aves;
Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
Somnos quod invitet leves.

HORACE.

My motto well expresses my fondness for the Country, and which advancing age has never for a moment diminished. When away from it I do not hear the autumnal song of the robin, or see the congregation of the swallows, the silvery moon shining over the vapoury grass, and those tints of the setting sun, which, at this period of the year, (October) are so striking. To be sure they afford us hints that winter is approaching, but then Winter has its charms, and with the new year every day serves to remind us that we are advancing rapidly to the joyous spring; and with the spring the flowers burst forth, the birds sing, all nature smiles with its fresh verdure, and my walks and rides are renewed to those spots to which some interest is attached or from which some view is to be admired.

There are, indeed, few neighbourhoods, around

which something of interest may not be discovered, unknown perhaps to many, and that of Windsor, I think, is one of them. When I have mentioned places to which a little curiosity and research have led me, persons residing near them have expressed their surprise at not having heard of them before, and I, therefore, now propose to describe some of those I have visited during the last summer. What has interested me may interest others, and it has often struck me that a very agreeable as well as instructive book might be made, describing the various places throughout the country, which have been the residence of persons of distinguished character, and particularly of those eminent for their science and learning. In addition to this there are little facts and circumstances in a neighbourhood of which the antiquary might like to be informed, or the lover of nature to find described. A very rich map might be thus unrolled, especially if we extended our researches from those days in which it might be said our literature was formed, to the present; and commencing with Sherborne Castle, the seat of Raleigh, and of Wilton, the residence of Lord Pembroke, come down to those later days in which Twickenham and Kensington became connected for ever with the names of Addison and Pope. Nor should the list be closed, till the more distant and romantic scenes of Abbotsford and Keswick had been visited.

The present Sketches will, however, be confined to the neighbourhood of Eton, taking a circle of a few miles from it, and it is intended to attempt either to revive recollections of places probably faded away and almost forgotten in the public mind, or to describe those which have only been preserved in correspondences now but little known. Let me begin with

RITCHINGS PARK.

It was on a fine Summer's morning, that accompanied by an agreeable friend, whose mind is stored with elegant literature, we visited this once celebrated place. I will describe it as it appeared just a century since, and it would be an object of interest and benefit to compare this description with its present state. It is hopeless to suppose that the garden bench, on which Pope and Gay sate and rhymed, is still in existence, for alas, we found it not, but some of the scenes still remain, which the hand of Nature formed, and which art and taste had heightened and improved.

In the year 1806, the second edition was printed of a very elegant and pleasing correspondence between Frances, Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, and Henrietta Louisa, Countess of Pomfret, between the years 1738 and 1741. The countess of Hertford was the eldest of the

two daughters and coheirs of the Honourable H. Thynne, son of the first viscount Weymouth. She was married in 1713, to Algernon, Lord Hertford, eldest son of the duke of Somerset. She was lady of the bedchamber to Queen Caroline, and continued in this office till the Queen's death. The most memorable circumstance, however in her life is that connected with the history of Savage the poet. He was condemned to death for a murder committed in a drunken rencontre in 1727. His mother, the Countess of Macclesfield, contrived to prejudice the Royal ear against him, and her calumny was but too successful, the queen refusing to hear any intercession for his life. In this juncture, Lady Hertford stepped forward, demanded an audience of the Queen, and laid before her the whole series of his mother's cruelty and unnatural hatred. The benevolent interposition proved successful, and Savage was liberated. To the Countess of Hertford, Thomson inscribed his poem of Spring. Dr. Watts dedicated his miscellanies to her, and Mrs. Rowe's Meditations, which he edited. Shenstone's Ode on Rural Elegance is also inscribed to her. After her husband's death, which took place in 1749-50, Lady Hertford, then Duchess of Somerset, lived almost entirely secluded from the world at her seat near Colnbrook, which the Duke, when Lord Hertford, had purchased of Lord Bathurst. The

name from *Richings* or *Richkings*, was changed to that of Piercy Lodge, and under the latter name it is mentioned by Shenstone and other poets. Here this accomplished and amiable lady closed her life in January 1754, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. Her acquirements in literature were various, and she had some taste in poetical composition. There are four poetical pieces by her, concealed under the signature of Euphebia, in the sixty-third number of Dr. Watts' Miscellanies. Her correspondent, Lady Pomfret died, having previously made a noble donation to the University of Oxford of the Arundelian Marbles and Statues, which had been purchased by Sir William Fermor, the father of Lord Pomfret.

Having given this short account of the owner of Ritchings, I will now proceed to extract a few notices of the place itself, as given in Lady Hertford's letters, and which is distinguished not only as the residence of this accomplished lady, but also as having been visited by those who have ennobled the age in which they lived by their genius and learning, and given to it a title that emulates the glorious period of the Roman History, when the arts found a protector and patron under the mild and tranquil reign of Augustus.

"We have taken (says Lady Hertford) a house just by Colnbrook. It belongs to Lord Bathurst, and is what Mr. Pope in his letters calls his *extra-*

vagante bergerie. The environs perfectly answer that title, and come nearer to my idea of a scene in Arcadia, than any place I ever saw. The house is old, but convenient, and when you are got within the little paddock it stands in, you would believe yourselves a hundred miles from London, which I think a great addition to its beauty." This was in 1739. The next year she informs her correspondent,—"I cannot discover who were the first builders of this place. My Lady Bathurst brought it in marriage to my Lord. Sir Peter Apsley, their common grandfather, for they were cousin germans, purchased it of an ancestor of Mr. Britton, but that family had not long been in possession of it. On the spot where the greenhouse now stands, there was formerly a chapel dedicated to St. Leonard, who was certainly esteemed a tutelar saint of Windsor forest, and its purlieus, for the place we left (St. Leonard's Hill) was originally a hermitage founded in honour of him. We have no relics of the Saint, but we have *an old carved bench with many remains of the wit of my Lord Bathurst's visitors, who inscribed verses upon it. Here is the writing of Addison, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Gay, and what he esteemed no less of several fine ladies.* I cannot say that the verses answered my expectations from such authors; we have however all resolved to follow the fashion, and to add some of our own to the collection.

That you may not be surprized at our courage for daring to write after such great names, I will transcribe one of the old ones, which I think as good as any of them

> Who set the trees, shall he remember,
> That is in haste to fell the timber?
> What then shall of thy woods remain,
> Except the box that threw the *main*.

"There has been only one as yet added by our company which is tolerably numerous at present. I scarcely know whether it is worth reading or not;

> By *Bathurst* planted, first these shades arose,
> *Prior* and *Pope* have sung beneath these boughs.
> Here *Addison* his moral theme pursued,
> And social *Gay* has cheered the solitude.

"There is one walk that I am extremely partial to, and which is rightly called the Abbey-walk, since it is composed of prodigiously high Beech-trees that form an arch through the whole length, extremely resembling a minster. At the end is a statue, and about the middle, a tolerably large circle with Windsor chairs round it, and I think for a person of contemplative disposition, one would scarcely find a more venerable shade in any poetical description."

In another letter, about the same time, Lady Hertford gives some more particulars regarding this place, so interesting from the associations

attached to it, and the additional charms belonging to those scenes, which have been consecrated by the presence of genius, and become, as it were, one of the favourite dwellings of the muse. "We designed at first only to have rented this place, but as it was more convenient to Lord Bathurst to sell it, and as we were extremely pleased both with its distance from London, and the quality of the land about it, we took the resolution to make it entirely our own. It stands in a little paddock of about a mile and a half round, which is laid out in the manner of a French park, interspersed with woods and lawns. There is a canal in it 555 yards long and proportionably broad, which has a stream continually running through it, and it is deep enough to carry a pleasure-boat. It is well stocked with carp and tench, and at its upper end there is a greenhouse, containing a good collection of orange, myrtle, geranium, and oleander trees. This is a very agreeable room, either to drink tea, play at cards, or sit with a book on a summer's evening. In one of the woods, through all which there are winding paths, there is a cave, which though little more than a rude mass of stones, is not without charms for me. A spring gushes out at the back of it, which falling into a basin, (whose brim it overflows) passes along a channel in the pavement, where it loses itself. The entrance to this recess is overhung with

periwinkles, and its top is shaded with beeches, large elms, and birch. There are several covered benches, and little arbours interwoven with lilacs, woodbines, seringas, and laurels, and seats under shady trees dispersed all over the park.

"One great addition to the pleasure of living here, is the gravelly soil, which after a day of rain (if it holds up only for two or three hours) one may walk over, without being wet through ones shoes, and there is one gravel walk that encompasses the whole. We propose to make an improvement by adding to the present ground a little pasture farm, which is just without the pale, because there is a very pretty brook of clear water which runs through the meadows to supply our canal, and whose course winds in such a manner that it is almost a serpentine river. I am afraid I have tired you with the description of what appear to me some beauties in our little possession; yet I cannot help adding one convenience that attends it; that is the cheap manner in which we keep it, since it only requires a flock of sheep, who graze the lawns fine, and whilst they are feeding, the shepherd cleans away any weed that springs up in the gravel, and removes any leaves or broken branches that would litter the walks, &c."

The last notice of this place occurs in the following year; and I will give the entire communi-

cation, as it is not without interest in the account it gives of an adjoining domain.

"In our rambling among the neighbouring fields, I passed a farm house which struck me by its venerable appearance, having a large moat round it, and a rookery of high trees close to it, in the middle of some delightful meadows. As I am not fond of making acquaintance (even in that rank of life), I contented myself with surveying only the outside of it, and came home without further information; but my son and Mr. Ramsden went two nights ago to see if they could discover whether it had been ever any other than a farm-house. The people told them it was formerly called *Parlem Park, and that there was a tradition that Queen Elizabeth was nursed there.* They cannot tell, however, who it belonged to, before it came into the family of my Lord Uxbridge, who is the present landlord. They shewed them an old glass window, in which was painted a coat of arms with eight quarterings. The first of these is the *Stanley* family, and round it is a yellow ribbon, with a Latin motto, the English of which my son tells me is, 'Edward Stanley, Knight—Lord reward me not, according to my works.' The people conducted them next into what they make their cellar. This is an arched place, down three or four steps, with several large iron rings fastened to the top of it. They also shewed them where a statue stood close

by, but could not tell whether it belonged to a convent or mansion house.

" My time is a good deal taken up with several alterations. My Lord has made one this winter which I think very pretty, by turning a gravel pit into a kind of dry basin, where he purposes to place his orange trees next summer. The banks that rise from it are planted thick with flowering shrubs, and some evergreens. There are terrace walks on two sides of it, one a short gravel one, the other a pretty long grass one, fenced from the lane by a very fine hawthorn hedge, which has long been growing in that place, and which is now in flower. Just across this little gravelly lane, which leads to the next village, is a thorny wood, the largest on this side the country. This also belongs to my Lord Uxbridge, but I enjoy its music; for as I walk in the evening, it affords me a complete concert, for besides blackbirds, thrushes and nightingales (of which there is an astonishing number) there are some wood-pigeons, which building there, serve as a kind of natural thorough-bass. Within doors we amuse ourselves, at the hours we are together, in gilding picture-frames, and other small things. This is so much in fashion with us at present, that I believe, if our patience and pockets would hold out, we should gild all the cornices, tables, chairs and stools about the house."

In 1741, Lady Hertford encloses to her corres-

pondent the following verses, which are not to be found in the common editions of Pope, though I understand that they have been since in print:—

"EPIGRAM BY MR. POPE,

"Who had cut down three walnut trees belonging to Lady Ferrers (whom he makes a Lord). These trees hindered his prospect of the garden.

My Lord complains, that Pope stark mad with gardens
Has cut three trees the value of three farthings.
But he's my neighbour, cries the Peer polite,
And if he'll visit me — I'll waive the right.
What on compulsion, and against my will
A lord's acquaintance? — Let him file his bill."

To this I may add another copy of verses by the same poet, which does not appear to have been inserted in any edition of his works. Lady Hertford goes on to say:—

"The severity of the weather has occasioned greater sums of money to be given in charity than was heard of before. Mr. Pope has written two stanzas on the occasion, which I must send you because they are his, for they have no other merit to entitle them to be conveyed so far.

Yes; — 'tis the time (I cried) impose the chain
Destin'd and due to wretches self enslaved.
But when I saw such charity remain
I half could wish this people should be saved.

Faith lost, and Hope, our *Charity* begins,
And 'tis a wise design in pitying Heaven—
If this can cover multitude of sins,
To take the *only* way to be forgiven.

" Here the same spirit of his religion burst out, that made the poet express himself a little too coarsely and passionately, when it had been wrongfully called in question, and when he repelled the calumny (for such it was) by saying that the monument with its inscription,

Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies."

Pope, as has been already mentioned, was a visitor at Ritchings, together with Addison, Prior, Congreve, and Gay. Thomson's name has, however, been omitted amongst the names specified by Lady Hertford, and probably from the following circumstance, for which we have the authority of Dr. Johnson. In his life of Thomson he says:—

" Spring was published next year, with a dedication to the Countess of Hertford; whose practice it was to invite every summer some poet into the country, to hear her verses, and assist her studies. This honour was one summer conferred on Thomson, who took more delight in carousing with Lord Hertford and his friends than assisting her ladyship's poetical operations, and therefore never received another summons." I also recollect having

met with a passage, although I forget where, stating that when Thomson was at Ritchings, he preferred my lord's claret to my lady's conversation. However this may be, it is certain that he was not included in that list of men of genius and learning, whose visits added so much to the celebrity and interest which must be attached to Ritchings.

Having now given Lady Hertford's account of this place, I will attempt to describe it as I saw it this summer (1846); and I should add, that I went there with the extracts I have already given from Lady Hertford's letters in my hand, in order that I might compare them with the present actual appearance of the former *extravagante bergerie.*

Passing through the town or village of Colnbrook, so great a thoroughfare a few years ago for mail and other coaches, but now, alas! impoverished and deserted, a lodge is seen at the extreme end of it as it is approached from Datchet. From this lodge the road winds through a shrubbery for about half a mile, until another lodge is passed, and then the house and park are at once seen, and they certainly give the idea of quietude and retirement. The original house, which Lady Hertford describes as old, but convenient, was burnt down about the year 1788, and the present house was erected near the former site. By the kindness of the present amiable occupier of it, we were shewn a portion of the house, which appeared

to be replete with comfort and elegance, and the pleasure-garden was gay with flowers, and remarkably well kept. Our business, however, was with the *reliquiæ Hertfordienses,* and on quitting the garden we fortunately fell in with Mr. Trumper, who farms the park, and who was superintending a host of his mowers and hay-makers, who certainly made a pleasing variety in the scene. Mr. Trumper kindly quitted his employment, in order to shew us Lady Hertford's dairy and green-house, which adjoin a pretty farm-yard, probably much in the same state now as it was a hundred years ago. On crossing a bridge near, we came to the canal of 555 yards in length, with its green walk along the banks.* There were also the woods and lawns, and a short walk over one of the fields, brought us to the abbey walk. The "prodigiously high beech trees" had either died, or been cut down, although some smaller ones remained, but the whole walk was clearly defined. Some of the seats remained, and it was pleasing to think that here Prior and Pope had sung, and Addison written, and Gay cheered

* Lord Bathurst informed Daines Barrington that he was the first who deviated from the *straight* line in making pieces of water by following the natural lines of a valley in widening a brook at *Ryskins*, near Colnbrook; and that Lord Strafford, thinking that it was done from poverty or economy, asked him to own fairly how little more it would have cost him to have made it straight. The water at Ritchins was probably, therefore, the first attempt at a serpentine form.

the solitude. Here also Thomson might have composed his well-known address to Lady Hertford:—

> O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
> With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
> With innocence and meditation join'd
> In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
> Which thy own season paints, when Nature all
> Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

Or might he not have here witnessed such a scene as we had just quitted of hay-makers, who

> Spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
> That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
> Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
> And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
> The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
> In order gay.

We wandered about enjoying these recollections, and fancying we had arrived at the thorny wood, where the blackbirds and nightingales sang, and the wood-pigeons cooed their thorough-bass. We could not, however, discover the gravel-pit which had been turned into a kind of dry basin, or the fine hawthorn hedge which fenced the lane, but we found ourselves at last at the second lodge, which was occupied by an aged female, who had been its occupant for upwards of sixty years. Her recollection was still perfect, although her age must have been very great. We discoursed with her about Lady Hertford, and the various localities of her Arcadia, but we had little to learn beyond what

has already been mentioned. It was evident from her statement that many alterations had taken place, that much of the old timber had been felled, and that many of the old seats had fallen into a state of ruin, and had not been restored. Still much remained to interest us; and we quitted the park full of pleasing thoughts and waking dreams of that period of our literary history, when Addison astonished and benefitted the world by the elegance and purity of his writings, and Pope delighted it with the sweetness, beauty, and harmony of his numbers.

Our next object was to discover the place which Lady Hertford called "Parlem Park;" and here the good old lodge-keeper came to our assistance, no one else appearing to have the least idea where it was situated, nor indeed had she, until we had read to her Lady Hertford's description of it. It is now known as "Ives's Farm," and is at the back of Ritchings Park. We returned through Colnbrook, and then turning to the right, came to "Parlem Park," which is about a mile from that town. We found it just as Lady Hertford had described it. There was the large moat round it, with the finest Abele poplars I have ever seen: trees on which rooks or herons might build their nests with safety. The house has, indeed, "a venerable appearance," and certainly, from its antiquity, Queen Elizabeth might have been nursed in it. The

upper story projects considerably, being supported by pillars, and having a covered way the length of the house, into which the windows of the sitting room look. The house appears to have been preserved with the greatest care, and nothing could be neater than its appearance. Then there was that sort of old-fashioned garden in front which I delight in—the long grass walk—the *espaliered* apple trees, if I may call them so—the large tufts of lavender and box—the honest old English roses, now nearly exploded—the sun-dial, and other characteristics of a garden of bygone times. Mr. Ives, the present tenant of the property, kindly left his hay-makers in order to shew us about the place. On asking to see the cellar so minutely described in Lady Hertford's correspondence, Mr. Ives opened the door of an old building in the garden, nearly covered with yew and holly bushes, intermixed with honeysuckles in full blossom. We descended into it by the four steps Lady Hertford mentions, and found the walls of a great thickness. Four sloping openings from the angles of the walls threw a strong light into the centre. The roof was arched, and of an early style of architecture, possessing considerable beauty, and in the best state of preservation. The large iron rings were still firmly fixed in it as mentioned by Lady Hertford, one hundred years before we saw them. Whether this building had formerly been a prison,

CELLAR AT ITCHIN.

the cellar of a convent, or a place for the temporary confinement of culprits, I must leave to better antiquaries than myself to decide. If the former, it would seem to set at defiance the possibility of escaping from it. It is now a cellar, and appeared to be amply stocked with good home-brewed ale, of which we were hospitably invited to partake. Parlem Park is altogether a place of considerable interest, and will repay any admirer of antient English residences the trouble of going to see it.

I cannot quit this immediate neighbourhood without referring to a scene I witnessed there this autumn (September, 1846). It was a harvest-home. Two brothers, real good English farmers, (and *they* may feel proud of the title), assembled their labourers, with their wives and children, to partake of a dinner, consisting of excellent meat, pies, and vegetables, plum puddings, of which I counted nearly fifty, and good ale. About two hundred persons sat down to this repast, grandfathers, fathers and children, some of whom had never done a stroke of work off the farm. It was altogether a pleasing sight. Nor should I forget to mention that previous to the dinner, the whole of the labourers had been assembled in what may be called a small humble chapel, which appeared to have been erected for the benefit of the agricultural population then met together. Here the prayers

of the church of England were read to them, and they heard a sermon on their relative duties to God and man. Nor did I wonder then at the prosperity I saw around me, or at the good feeling which existed between the labourers and their masters. Whilst the labourer makes use of his own good right arm and his honest industry, he feels that he has always a true friend in his master, and his master finds his own benefit, and I may add happiness, in the well being and moral improvement of his labourers. That the blessing of Almighty God has been bestowed on the excellent persons I have referred to, and on their father before them, I could not for a moment doubt. When I saw this happy and prosperous family, I was reminded of the words of the Psalmist:—

Their sons grew up as the young plants, and their daughters as the polished corners of the temple.

Their garners were full and plenteous with all manner of store.

Their oxen were strong to labour, there was no decay and no complaining in the streets.

Happy are the people that are in such a case; yea, blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God.

KING JOHN'S HUNTING LODGE.

KING JOHN'S HUNTING LODGE.

> Here was that charter seal'd, wherein the crown
> All marks of arbitrary pow'r lays down:
> Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
> The happier style of king and subject bear.
>
> DENHAM.

NEAR to the Magna Charta Island and Runnemede, on the Buckinghamshire side of the river Thames, and close to that river, is the pretty little village of Wrasbury, as it is commonly pronounced, or of Wyrardisbury, as it is generally spelt and painted on the finger-posts in the neighbourhood. Flat as the country is around it, still the village is pretty. A clear and sparkling river runs through it. There is also a very neat bridge. The cottages are in nice order, and have their flourishing gardens, with bunches of lavender and rosemary, and climbing honeysuckles, with beds of onions and cabbages, and the pig-stye in the corner, and all betokening some degree of prosperity and comfort. There is, also, a maypole opposite the village ale-house, with a peacock on the top for a vane, "blown with all winds," and the white spire of the church towering above the adjoining trees. On the outskirts of the village there are houses of a better description,

built with much good taste, and betokening the easy circumstances of their inhabitants. Then there is the gate leading to the mansion of the lord of the manor, with the orchards and plantations near, all shewing that his fostering hand has improved the condition of his neighbourhood. This is as it should be, and far remote may the time be when the tie which should unite the landlord and his cottagers shall be broken. Their interests are indeed inseparable; nor can I conceive a happier person than a gentleman who resides on his property, and employs his means, his time, and his influence in bettering the condition and improving the morals of his poor neighbours. The smiles that greet him—the love and affection which will be shewn him—the blessings which will be poured upon him—are surely ample recompenses for any sacrifices he may have made.

On the right-hand side of the road in going from Datchet to Wrasbury, and about a mile from it, some high trees may be seen across two fields, and a farm house near, or rather amongst them. This is called King John's hunting lodge. The lands around the neighbourhood are rich and well cultivated, and the meadows smile with beautiful verdure; but in former times I cannot imagine a country better suited for the purposes of the chase. Here the hawk might be followed as it pursued the heron or bittern, when started from the reeds of

the adjoining rivers. The hare might be followed by the fleet greyhounds, and the stag chased by the staunch sleuth-hound.

On approaching the house, it is impossible not to be struck with its very ancient appearance. There was the rude porch, the primitive windows, the curious gables, all betokening the architecture of bygone times. In the inside were the huge oaken timbers, the low roofs, and the grotesque carvings. Two of the windows of the bed rooms contained some stained glass of the arms of a king of England of an early period, but I was not sufficiently versed in heraldry to determine which of them. It is, however, evidently of great antiquity.

But what struck me most were two enormous walnut trees at the back of the house, measuring at three feet from the ground twenty-four feet in circumference, and still flourishing. If King John held a parliament under the Tortworth chesnut in Gloucestershire, he might well have done the same under the trees in question. They are, indeed, noble trees, and I believe the largest of the species in England.

It is evident, from the old foundations, and the appearance of the adjoining ground, that this was a very considerable place in former times. It is also curious that an under ground passage has been traced for some distance from the house

leading directly towards Windsor Castle. In this passage some very early specimens of English pottery have been found, and which are now in the possession of Mrs. Buckland, the tenant of the farm. Similar specimens were discovered in the foundation of the oldest house at Kingston on Thames, one of which I now have. With reference to the underground passage, I recollect the late Sir Jeffery Wyatville informing me that he had discovered, and traced for a short distance, an underground passage at the lower part of the round tower at Windsor Castle leading in the direction of the one already mentioned, and that there was an old tradition of such a one existing. Should this ever prove to be the case, the projector of the celebrated Thames Tunnel cannot claim the merit of originality.

I must not forget the huge oak beams and rafters in the garrets of this house. Their size is quite enormous, and they appear perfectly sound, although they must be of a very ancient date. Mrs. Buckland, who shewed us everything, and entertained us hospitably, informed me that her family had resided on the farm some two or three hundred years. She has one of those good old English names I delight in. Boc is Saxon for beech, and also bucken, from whence we have Buckinghamshire, in which county these trees abound.

HURLEY AND LADY PLACE.

Be it remembered, the monastery of Lady Place was founded at the time of the great Norman Revolution, by which the whole state of England was changed.

Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.

Be it also remembered, that in this place, six hundred years afterwards, the revolution of 1688 was begun.

INSCRIPTION IN VAULT AT LADY PLACE.

THERE is something extremely pleasing in the drive from Maidenhead to Hurley and Marlow. It was very many years since I had passed along this portion of the road to Oxford, and I could not but call to mind the stories which were current in my youth of the danger of being robbed in travelling through Maidenhead Thicket. Many of the fine beech trees, which composed this thicket, have now been felled, as well as the hollies and other bushes, but enough still remains to form a pleasing landscape, and to break the monotony of the surrounding common. On quitting the thicket, the road leads to the top of a hill, commanding fine views, and which are continued nearly to Hurley Bottom. The noble woods

of Harleyford, the seat of Sir William Clayton, are seen to great advantage on the higher grounds opposite, as well as those of Mr. Scott Murray; and the beech woods to the right and left of the road, as we wound down the hill, and looked over their embrowned tops to the distant landscape, added greatly to the charm of the scenery. In our descent, the prospect was continually contracting, and then opening again, until we arrived in the retired little village of Hurley.

Our object in visiting it was to see the church, in which some antiquities, deserving of notice, were said to exist. We found that the church had formerly been the chapel of a Benedictine monastery; remains of which, to a considerable extent, still exist. The north side of the church forms one side of a quadrangle, which is enclosed on the three others by ancient walls, and what was originally the refectory of the convent. At the westward are two fine circular Norman arches; inside, and near the communion table, is a monument to the memory of some of the Lovelace family in the time of James the First; but the most curious relic of antiquity is a stone which seems to have covered a coffin of similar materials, and which has on it, in sculptured relief, a design, which we believe to have been the subject of much doubt among the antiquaries; while it is not known in what locality the stone was

found, or about what time it was brought into the church for preservation.* Adjoining to the walls of the churchyard, and to the buildings described, is a large enclosure, now a meadow, but which once formed the ornamental grounds and gardens of Lady Place. The mansion, which was pulled down a few years since, was built by Sir Richard Lovelace about the year 1600. He was the first Lord Lovelace of Hurley, a companion of Sir Francis Drake, and the mansion was erected with the money gained in his expedition. To this nobleman Shirley dedicated his "Lady of Pleasure."

The last proprietor of Lady Place was the brother of the unfortunate Admiral Kempenfelt, who perished in the Royal George. The only parts of the structure which remain, are some of the cellars or vaults underground, and which are built on stone pillars and groined arches; nor can we help approving the taste and feeling which has preserved them from destruction; for a tradition exists, that here the secret meetings were held for

* See note in *Gent. Mag.*, Vol. X., New Series. It is to be regretted that the very interesting monument of the Lovelace family in Hurley Church, which is now fast falling to pieces, is not restored.

The old sexton informed us, that in making a vault near the communion table lately, for one of the Clayton family, several leaden coffins of the Benedictine monks were discovered, one of which measured nine feet in length, and three feet across the widest part.

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promoting the revolution of 1688. Indeed, it is said that King William, visiting Lord Lovelace at Hurley, after his establishment on the throne, was taken by his host to see this vault. George the Third also visited the place in 1785. This seat, which took its name from the adjoining convent being dedicated to the Virgin Mary, was situated, like its neighbouring abbeys of Medhenham and Bisham, on the banks of the Thames. The remains of the old fish ponds and canal are still to be seen; and the terrace walks, along their banks, are adorned by some of the largest and finest cypresses (the cupressus semper virens) that probably are to be found in England. One that was measured by myself and friend, was no less than four feet three inches in circumference. There are, also, some fine and handsome cedars of Lebanon, which we hope will be permitted to spread their magnificent shade over these quiet and sequestered lawns, for ages to come, uninjured, except by the hand of time. The scene is closely bounded in, to the north, by Sir William Clayton's woods and plantations, and on the other quarters by the more distant ranges of the Berkshire hills, now covered with their mantles of beech, rich with the autumnal hues.

The remains of the monastery, and of Lady Place, with their ancient and ivy-covered walls, and buildings scattered irregularly over open spaces

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MONASTIC RUIN, LADY PLACE, HURLEY.

of green, shaded by some noble elm-trees, give a very picturesque character to the whole of the lower part of the village; while the remains of its former magnificence contrast strongly with its present solitude and desolation. They serve, indeed, to produce those serious, yet not unpleasing impressions, which are suggested to our minds when the hand of time is visibly marked as having triumphed over the perishable monuments of human labour, and thus forcibly pointing to the thoughtful and reflecting mind the transitory tenure by which even the noblest and dearest possessions are held; at the very time when the earliest and grandest monument, ever raised by the piety of man, to the honour of God—at that very time the prophet of the Lord stood in the porch of his house, which was building with the collected treasures of the world, and foretold its certain and speedy destruction.* *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

But it is from the little raised terrace, which overlooks the River Thames on the one side, and the ancient church and ruins of Lady Place on the other, that this interesting spot should be

* Persons who recollect the house at Lady Place, still speak of its fine and noble apartments—its vast marble hall, and the decorations in the saloon, said to be by Salvator Rosa. Some of the meetings of the *Hell-fire* Club are stated to have been held here, as well as at Medhenham Abbey.

visited on a clear moonlight evening. I cannot imagine a moonlight scene more effective than this would be. The stream takes its calm and silent course, its surface dimpled for a moment, perhaps by a breath of the gentlest kind, and reminding me of those pretty lines of the poet of Ireland—

> See how beneath the moonbeam's smile
> Yon little billow heaves its breast,
> And foams and sparkles for awhile,
> And, murmuring, then subsides to rest.

On looking at the remains of the ancient monastery, the mind is insensibly lead back to those times which I have already referred to—when the rich and prosperous Benedictine monks, in all the splendour of their order, were seen dispensing their bounties to the way-faring traveller, and to the poor, the aged, and the orphan. Those times have long passed away, and the noble pile of building, with its fine and interesting architecture, is fast mouldering into decay. The scene gave rise to the following lines of the friend who was with me.

> Here let the gentle pilgrim on his way
> Pause mid this solitary vale, and bring
> Tender memorials from the past to fling
> A pensive light along these ruins gray,
> And trees, that speak of ages pass'd away,—
> Funereal cypress and the cedar's gloom,
> Spreading o'er marble monument and tomb

Shades dark as night;—and lo! a voice that calls,
Heard from yon neighbouring convent's ruin'd walls,
Telling of years long vanish'd like a dream,
When, by the banks of yonder osier'd stream,
From aisle and cloister'd arch a song sublime
In choral symphony was heard, while Time,
Regardless of the present, here might seem
Lingering delighted, as his backward gaze
Was fixed on forms that, through his dark'ning shades,
Rose in celestial brightness: mid these glades
Meek Piety her gentle eye would raise;
And here, with smile benignant on her foes,
Sweet Charity to all the bread of Heaven bestows.

J. MITFORD.

THE NIGHTINGALE CATCHER.

Yes, I have stood
And marked thy varied note, and frequent pause—
Thy brisk and melancholy mood, with soul
Sincerely pleased. And O, methought, no note
Can equal thine, sweet bird, of all that sing,
How easily the chief.

HURDIS.

Sweet artless songster, thou my mind do'st raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angel's lays.

W. DRUMMOND.

IN a former work I have noticed the respective characters of rat and mole catchers, exactly such as I had met with, and no two characters can be more distinct. I may now add a third, who have a placid, untiring appearance or aspect, exercising patience like fishermen for the hour together. I refer to bird-catchers, such as we see them in the fields around London, contentedly awaiting fortuitous flocks of goldfinches, linnets, and red-poles, with hopes as visionary and deceptive as those of the expectant disciple of Walton himself. I have frequently talked to these men, as they have been seated with a long string in their hands, ready to close the net, should any unlucky birds settle

within its range. I always approach them with great caution, fearful that my intrusion may drive away the expected prey; but it is extraordinary how little apprehensive they seem of this being the case. In fact, they appear by no means anxious to conceal themselves, trusting to the fascinating powers of their call-birds. These are arranged round the net, and evidently show a spiteful pleasure in getting their wild brethren into the same scrape with themselves. They jug and sing, and flutter and call, with extraordinary energy, and which increases as they hear themselves responded to at a distance. As the wild birds approach, the call is changed; and many of these latter settle on the net, as if unable to resist the allurements of the others.

These bird-catchers, as I have already remarked, are patient, untiring men, fond of descanting on the relative merits of their call-birds, some of which have a large price put upon them. They are generally Spitalfields weavers; but sometimes shoemakers, thus having employment when birds cannot be caught. They appear to be an industrious sober race of men.

The nightingale catcher, on the contrary, is generally a stealthy, downcast vagabond, most justly detested by all owners of groves, plantations, and hedge-rows, possessing any good taste, within twenty miles of the metropolis. I knew

one of these men, who passed much of his time in the Spring in the pretty lanes of Buckinghamshire, trapping the "merry nightingales" as they

Answer'd and provok'd each other's song.

He was a hard-featured, uneducated man, looking very like a veteran poacher; in which occupation, I was informed, he was very expert. Much of his time had been passed in woods and coppices in trapping any good songsters he heard in the breeding season; such as thrushes, blackbirds, woodlarks, and blackcaps; and it was extraordinary in how short a time he tamed them and brought them to resume their song. I have seen a nightingale a few days after it was caught take its food out of his lips, but he kept his method of taming a secret.

The nightingale catcher's season is very short, but he makes the most of it; and it is greatly to be regretted, that in the exercise of his craft, he deprives so many persons of those exquisite cadences which are justly appreciated by all lovers of harmony and nature.

But whatever may be the faults of his character and calling, the nightingale catcher is by no means an individual devoid of taste; on the contrary, he appears to appreciate dulcet music, and delights in soft sounds; and is moreover a connoisseur in

melody. His room, certainly, is generally filled with shrill canaries, and other birds, to say nothing of jackdaws, magpies and starlings, with a few tame bantams, and now and then a hedgehog or a guinea-pig on the floor. His craft is, however, much less a sin in his own estimation than in that of other people, but this is commonly the error of all rogues — a dilettanti on a minor scale, but an unprincipled one at best.

But let me draw the picture of a nightingale catcher from the life; not the one I have already referred to, but one who pursued his calling for many years in the sweet groves and tangled thickets of a delightful neighbourhood. To look at or to meet him, it would be supposed that a more guileless or diligent hind could not be seen. His work began early in the morning, for the commencement of it was as soon as two or three o'clock. The only questionable symptom about him was a shooting coat, deep in the pockets of which he concealed the instruments and entanglements of his calling, and the most irresistible enticements. The frogs which the amiable Walton recommended as baits were not more tempting to the fish, than the impaled meal worm to the gentle songster which it was unhappily destined to allure. The "sweetly plaintive song" is heard, the trap is set, and soon down drops the deluded victim to seize the bait; sweet bird, in an instant

if you touch it, your rich, powerful, yet soft and gentle cadences are stopped. Those wild wood-notes that no art can imitate, no inferior organization equal, will be heard no more; you will enjoy the charms of liberty no longer. But see something alarms him, and the bait is left untouched. It is the strange sight of intruding man in these secluded haunts. The bird has quitted the snowy and fragrant thorn bush, where he had sung his song of love, and renews his warbling at a short distance, for the spot has been fixed on where he hopes to allure a mate, and he is loth to quit its neighbourhood. And how does the trapper act in this emergency? A stone or a clod is thrown into the thicket where the bird is singing, in hopes of driving it again into the bush where the traps are laid. But this fails, and you would fancy another bird was singing on the very thorn. That soft, long note so well sustained, can scarce proceed from any other source than that of some kindred nightingale, and yet variety is wanting. The same soft strain is again and again repeated, but it stops far short of reality. It is the mocking trapper himself who whistles to allure. Well has he learnt his part as far as the power of human imitation will go. Failing to bring his victim back by force, he uses gentler means and imitates the well accustomed notes. The bird is deceived by the sounds, and is jealous of a rival in his own

domain, (he is jealous in the extreme in the pairing season) and quickly returns to his former retreat. Suddenly the rival ceases, the bait is forthwith perceived, and as the songster's sense of jealousy and anger was roused by a fancied rival, so now is his appetite of hunger equally excited by the tempting mealworm on the ground before him. Alas! The die is cast — up springs the trap, quick and with a sharp sound. The morning is so serene and still, that the noise is heard around. A blackbird flies from the clump hard by with clamerous vociferation. The thrush on yonder spray ceases its song, and a roving squirrel scampers along the green sward to mount the nearest tree to conceal himself in an ivy-tangled bough; while a rabbit stands upright, with ears erect and anxious, then quickly darts towards his hole. That momentary sound is fatal to the nightingale. The trapper hears it, and exults at his success, for pity finds no place in his heart. His prize is gained. Poor fluttering bird — your large dark eye is full of fear and misery, and your tender form can ill sustain those desperate, but ineffectual struggles for liberty. And what must be the sensations of the captive, for surely such a marvellous creation must have sensations and feelings somewhat more acute than those of the vulgar sparrow or the pert chaffinch, and more akin to its nature and worth! And so the result will prove.

The trapper seizes his prey, and grasps it warily and tenderly, but firmly, and secures it in a canvass bag which he places in his hat, while he then prepares for further depredations on the race. Who will not now pity the poor captive, so lately free as the air, and unrestrained as its own wild melody? Let us follow and see its fate; but first we will call to mind the placid walks we have had in one of those charming evenings in the month of May, when the moon has appeared in all her loveliness, and the late song of the throstle and blackbird were hushed. Then we heard the responsive melody of these sweet birds of night:—

> When the clear moon, with Cytherean smile
> Emerging from an Eastern cloud, has shot
> A look of pure benevolence and joy
> Into the heart of night.

And what could be more delightful than this their choral minstrelsy, and what more varied? It ever accords with the tranquillity of the scene; and these wakeful birds appear as if they had been sent to declare the Creator's goodness, and to attune the mind to harmony and peace. "Sweet artless songster"—but let us now follow thee to thy darkened cage, and sad confinement. There the chances are greatly against thy surviving thy captivity. Thou wouldest dash thy tender head, and beat thy fragile wings against the bars of thy prison—thou wouldest flutter till thy strength and thy life failed thee, had not thy crafty keeper fast bound

thy wings together. Thou art left to mope, if not to die. Thou wouldest starve, but thy relentless captor will not permit thee. He will force open thy delicate beak, cram it with unaccustomed food for days together, and when thou art possibly at length subdued by perseverance, thou wilt daintily of thyself take that artificial meat still so distasteful, urged by a feeling of hunger. Thou wilt even, perchance, sing an unfrequent and a weary song, expressive of thy misery and thy servitude, beautiful as it cannot fail to be, like the song of the Israelites in the land of the stranger; but how unlike the joyous sounds in thy native copse, when full of energy, and expectation, and love, you invited the return of a faithful mate,* and "charm'd the forest with your song." But it is scarcely possible thou wilt survive the ensuing winter. Thy migratory instinct calls thee to the delightful groves of more genial climes, and thou wilt become restless, and increase thy melancholy. Better, far better, gentle bird, that thou had'st died at once, than linger in thy prison for a year, or may be two, the victim of man's avarice and barbarity.

* The male nightingale arrives in this country about the middle of April, and ten or fourteen days before the females. The arrival of the former is taken immediate advantage of. Many are caught by the London bird-catchers during the first week, and these are preserved without difficulty; but if a male be caught after the females have arrived, and his song has gained him a mate, he is almost certain not to survive his captivity.—*Yarrell's Birds.*

Let me hope that this little picture of misery, sketched from the life, may be the means of inducing those who are in the habit of purchasing nightingales for the purpose of confining them in cages, to refrain from the practice, as it is evident that if there were no purchasers, there would be no nightingale-catchers. And how much more gratifying is it to hear these birds "lulling nature to rest," and chaunting their music in their native groves, than to see them moping prisoners in a cage, pining for that freedom which a benevolent Creator destined them to enjoy, and which they do enjoy when undisturbed by the selfishness of man. How well has the poet described the happiness of this bird in a state of nature.

So when the Spring renews the flow'ry field,
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build;
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood,
Where no rude swains her shady cell may know,
No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow:
Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders through the groves no more;
Warbling she charms it each returning night,
And loves it with a mother's dear delight.

ROWE.

Nor can I resist quoting a stanza on the nightingale, from one of my favourite old poets, Phineas Fletcher, a poet who deserves to be much better known than he generally is.

Look at the nightingale, whose callow young
Some boy hath markt, and now half nak'd hath taken,
Which long she closely kept, and foster'd long,
But all in vain; she now poore bird forsaken
Flies up and down, but grief no place can slaken:
All day and night her losse she fresh doth rue,
And where she ends her plaints, there soon begins anew.

Since the above was written I have seen an extract from a Prussian newspaper, in which it is stated that a tax has been put on persons keeping nightingales in cages, and that in future no nightingale can be caught in that country without a report of the circumstance being made to the authorities and the tax paid.

A MORNING'S DRIVE FROM UPTON PARK.

From yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her antient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

GRAY.

UPTON CHURCH.

WHILE I am writing this, I can see from my window the old church of Upton, now deserted as a place of worship, and fast falling, alas! into decay. There is its old tower, covered with a huge mass of ivy, and generally called in the neighbourhood, Gray's "ivy mantled tower." There is the fine old yew tree, which appears to have flourished through many ages, and the deep shade in the back ground occasioned by a thick grove of elms and other trees, which overhang a portion of the church yard. There, also, "the turf heaves in many a mouldering heap" over what was once a

UPTON CHURCH.—GRAY'S "IVY MANTLED TOWER."

prattling infant, or a garrulous "forefather of the hamlet"—over the honest labourer, and his wealthy landlord.

I love to stroll late on a summer's evening, when the moon is illumining the glorious vaulted arch of heaven, to the churchyard of Upton. The light and shades at this time are most beautiful and interesting, and the gloom of the ivy contrasts finely with them. "The moping owl" takes her silent flight from the clasping evergreen, and, with stealthy wing, seeks her food along the neighbouring meadows, sometimes flitting beneath the old willow pollards, and then emerging into the more open glades. Numerous bats, also, come forth, and as they pass rapidly to and fro, appear almost to touch me with their leathern wings, and to consider themselves as the guardians of

> The silent vaults of death, unknown to light.

How finely does the moon reveal the little early Norman arch on the north side of the church, and the sight of which brings to the mind so many reflections on times long since passed, when all around the spot was rural simplicity and rural happiness. Here as I stroll about, I see perhaps a peasant leaning with his arms on the low parapet wall of the churchyard, his little girl seated beside him, while he is contemplating, probably, the place in which some of those he loved repose, or musing

on the dilapidations which time is making on a building, which all who live around it have learnt to look at with reverence and affection. So true it is! Indeed I never speak to one of the humble occupiers of the neighbouring cottages, without hearing expressions of regret that this interesting church should be allowed to fall into ruin. Let us hope that some kindly hands will be stretched out for its restoration.

And who can visit the spot I have attempted to describe without thinking of the elegant and accomplished Gray? Every thing connected with him is full of interest, and even if the ivy-covered tower before me, with the vast stem of the luxuriant plant measuring full three feet across, should be supposititious, which may yet be doubted, still it helps to remind me of the poet. In the neighbourhood he lived, and in the neighbourhood he was educated and wrote his pleasing and popular elegy. Who can read it without agreeing with our great moralist, Dr. Johnson, that "it abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo." Yes—it must be the ivy mantled tower of Gray, and I trust that no cold-hearted casuist will ever be able to prove the contrary.

But let us enter the church, and what a sight presents itself! The piles of rubbish—the fallen plaster, the stones half removed from their former

resting places, all shew the ruin of the place. The windows are broken, the old stained glass from one of them has been stolen, one antient brass still remains on the venerable tomb to which it was affixed, shewing the antiquity of the family of which it is a record, while others have been removed, as may be seen by the outlines of their hollowed recesses on the damp and decaying stones.

But what do I see on that small and crumbling reading desk, the only moveable relic which the economical churchwardens have left to shew where the village pastor read his lessons of instruction! It is, or rather was, a prayer-book, but now torn, mouldy, and worm-eaten. It was open at the service for the burial of the dead, and the good old clerk who accompanied me said, that it was still used when a funeral took place of any one who had expressed a wish that his ashes should repose "in this neglected spot," with those of his ancestors. And what a picture must a funeral present, in this place of ruin and desolation! The mourners enter, while the coffin has been deposited under the beautiful groined roof of the chancel, for beautiful it is, and its exquisite workmanship has defied the power of time to injure it. The wind murmurs through the glassless windows, while a branch of ivy which has lost its hold on the stony wall, intrudes itself through the openings, and waves mournfully over head.

The clergyman steps upon the creaking reading desk—the service begins—"I am the resurrection and the life."—There are the sobs of the mourners —the black pall concealing the coffin, the gloom and desolation around, all reminding one of decay and disease and death. Here no "swelling notes of praise" are now heard, no "pealing anthem" ascends to heaven, but "man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live—ashes to ashes." Even the monitory texts of scripture on the once whitewashed walls are covered with a greenish tinge from damp, and are nearly obliterated. They are no longer of use to "teach the rustic moralist how to die." One or two "frail memorials, with uncouth rhymes," of those who "kept the noiseless tenor of their way," still remain in the church. Yet there is one fair monument fresh, and unmutilated, and who can see it, and read the pleasing and elegant inscription on it without the deepest interest. It is erected to the memory of one whose scientific researches did so much honour to his country and himself as a philosopher, and whose amiable disposition made him beloved by the poor of his own neighbourhood, and by the rich in all countries. It is the monument of the late Sir William Herschell. Here he worshipped that Great Being whose works he loved to contemplate, when he "surveyed the heavens, the work of His fingers, the moon and

the stars which HE had created," feeling, as frail man must, his own comparative insignificancy, when beholding the stupendous power of Almighty God. Here his ashes repose, and here his monument has been erected.

H. S. E.
Gulielmus Herschel eques guelphicus.
Hanoviæ natus Angliam elegit patriam.
Astronomis ætatis suæ præstantissimis
Merito annumeratus.
Nam ut leviora silcantur inventa
Planetam ille extra Saturni orbitam
Primus detexit.
Novis artis adjumentis innixus
Quæ ipse excogitavit et perfecit.
Cælorum perrupit claustra
Et remotiora penetrans et explorans spatia
Immensos stellarum duplicium Gyros
Astronomorum oculis et intellectui subjecit.
Quâ solertiâ
Radios solis analysi prismaticâ
In calorem ac lumen distinxerit.
Quâ sedulitate
Nebularum et phantasmatum
Extra systematis nostri fines lucentium
Naturam et situs indagaverit
(Quicquid paulo audacius conjecisset
Ingenitâ temperans verecundiâ)
Ultro testantur hodie Æquales:
Vera esse quæ docuit pleraque
Siquidem futuris ingeniis subsidia
Debitura est Astronomia
Agnoscent forte posteri
Vitam utilem, innocuam, amabilem

Non minus felici laborum exitu
Quam virtutibus.
Insignitam et vere eximiam
Morte suis et bonis omnibus deflendâ
Nec tamen immaturâ clausit
Die 25 Augusti. A. S. 1822
Suæ vero 84.

Surely, independent of any other interest which may be attached to this beautiful old church, the above-mentioned circumstances should be sufficient to induce those who are "mindful of the honoured dead," to assist in preserving it from further decay, and in restoring it as a place of worship.*

But let me pursue my rambles, and perhaps the reader will accompany me to another church and churchyard—that of STOKE; and here all reminds us of Gray, and his genius seems to make every spot around full of interest. Close to the pretty lodge leading to the church, and in a well kept and enclosed garden, is a cenotaph erected to the memory of Gray, by Mr. Penn of Stoke Park. Upon this his name is inscribed, together with some extracts from his poems. From the high bank on which the cenotaph is placed, we look down into one of those deep lanes, so full of beauty, and see pretty ferns growing out of the red sandstone rocks, with wild violets, strawberries, and

* I have been already promised some assistance towards this good work, and shall be happy to give any information to those who may be willing to further it.

other plants intermixed. In another direction, and across a field, is Gray's church-yard, almost surrounded with high fir trees covered with ivy, which give a pleasing gloom in summer to the spot. It is impossible to approach it without feeling that it is a spot calculated to have inspired the poet with those feelings which drew from him his beautiful and well-known "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Here he wrote, here he wandered—and here he was buried. But where is his monument? We may look for it in vain either in the church or churchyard. There is indeed the tomb of "the careful tender mother of many children, one of whom had the misfortune to survive her." That child was Thomas Gray, the poet. In that simple tomb his ashes repose with those of the mother he so affectionately loved. Strangers from all parts of Great Britain, and many from different quarters of the world, who so constantly visit Stoke Poges, led there by their admiration of the poet, return disappointed at not finding a record to his memory in the church. The parish register has indeed the following entry.—"Thomas Gray, Esq. was buried August 5th, 1771." A stone, on the wall of the church tells us that we are standing near the tomb of the poet.

But how full of interest is the spot we stand on! Here the turf "heaves in many a mouldering

heap." Here are the "rugged elms," and here is the "yew-tree's shade," and there Gray reposes "in his narrow cell." Who can be here without feeling his mind softened, and his enthusiasm awakened. He sees in the distance those spires and towers which crown the "watery glade" of Eton, and those fields where once the poet says his "careless childhood strayed." It is, indeed, almost impossible to doubt that this is the spot where the Ode and the Elegy were written. We see the picturesque features of the landscape most accurately placed before us, and almost hear the sounds of rural nature which have been so beautifully and so pleasingly described in those poems. And who can see the neighbouring beech trees, especially those of Burnham, without recollecting the "nodding beech," that "wreathes its old fantastic roots." What lover of nature can see them without admiring their various contorsions, as they sometimes grasp the ground, and then throw up those bold and curious excrescences, which, when mossed over, as they generally are, form a rural seat. Not only do they serve to remind us of the poet, but we see the "twittering swallows" — the "lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea," and hear the "drowsy tinklings" of the folded sheep at short intervals, so different from the sounds which are made while they are feeding. Gray must have

been not only a lover of nature, but an accurate observer of little facts* and circumstances which would have been unnoticed by those who are unaccustomed to rural scenery and rural sounds. Thus he notices the "droning flight" of the beetle—the wood lark (my favourite songster) "piping her farewell song"—the wistful eyes pursuing the setting sun—"the plowman plodding his weary way homewards," as "the glimmering landscape fades on the sight," and the light seen in his cottage from the "blazing hearth," prepared for his comfort by his careful wife. And then how charming are those lines, and what a delightful picture do they present of the labourer's happy home!

> *The* children run to lisp their sire's return,
> Or climb his knees the envied† kiss to share.

Burns has also expressed the same incidents which have been noticed above, when speaking of the cotter's return after his "weekly toil," and which he would appear to have borrowed from Gray.

> At length his lonely cot appears in view,
> Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
> Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher thro'
> To meet their dad, wi' flicterin' noise and glee.

* And yet the Rev. P. Wilson, the editor of the "Naturalist's Poetical Companion," has said, "the character applied by Gray to the *beech* (rude and moss-grown) is by no means appropriate, for no tree is so little rude or moss-grown."—p. 182.

† In one of his own transcripts of the elegy, Gray has written,

> Or climb his knees the *coming* kiss to share.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Gray omitted a beautiful stanza in his elegy, thinking it made too long a parenthesis at the end of the poem before the epitaph, but it is well worthy of insertion.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

This mention of the early violets, reminds me of those beautiful lines, by one of our old poets, Phineas Fletcher, who thus describes them.

The flowres that frighted with sharp winter's dread,
Retire into their mother Tellus wombe,
Yet in the spring in troups new mustered
Peep out again from their unfrozen tombe:
The early violet will fresh arise,
And spreading his flour'd purple to the skies,
Boldly the little elf the winter's spite defies.

Those who are unacquainted with the poetry of Fletcher, will thank me for this quotation, which perhaps will introduce them to a further acquaintance with the works of the poet.

Lord Bacon, also, eulogizes the violet.

"And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air, where it comes and goes like the warbling of music, than in the hand, therefore nothing

is more fit for that delight, than to know what be the flowers that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are flowers tenacious of their smells, so that you may walk by a whole row of them and find nothing of their sweetness; yea, though it be in a morning dew. That which above all others yields the smell in the air is the violet, especially the double white violet, which comes twice a year, about the middle of April and Bartholomew-tide."

But I have wandered from Gray and Stoke churchyard, and my reader must forgive me, for I am perhaps too apt to follow in writing the casual connection of transitory thoughts, and the associations which the name of the violet suggested, beguiled me from my theme.

The house where Gray lived is now standing, and has been enlarged by its present amiable proprietor, Mr. Penn, who is also the proprietor of the fine house and park adjoining. Indeed the church and its interesting churchyard may be said to be within the park, the old manorial house, the seat of the Huntingdons and Hattons, having formerly been immediately behind them. The estate was purchased by the son of the celebrated William Penn, and a portion of the spreading elm tree under which he stood when he made his compact with the North American Indians, is still carefully preserved by the family.

Those only who have seen the fine situation of this house, its view of Windsor castle, and the beautiful scenery around it, can form an idea of the charms of the place, nor can we wonder that Gray has celebrated its vicinity. Those who have visited the churchyard as often as myself, will not fail to have observed the conduct of visitors who have entered it at the same time with themselves. There is the noiseless and quiet step, the breathless silence, as if fearful of disturbing the repose of one who had afforded them so much gratification.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth.

It may be mentioned to the honor of Gray, that though he was not rich, he was liberal in relieving the wants of those who were poorer than himself. "He gave to misery." It is perhaps fortunate for his memory that the task of writing his life devolved upon one who was fully capable of admiring and doing justice to his talents, and who has performed it in a way which does equal credit to the poet and the author. I allude to the life of Gray prefixed to the Aldine edition of the poet's works.

It is now time to pursue our way to LANGLEY CHURCH, a place to which much interest will always be attached. Whether its ancient tower is one of those to which Gray alluded, when he referred to the distant "spires and antique towers"

of his neighbourhood, must probably remain in doubt, although it is not very far from that of Upton. The first thing that strikes a stranger on entering the churchyard of Langley, is a magnificent old yew tree, which appears coeval with the ancient church itself. It is much decayed about the stem, but still its branches flourish, and with the care lately bestowed upon it, it may live for many years to come. When it is considered that the yew is a slow-growing tree, the one in question is probably at least from 800 to 1000 years old. I love to look on these old relics. They carry the mind back to bygone times, when the rude forefathers of the village assembled under their shade, and adorned their churches, or religious festivals with their verdant foliage. It is, indeed, a noble and interesting tree, and measures more round the trunk than any other yew I have yet met with.

On entering the church, the pew of the lord of the manor immediately attracts attention. It is latticed along its whole length, and curiously painted, giving one the idea of Moorish workmanship. Numerous eyes appear to be fixed on those who enter, with the words *Deus videt* below them. The sides and ceiling are also painted with different devices, and the whole effect is singular and striking. At the end of the pew is a door leading into a library, containing a collection

of the Latin and Greek fathers, of Luther's works, and of early controversial divinity, and on one of the pannels a painting of Queen Elizabeth has lately been discovered. The doors of the book-cases have devices painted on them, and the space over the fire-place has coats of arms in colours and various emblems and arabesques on it. It is altogether an interesting room. It is understood that the library was attached to the church by one of the lords of the manor of Langley, of the name of Kedermister. In this room it is said that some of the friends of Charles the First were in the habit of assembling, during the troubles of those times, in order to concert measures in his favour.

Besides the pew and room already mentioned, there are some interesting monuments in the church, particularly one in the chancel of this ancient family of Kedermister, who appear to have been lords of the manor, and to have flourished at Langley through a long period of years. The monument in question was erected to the memory of Sir John Kedermister and his wife, who are in a kneeling position, with their ten children also kneeling, having the christian name of each placed beneath. The arms of this ancient family are found in several parts of the church, which is a handsome structure of the early English style, though it has been much disfigured, in one part, by the removal of one of the pillars

and the arches which it supported, and from having had wooden pillars substituted instead. On each side of the churchyard there are some venerable-looking alms-houses, with solid stone mullions to the windows. The parsonage stands between them, and is very primitive in its external appearance.

The village of Langley, or Langley Marys, is very much scattered, and contains some good residences. Langley Park has some fine and interesting trees, and some beautiful cedars. There is a temple commanding a view of Windsor Castle, built by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who also made a green drive to the castle at the time of her favouritism with Queen Anne. The great Duke of Marlborough purchased the property from Lord Masham. It now belongs to Mr. Harvey.

The house is a square stone building, and the rooms are remarkably well arranged. It contains some good and interesting pictures,* some of them of the battles of the Duke of Marlborough. It was formerly the residence of the ancient family of Kedermister.

* Particularly a Holy Family by C. Maratti, a fine specimen of that master, and Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture of Mrs. Siddons as the Queen of Tragedy.

HORTON CHURCH AND CHURCH-YARD.

> When I was yet a child, no childish play
> To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
> Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
> What might be public good; myself I thought
> Born to that end; born to promote all truth,
> All righteous things.
>
> PARADISE REG.

THE rural scenes of this part of Buckinghamshire have a peculiar interest in my mind from their association with the poetry of Milton. In the sequestered village of Horton the poet resided with his father and mother for some years, and it is believed, with every reason, that he wrote his Arcades, Comus, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, and Lycidas, during that residence. His mother died there about the year 1638. In 1632 Milton came to Horton, and probably left it with his father at his mother's death, the former dying in his arms in 1647 in London.

It was chiefly for the purpose of seeing the resting place of the mother of the great poet that I visited Horton, and also to ascertain whether

HORTON CHURCH, BUCKS.

there were any remains of the house in which she resided, nor was the visit an uninteresting one.

The village of Horton lies between that of Datchet and the town of Colnbrook. It contains but few houses, and consequently has but few inhabitants, but the generality of the houses belong to the wealthier classes.

The first sight of the church and churchyard is very striking. In the latter there are two fine yew trees, said to be male and female, and the thick walls, made of large massive bricks, are covered with ivy, and elder bushes growing against them. The church is a good specimen of the early English style of architecture. The Norman arch as you enter the church at Horton is extremely beautiful. The outer ornaments are zigzag, and the centre one a sort of *back bone;* I do not know what else to call it. The whole arch is in a fine state of preservation, and very curious. The thing of greatest interest in the church is the slab which covers the grave of the mother of the poet. Her name and the time of her death are inscribed on it. There is also an ancient font in the church, with a slight ornament on the upper rim. A portion of the churchyard wall is built of what are called in the neighbourhood Roman bricks. Milton came to Horton when he left the University of Cambridge; and we can well fancy

him, then possessed of youth, and beauty of person, sitting in the village church with his parents, with that appearance of a sedate student, for which he was said to be remarkable.

We were shown the house in which Milton resided. It is of course much altered, and probably but little of the original tenement remains. The garden contains the stump of an old apple tree, still called "Milton's tree," and under the shade of which he is said to have sat. The habits of his life and studies he has himself described while living at Horton; and I may finish my observations on the subject by quoting a passage from my friend Mr. Mitford's introductory poem to his edition of Parnell:

> Once to these silent woods young Milton came,
> (The site, the spot, now consecrate to fame),
> Time holds not in his hand a more immortal name.

"The five years of study which Milton passed at his father's house in Buckinghamshire, laid the massive foundation of his immense and well-arranged learning, and fed his youthful genius with the richest and most select stores of poetry. Italy certainly beheld with astonishment, but without envy, the accomplished scholar and poet, from whose lips she heard the language of Tiber and Arno as musically and correctly as from her own."

Buckinghamshire was again to have the poet as an inhabitant, but her "hedgerow elms on hillocks green" could afford him no delight; he could no longer say,

> Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
> Whilst the landscape round it measures,

for he had long since exclaimed to his friend Skinner,

> Cyriac, this three years day, these eyes, though clear,
> To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
> Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
> Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
> Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
> Or man, or woman.

About two miles from Agmondesham, or Amersham, on the road to Uxbridge, is the pretty village of Chalfont St. Giles, celebrated as being the spot in which Milton resided during the continuance of the plague in London. From the turnpike road you drop down a lane to the right, and find yourself in a small sequestered hamlet, shaded with trees, amongst houses irregularly built, and sheltered with surrounding gardens and orchards. On the left stands the church; and a little further, on the opposite side, a fine elm tree, projecting over the road, throws a picturesque character on the scene. Passing the vicarage, a modest structure, in harmony with the rest of the

village, and approaching the very outskirts of the place, you come to the small humble tenement where the immortal author of Paradise Lost was contented to reside, and which is now inhabited by one who obtains his livelihood by measuring yards of cloth, instead of feet of verse. In short, Milton's house is now the residence of a tailor. Those persons who have seen drawings of it, taken a few years ago, will not easily recognise it at first sight; for the porch, its distinguishing feature, has been taken down, and with it much of the character of the ancient dwellings of that time is lost. The house, in size, is somewhat between the farm-house and cottage, probably once the residence of a small yeoman. In the interior it appears to have received little or no alteration. On entering the passage, you see a long low room to the left, which was a kitchen, and opposite to it one rather smaller, which Milton in all probability occupied. Over these are bed chambers, to which you ascend by an old oaken staircase. The room over the sitting room is comparatively lofty, and is supposed to have been the bed-room of the poet. Behind this is a small chamber, and these form the entire little domicile. In all probility, the interior of the house is at the present time very little different from what it was in Milton's; who, we are told by his biographers, was so humble in his manners, and partook so

MILTON'S HOUSE, CHALFONT ST. GILES.

much of the primitive simplicity of those ancient times, that he used to dine in his kitchen. Here he finished his Paradise Lost, and continued to reside during its publication in 1667, and while sitting in the garden received the suggestion of Elwood the Quaker to write Paradise Regained. The house is still deservedly venerated in the neighbourhood as the residence of England's Epic Poet.

While speaking of this locality, I may mention that near Chalfont is an old seat, called "the Vache," from the family name of the proprietor in very ancient times, and since known as the residence of Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser: nor is it far distant from Shardeloes, the beautiful seat of Mr. Drake, near Amersham.

HAMPDEN.

There is a time when gentlest thoughts are ours;
When like one long and summer-day of ease,
We wear on month and month, and as may please
The chimings of the fancy in our bowers
Disport; or mid the wood-paths wild with flowers
Roam in the heart's glad sunshine, whether the breeze
Be heard at Morn, or mid the noonday trees
Repose, or Night light up her starry towers.
And there too is a time for other mood,
When we must dwell among the walks of men
With eye of loftiest aspect, fortitude
And sternness in our front; and wearing then
That patriot sword which *Hampden* unsubdued
Wore at his side, though in the tyrant's den.

J. MITFORD.

IT is impossible to approach Hampden and Checquers without feeling the deepest interest, or without reflecting how much they are connected with the most important events in English history. The patriot, John Hampden, lived at the first, and the daughter of Oliver Cromwell at the second, and it is certain that the Protector visited both. These circumstances insensibly draw the mind to those scenes of strife, when a king fought for his throne, and his parliament for power—

when Prince Rupert retired from the field of Chalgrave, and Hampden bled and died upon it, fighting for his country.

Hampden is situated on a considerable eminence, overlooking a small but pleasing valley. The heights around are adorned with beechen woods, sloping down to well-cultivated fields; and, except for the absence of water, which does not abound in this part of Buckinghamshire, the landscape would be much admired.

The approach to Hampden is, however, sufficiently striking. The village church is near the house, and although without much appearance of great antiquity, it is in a good style of architecture, and has two or three beautiful gothic windows. In this church are many memorials of the ancient family of the Hampdens, the oldest date being 1493; but the estate must have been in their possession long before that time, as a portion of it had been bestowed on Baldwyn de Hampden by Edward the Confessor. On the monument of John Hampden, Esq., who died in 1754, is a tree hung with shields, containing the arms of the Hampdens, and stating that he was the twenty-fourth hereditary lord of Hampden.* There is also a monument to the beautiful

* At the foot of the tree is a representation of the battle of Chalgrave field.—In Hartwell Church in Buckinghamshire, there is a tablet to the memory of the Hampden family, and among

wife of the patriot, Elizabeth Symeon, who died before him, the inscription on which is supposed to have been written by her husband.

To the eternall Memory
of the trvly
vertvovs and piovs
Elizabeth Hampden wife of John
Hampden of Great Hampden Esqvire
sole davghter & Heire of Edmvnd
Symeon of Pyrton in the County
of Oxon Esqr the tender Mother
of an happy ofspring in 9
hopefvll Children—

In her Pilgrimage
The staie and comfort of her Neighbours
The love and glory of a well ordered family
The delight and happiness of tender Parents
But a crowne of blessings to a Husband
In a wife to all an eternall paterne
Of goodness and cause of love whilst
shee was—
In her Dissolvtion
A losse invaluable to each yet her selfe
Blest and they fully recompencd in her
Translation from a Tabernacle of Claye
and fellowshipp wth Mortalls to a celestiall
Mansion and communion wth the Diety the
20th day of August 1634—

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others to Sir Alexander, father of the patriot. In the old church there were some brasses with other memorials of them, but I believe they no longer exist.

John Hampden her sorrowfull
Husband in perpetvall testimony
of his conjvgall love hath
dedicated this
Monvment—

Nearly all the interest a stranger takes in visiting Hampden, is absorbed in the recollection of the virtuous patriot whose residence it was. It may, indeed, for a moment recall to the mind the visits of Cromwell, Pym, and Holles, but everything is lost sight of when the noble and disinterested character of Hampden, that true lover of his country, is brought before us as we approach his ancient domain. Here he resided for many years, and as has been said of him,* "known to his country neighbours as a gentleman of cultivated mind, of high principles, of polished address, happy in his family, and active in the discharge of local duties; and to political men, as an honest, industrious, and sensible Member of Parliament, not eager to display his talents, staunch to his party, and attentive to the interests of his constituents."

But let me give a slight sketch of the history of such a man. It may enhance the interest which a visitor to Hampden may feel on going there.

Hampden was born in 1594, and losing his father soon afterwards, he became heir to a large

* See Macauley's Review of Ld. Nugent's Memorials of Hampden.

estate,* which was probably increased by a long minority. He was educated at Thame in Oxfordshire, a place not many miles from Hampden. The school may still be seen, a charming old Elizabethan building, founded, I believe, by a Lord Williams, to whom there is a very fine monument in the church.† The school is somewhat in the style of one or two of the Oxford colleges, and is surrounded by the prettiest possible flower-garden. From Thame he was sent at the age of fifteen to Magdalen College, Oxford, and afterwards entered at the Temple, at which time Clarendon informs us "he indulged himself in all the licence in sports, and exercises, and company, which were used by men of the most jolly conversation." This sort of life, however, did not last long. Hampden, at the age of twenty-five, married his beautiful wife, Elizabeth Symeon, and Clarendon says, "on a sudden from a life of great pleasure and licence, he retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness, to a more reserved and melancholy society."

Soon after his marriage he was elected Member for Grampound, and afterwards sat for Wendover.

* It is supposed that the western edge of the Hampden estate was the locality of the final struggle of the British with the victorious invading Saxons under Hengest, as it was afterwards of the West Saxons with the Danes.

† The celebrated John Wilkes was educated at this school (on the information of the present school-master).

He opposed the king's illegal and unconstitutional measures for raising money, and was committed a close prisoner to the Gate House, and afterwards was sent to a place of confinement in Hampshire. At his release, he retired to his seat in Buckinghamshire, where he amused himself with his books and rural recreations. His acquirements must have been considerable, for it is said that he was offered to be made tutor to the Prince of Wales. About this time he had the misfortune to lose his wife, with whom he appears to have lived with great happiness. The epitaph on her monument shows how bitterly he felt her loss.

When the king issued writs of ship-money to the inland counties, Hampden refused to pay his share for the county of Buckingham, and he stood forth as the champion of the people against this illegal act of the crown. The case was heard before the twelve judges, five of whom were in his favour and seven against him. Clarendon says that the judgment was of more advantage and credit to him than to the king's service, and adds that it raised his reputation to a great heighth throughout the kingdom.

In the last memorable parliament which Charles the First assembled, Hampden took a distinguished part. Clarendon says that "when this parliament began, the eyes of all men were fixed upon him as their *patriæ pater*, and the pilot that must steer

the vessel through the tempests and rocks which threatened it. And," he adds, "I am persuaded his power and interest at that time were greater to do good or hurt than any man's in the kingdom, or than any man of his rank hath had in any time; for his reputation of honesty was universal, and his affections seemed so publicly guided, that no corrupt or private ends could bias them. He was indeed a very wise man, and of great parts, and possessed of the most absolute spirit of popularity, and the most absolute faculties to govern the people, of any man I ever knew." This is high praise, but not more than Hampden deserved. His conduct must, in fact, have been as irreproachable as his character, since amidst the turmoil of parties, and the malevolence of political animosities, his bitterest enemies were never able to fix a stain upon either. And Baxter, the author of the Saints' Everlasting Rest, and the Call to the Unconverted, declared that one of the pleasures he hoped to enjoy in heaven was the society of Hampden.

With such a character before us, it is not to be wondered at that when the violent and unconstitutional proceedings of the king in entering the House of Commons, with his guards at the door, placed the life of Hampden in danger, that four thousand freeholders of Buckinghamshire (to the honour of the county be it spoken) rode to London

to defend the person of their beloved representative. They came in a body to assure parliament of their full resolution to defend its privileges.

"When the parliamentary army was raised, Hampden spared neither his fortune or his person in the cause. He subscribed two thousand pounds to the public service. He took a colonel's commission in the army, and went into Buckinghamshire to raise a regiment of infantry. His neighbours eagerly enlisted under his command. His men were known by their green uniform, and by their standard, which bore on one side the watch-word of the parliament, "God with us," and on the other the device of Hampden, "Vestigia nulla retrorsum." The regiment which he had raised and trained was considered as one of the best in the service of the parliament. He exposed his person in every action with an intrepidity which made him conspicuous even among thousands of brave men."*

His military career, however, was but short. When Prince Rupert made an incursion from Oxford, and plundered and burnt some villages, Hampden endeavoured to intercept his return. He came up with him on the field of Chalgrove, a place about six miles from Thame. Here a fierce skirmish ensued, and in the commencement of it Hampden received a mortal wound

* Macauley's Review.

from a pistol bullet. The shot entered his shoulder, broke the bone, and lodged in his body. A previous shot had broken his wrist, around which he calmly tied his handkerchief.

Clarendon describes him as riding off the field, with his head drooping on his shoulder, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck. There is also a touching incident related, that as he passed by the house where he had married his beautiful wife many years before, he looked up at the windows, and appeared deeply affected.

He turned his horse towards Thame, where he arrived in the greatest agony. His wounds were dressed, but his case was hopeless. Hume says that the king himself so highly valued him, that, either from generosity or policy, he intended to have sent him his own surgeon to assist at his cure. The pain which he suffered was most excruciating, but he endured it with admirable firmness and resignation. His first care was for his country. He wrote from his bed several letters to London concerning public affairs, and sent a last pressing message to the head-quarters, recommending that the dispersed forces should be concentrated. He then calmly prepared himself to die. He was attended by a clergyman of the Church of England, with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy, and by the chaplain of the Buckinghamshire Green-coats, Dr. Spurton, whom

Baxter describes as a famous and excellent divine.

His intellect remained unclouded. When all was nearly over, he lay murmuring faint prayers for himself, and for the cause in which he died. "Lord Jesus," he exclaimed in the moment of the last agony, "receive my soul. O Lord, save my country. O Lord, be merciful to ——." In that broken ejaculation passed away his noble and fearless spirit.

He was buried in the parish church of Hampden. His soldiers, bareheaded, with reversed arms, and muffled drums, escorted his body to the grave, singing, as they marched, that lofty and melancholy psalm in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immutability of Him to whom a thousand years are as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night.*

Thus died John Hampden, and posterity has done justice to the purity of that patriotism which had procured him the gratitude of a whole people. In the delineation of his character by Lord Clarendon, his reach of capacity, his penetration, judgment, and solidity of character, are strongly dwelt upon.

It may interest my readers to be informed that the room in which, according to tradition, Hampden died at Thame, is still to be seen there. It

* Macauley's Review.

will be found at an old inn at that place, called the Greyhound.

The precise spot in which the remains of Hampden are deposited has never been accurately ascertained. That a coffin was opened by his biographer, which at the time was supposed to contain those remains, there can be little doubt, if the testimony of the sexton, and some others, is to be credited. This is, however, one of those subjects on which perhaps the less that is said about it the better.

It is hoped that this short sketch of the celebrated patriot, will add to the interest a stranger will feel on visiting the house in which so many years of his life were passed. Indeed, if I may venture to alter some words of our great lexicographer, and apply them to him, that man is little to be envied who can view unmoved and with indifference a place dignified by wisdom, bravery, and virtue, and whose patriotism would not gain force upon the domains of Hampden.

A small and unembellished monument was erected in 1843 on Chalgrove field, to commemorate the patriotism and virtues of Hampden, with the following inscription on it:—

Here
In this field of Chalgrove,
John Hampden,
After an able and strenuous

But unsuccessful resistance
In Parliament,
And before the Judges of the land,
To the measures of an arbitrary Court,
First took arms,
Assembling the voices of the associated counties
Of Buckingham and Oxford,
In 1642;
And here,
Within a few paces of this spot,
He received the wound of which he died
While fighting in defence
Of the free Monarchy
And antient liberties of England,
June 18th, 1643.
In the two hundredth year from that day
This stone was raised
In reverence to his memory.

On one side is a medallion portrait of the patriot in marble, and on another the Hampden arms, with the motto, "Vestigia nulla retrorsum." Facing the north is the inscription, and on the south side are the names of those who raised the subscription by which the monument was erected. The taste in placing these subscribers' names on the monument is very questionable.

But let me now conduct my reader to the ancient seat of the Hampdens. The house is large, but its style of architecture sufficiently mean and ugly. On entering it, however, its external appearance is forgotten by seeing rooms, many of them of just proportion and considerable

beauty. The fine old porch also is well worthy of notice, and the hall contains many objects of interest, and has a gallery round it, as was the custom in those days, opening into the principal bed-chambers. In the sitting rooms are many memorials of the patriot's family, as well as of Oliver Cromwell. One of the latter is a pleasing portrait of him when a boy, and is very like the numerous pictures taken in his more advanced age. Indeed, few kings, princes, or great men, have had so many portraits of them painted as the Protector. The one at Hampden is a full length, with a truncheon in his right hand, while his left rests on a helmet, with a boy tying his sash. There is also a small bust of Hampden carved in ivory, extremely well executed, and said to have been done in his life time. It represents him as being a thin, long-visaged man, with whiskers, and is very unlike the portraits said to be of him, the genuineness of which has been much doubted.

In the upper gallery, looking to the south, are many curious relics of the family, and a considerable number of books; amongst which are numerous volumes of scholastic divinity, and other philosophical treatises written in Latin, but which have been long forgotten and passed away under the increased light of the improved literature of a later age, and which very pro-

bably were collected by Hampden himself; that class of books being characteristic of the libraries of his time.

From the windows of this gallery there is a good view of the distant country, and a long avenue of chesnut-trees, with some beech intermixed. Queen Elizabeth was entertained here during one of her progresses, and some rooms were then said to have been built for her greater accommodation. The bed in which she slept still remains, and indeed the whole room is nearly in the same state in which it was when she occupied it. It has considerable architectural beauty, and of a style I have seen no where else, and which might be copied with the best effect. In order to procure the queen a more convenient access to the house, an avenue was cut through a wood, which is still called the "queen's gap."

The more ancient part of the house is replete with interest. Besides the porch I have mentioned, the visitor should see the butteries and bakeries, and the charming old kitchen, which affords a proof of the hospitalities of the olden times, when barons of beef and whole sheep were roasted, flanked by geese, turkies, and poultry, in abundance. I may add in conclusion, that with the exception of Knowle, Hardwicke, Hever, and Haddon, there are few places which can afford more pleasure and deeper in-

terest than Hampden, and it will amply repay a visit to it. It is about seven miles from High Wycombe.

I should be ungrateful if I did not make my acknowledgments to the kind-hearted rector of the parish who accompanied me to Hampden and Checquers, and who showed me the entry of the death of the celebrated patriot in the parish register. It is thought to have been an interpolation, having been probably entered some time after his death, although in the same hand-writing as the other entries both before and after it. There were also in the same register some curious details of persons who died by the plague, or sickness, as it was then called.

Before I quit Hampden, I must draw the attention of the visitor to a noble lime-tree standing near the church. It is in full vigour, and the situation in which it is seen is quite perfect. Nothing incroaches upon it, and it may therefore be viewed in all its just proportions. The extremities of its branches extend thirty-six yards, and its girth is twenty-three feet. It is, without exception, the most perfect and beautiful tree of the kind I have yet seen. Indeed, till I had seen it, I had always believed that the lime-tree, supposed to have been the largest in England, was at Moor Park. There is one also, hardly excelled of the same species, at Mr. Heber's seat at Hodnett in Shropshire.

CHECQUERS.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth the glorious way hast plough'd.

MILTON.

THIS place, like Hampden, is in the Chiltern hundreds, and it took its name, as Lysons informs us, from one of its ancient lords, John de Scaccariis (or of the Exchequer), from whose family it passed to that of the Hawtreys. It afterwards came into the Russel family, one of whom was a lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell, by the marriage of Sir John Russel with Lady Frances, the Protector's daughter, widow of Robert Rich, Esq. In consequence of this connection, it may readily be supposed that Checquers, like Hampden, is replete with pictures and circumstances having reference to the times of the Commonwealth.

Checquers is pleasantly situate amongst woods, and is about two miles from Hampden. On emerging from a wood at the back of the house, a fine view presents itself from a sort of downy

terrace, and from which, part of the rich vale of Aylesbury is seen, and also a portion of Oxfordshire, with churches and gentlemen's seats in the distance. An abrupt bank, or what is called *a hog's back*, extends some distance from the terrace, down the sides of which, and in the bottoms, there is a box-wood, evidently indigenous, and which flourishes with great luxuriance. It gives a pleasing feature to the landscape.

Near the house there is a noble relic of an elm tree, called "King Stephen's tree," and which from its appearance, and great size and antiquity, may possibly have existed in that king's reign. Its circumference, as far as I could ascertain it, was about thirty-six feet. The elm is a very long lived tree, and as long as any part of it is left, it will continue to throw out branches, which is the case with the one in question. A fine old ash tree stands near it. The gardens are kept up with great care and neatness, and are such only as are seen in the possession of English country gentlemen.

The house, although not remarkable for any architectural beauty, is replete with what may be called real comfort. The gallery is very striking, and has an interesting collection of portraits, and and a fine collection of books and old china. Amongst the books is the bible of Charles the First. In a cabinet in an adjoining room are some

of the clothes of Oliver Cromwell, with his sword over the mantel-piece. There is a portrait of him and of Lady Claypole, and of other persons either belonging to or connected with his family.

Checquers, by the liberality of the amiable possessors of it, is, I believe, shown on two days of the week. It will well repay a visit to it, both on account of the historical associations connected with it, and the beauty of the scenery around it.

The lovers of antiquity may trace the earthworks not far from Checquers, on the side of the Chiltern hills, and the circular mound or keep, called Kimble castle.

POPE AND BINFIELD.

First in these fields I tried the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on *Windsor's* blissful plains.
POPE.

THE fact may not have occurred to the notice of many persons, although it is curious and interesting, that from Windsor castle, the residences of three of our greatest poets may be seen — those of Milton, Pope, and Gray; and in the further distance of Richmond, the locality in which Thomson wrote his Seasons. Nor from the same spot can we fail to be reminded of that wonderful genius, and greatest of poets, the immortal Shakspeare, as we look down on the places he must have visited, and which were comprised in the scenes he so happily delineated in his Merry Wives of Windsor.

Having already shortly noticed the residences of two of the poets I have referred to, I will now proceed to give some account of Binfield. I was accompanied to this place by the same agreeable and intelligent companion, who added so much to my pleasure in viewing several other places of interest during my summer excursions. It was a smiling day; indeed just such a one as we could

have wished to have had in visiting so interesting a spot as the residence of Pope when he "lisped in numbers."

The country about Binfield is very pleasing, and the village, with its fine church, more particularly so. The latter is well worth seeing, not only from its style of architecture, but from some of the monuments in it. One of these is that of Admiral Vernon, who commanded the British fleet at the taking of Pondicherry, and another of the celebrated female historian, Catherine Macauley.

Our walk from the village towards Pope's house, which is at some distance from it, was through a country diversified by woods and vallies, and having a very picturesque character. The tree on which the inscription, "Here Pope sung," was placed, and which was in a wood at about a quarter of a mile from Pope's house, was, we were sorry to find, no longer in existence, although the spot on which it stood was pointed out to us. The view from it was very extensive.

We now approached the residence of the poet, but before I describe it, let me give a short sketch of his early life while he resided at his father's house, and which may add to the interest a visitor may feel in going to it.

Pope was born on the 21st of May, 1688, in Lombard Street, at the house afterwards Mr. Major's, the apothecary. His life, his sister,

Mrs. Racket says, was in danger several times, and the first so early as when he was a child in coats. A wild cow that was driven by the place where he was at play, struck at him with her horns, tore off his hat and feather — wounded him in the throat, beat him down and trampled upon him.

Pope's father, who was an honest merchant, and dealt in hollands, was no poet, but he used to set his son to make English verses when very young. He was pretty difficult in being pleased, and used often to send him back to new turn them. "These are not good rhymes," he said, for that was my husband's word for verses. This little interesting anecdote is given on the authority of Mr. Pope's mother. Pope told Spence that he was seven years in learning what he got from about twenty to twenty seven. He should have travelled, had it not been for his ill-health; and on every occasion that offered had a desire to travel, and to the very end of his life.

His first education was at the seminary at Twyford, near Winchester. When he came home to his father's in the Forest, his perpetual application (after he set to study for himself) reduced him in four years' time to so bad a state of health, that after trying physicians for a good while in vain, he resolved to give way to his distemper, and sat down calmly in full expectation of death in a short time. Under this thought he wrote letters to take

a last farewell of his friends, and among the rest one to the Abbé Southcote. The Abbé was extremely concerned both for his very ill state of health, and the resolution he said he had taken. He thought there might yet be hopes, and went immediately to Dr. Radcliffe, with whom he was well acquainted, and told him Mr. Pope's case. He got full directions from him, and carried them down to Mr. Pope at Windsor forest. The chief thing the Doctor ordered was to apply less, and to ride every day. The following his advice soon restored him to health. Pope was then about seventeen years old, and the above account was given by himself.

Pope says — "I wrote things I am ashamed to say how soon. Part of an epic poem, of which Deucalion was the hero, when about twelve. The scene of it lay at Rhodes, and some of the neighbouring islands, and the poem opened under water with a description of the court of Neptune. That couplet on the circulation of the blood in the Dunciad —

> As man meanders to the vital Spring,
> Rolls all their tides, then back their circles bring,

was originally in the poem, word for word as it is now."

Mr. Manwick informs us that Pope was but a little while under his master at Twyford. He wrote extremely young, and among other things,

a satire on that gentleman for some faults he had discovered in him. He set to learning Latin and Greek by himself, about twelve; and when he was about fifteen, he resolved that he would go up to London, and learn French and Italian. His family looked on it as a wildish sort of resolution; (Mrs. Racket, his sister, also said — "You know, to speak plain with you, my brother has a maddish way with him") for as his health would not let him travel, they could not see any reason for it. He stuck to it, went thither, and mastered both these languages with surprising dispatch. Almost every thing of this kind was of his own acquiring. He had had masters, but they were indifferent ones, and what he got was almost wholly owing to his own unassisted industry. He is described as a child of a particularly sweet temper, and had a great deal of sweetness in his look when a boy. His picture was drawn when he was about ten years old, in which his face is round, plump, pretty, and of a fresh complexion. Mr. Manwick says that he had been often told, that it was the perpetual application he fell into about two years afterwards, that changed his form and ruined his constitution. With what success these assiduous studies were attended, may be judged of by Pope's own information, who tells us — "I was born in the year 1688 — the Essay on Criticism was written in 1709, and published in 1711, which is as little

time as ever I think any thing of mine lay by me." But perhaps it will be best to give the slight but pleasing sketch of Pope's early life as communicated by him to a friend, which will render any further research on the subject unnecessary. It is believed that Pope's first education was under a priest, whose name was Barmister.

"I was then," he says, "about eight years old — had learnt to read of an old aunt, and to write by copying printed books. After having been under that priest for about a year, I was sent to the seminary at Twyford, and then to a school at Hyde Park Corner, and with the two latter masters lost what I had gained under the first. About twelve years old I went with my father into the Forest, and there learnt for a few months under a fourth priest. This was all the teaching I ever had, and Heaven knows it extended a very little way. When I had done with the priests I took to reading by myself, for which I had great eagerness and enthusiasm, especially for poetry, and in a few years I had dipped into a great number of the English, French, Latin, and Greek poets. This I did without any other design but that of pleasing myself, and got the languages by rambling after the stories in the several poets I read, rather than read the books to get the languages. I followed everywhere as my fancy lead me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as it fell in my

way. These five or six years I still look upon as the happiest part of my life."

It was when very young that he wrote something towards a tragedy, and afterwards an entire one on the legend of St. Geneviève. His epic poem on Alcander Prince of Rome he wisely burnt by the advice of Atterbury. He mentions that he never read any arts of logic or rhetoric. Locke was insipid to him. He read Sir William Temple's essays, but passed over all the political matter. It was Lord Lansdowne who insisted on his publishing his Windsor Forest, and to this the motto — "*Non injussa cano,*" bears an allusion. Pope's sister says — "I believe no body ever studied so hard as my brother did in his youth — he did nothing else but write and read." Pope says, he was between twelve and thirteen when he went to the Forest, and continued in the close pursuit of pleasure and languages till nineteen or twenty. "I may be said," he observes, "to have taught myself Latin as well as French and Greek." Ogilby's translation of Homer was one of the first large poems he ever read, and he always spoke of the pleasure it then gave him with a sort of rapture. This lead him to Sandys' Ovid and Statius. Pope thought himself better in some respects for not having had a regular education. He had a vast memory, and was full of application. About fifteen he became acquainted with Walsh, who used

to encourage him in telling him that there was one way left of excelling, for though we had several great poets, we never had one great poet that was correct, and he desired him to make correctness his study and aim. He learnt versification only from Dryden's works.

Pope tells us that it was while he lived in the Forest, he got well acquainted with Sir William Trumbull, who loved very much to read and talk of the classics in his retirement. They used to take a ride out together, three or four days in the week, and at last almost every day. He adds that another of his earliest acquaintance was Walsh. Pope was with him at his seat in Worcestershire, for a good part of the summer of 1705, and shewed him his Essay on Criticism in 1706. Walsh died the year after. Pope was early acquainted with Lord Landsdowne, Garth, Betterton, and Wycherley, and not long afterwards with St. John.

Mr. Manwick says Wycherley was Mr. Pope's first poet friend, and Walsh his next. Wycherley, who submitted his verses to the judgment of his younger friend, was at last really angry for Pope's correcting his verses so much, and he was extremely plagued with the old man and his rhymes for about two years, but it went off pretty well at last. Among Wycherley's original verses in his posthumous works, many of Pope's are inserted;

not difficult to be distinguished.* And there are also some lines by Pope in Gardiner's translation of Rapin on Gardens. At the end of the Essay on Criticism may be seen a very beautiful, and even affecting tribute of gratitude, paid by the youthful poet to the memory of his early friend and instructor —

Such late was *Walsh*, the muse's judge and friend, &c.

Having now given this sketch of Pope's early life, which it is hoped will not be found uninteresting, I will proceed to describe his house. There can be no doubt but that a great part of the original house has been pulled down, and upon the site of which the present mansion has been erected. Pope's study, however, still remains, and is now the housekeeper's room, with some of the original offices attached to it. It is a very small room on the ground floor, lighted by one window, and at present rendered rather dark by a large screen of laurels. Such as it is, however, we viewed it with great interest, especially as the poet's name is still honored in the recollection of the inhabitants of the place.

But we must now take our leave of Pope, having fulfilled our object of accompanying him during those days of his youth which he passed at Bin-

* There is a poem by Wycherley addressed to Pope on his pastorals to be found in the sixth volume of Dryden's Miscellanies.

POPE'S HOUSE, BINFIELD

field. He is now about to quit his rural solitude for the more cultivated and classic scenes of Twickenham; to enter into a wider circle of fame, and to deserve the praise, and enjoy the society, of the greatest and most illustrious men of the age in which he lived.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

Mild were his doctrines, and not one discourse
But gain'd in softness what it lost in force:
Kind his opinions: he would not receive
An ill report, nor evil act believe;
"If true, 'twas wrong; but blemish great or small
Have all mankind; yea, sinners are we all."
CRABBE.

THERE are few persons in this life so much to be envied, so happy or so respectable, I have always thought, as a good country clergyman. The word "good" is intended to be applied to those who with a sincere desire of doing what is right, conscientiously practice it, and who, by their precept and example, administer to the spiritual wants of their parishioners, and relieve their temporal ones as much as lies in their power. They then become a blessing to their country as well as to those around them. It is to such men that much of the good we see amongst the middle classes is owing, and a great deal of the moral improvement of the agricultural labourers. It always gives me pain to hear any abuse of our clergy, because I know so many of them who are hard working, painstaking, and really good men; ignorant, per-

haps, of what is called the world; living in retirement in their parishes; but zealous in the discharge of their duties both to God and man.

Such a one was the vicar of L—— a small parish on the borders of Staffordshire and Derbyshire. He was a short, hale looking man, quick in his movements, rapid in his thoughts, and eccentric withal, loving a good innocent joke, and laughing at it with a heartiness which it did one good to hear. His face shone with honesty and benevolence, and his conduct never belied it. The first caused him to be appealed to in any dispute amongst his parishioners, and the latter to be applied to in every case of poverty or distress. He seldom or ever quitted his parish, and his knowledge of what was going forward in the world, was gleaned from that respectable three-days-a-week paper, the St. James's Chronicle, the expence of which he shared with a neighbouring farmer. His wife was something like himself, short and round, with the same sort of good-humoured countenance. She was an excellent manager, kept her household in good order, and had always a tidy dinner for the vicar. It was pleasant to see the old servant come into the room during this meal, with a plate and basin, to receive some slices of beef or mutton, with vegetables, and a portion of the pie or pudding, which were kept hot till the dinner was over. It was then taken by the vicar's wife to some poor

sick person in the parish, who might require better nourishment than usual. For years, also, did this worthy couple go either singly or together, in all weathers, summer and winter, in order to feed with their own hands a poor ideot girl, who had a profligate mother, and who they had reason to fear would not otherwise partake of the food which they supplied from their own table.

Such was the vicar and his wife; and the above mentioned facts in their life have been only related in order to give the reader an insight into their characters. They were, in short, a worthy, good couple, fond of each other, fond of their parishioners, and sincerely desirous of adding to the happiness of all around them. Their school and their charities were both objects of gratification to them, and it may well be believed that they never went to rest with greater satisfaction than when they had performed some good action.

I have said that the vicar was eccentric, and he was so. Accustomed as he had been for years to do the duty in his own little parish church, his parishioners, who were purely agricultural, were looked upon by him as forming part of his family, and he therefore talked to them from the pulpit as if they were sitting in his parlour, or explained a difficult verse while he was reading the psalms or lessons from the reading desk. Sometimes he would stop while reading the former, and say —

"As I am only going to give you a short sermon to day, I will explain to you a little about these psalms. You had better remain standing while I tell you."

On another occasion, when reading the 15th chapter of the Book of Numbers, in the 32nd verse of which is written, "They found a man that gathered sticks upon the Sabbath day," the vicar turned to an old woman who was sitting underneath the desk, and who was a somewhat notorious hedge-breaker, and said, "gathering sticks, Mrs. Jones, not breaking hedges."

At the beginning of the beautiful psalm, "O clap your hands together" — he would occasionally suit the action to the words, and clap his hands with considerable violence.

He would often lay open with clearness and beauty the great truths of which he was a messenger, and many a fervent, touching, and faithful discourse would fall on the ear of his flock; till, in a moment, his natural buoyancy and overflowing peculiarity would lead him to introduce some extraordinary remark, at which it would be thought difficult to repress a smile. Thus, in preaching on the history of Joseph, he told, in forcible and affecting language, that most beautiful and interesting story, till he arrived at the return of the brethren from Egypt to their father, with the waggons containing the presents of Joseph: "Then,"

said he, "Israel saw his son Joseph's waggons, and he knew they were his," because *they had Joseph's name upon them.*

This was speaking to the comprehension of the honest farmers and their labourers, and none of them saw anything out of the common way in the assertion of their worthy pastor. In fact he was regarded by them with reverence and affection; and whatever was said by him was looked upon as an incontrovertible truth.

Enough has been now said to shew the character of the vicar, if we add, that like his wife, he was always dressed with great neatness and propriety. His garden was a source of much pleasure to him, in which, in summer, a great profusion of flowers might be seen. His bees, also, were well managed, and short quotations from Milton and Shakspeare describing the qualities of these industrious insects, were painted on boards and affixed near the hives.

The strong, round, fat cob, something like the vicar himself, had been put in the pony chaise, and brought to the door. The vicar seated himself, and was followed by his good helpmate, in her best black silk bonnet and cloak. It was evident they were going to pay a visit, and such was the case. A nobleman had a seat a few miles from the vicarage, where he passed a month or two in the autumn; and it was a little epoch in the lives

of the vicar and his wife when the time arrived for paying their annual visit at the hall. A considerable degree of friendship had existed for some years between Lord B—— and his more humble neighbour. The latter had occasional presents of venison, game, and barrels of oysters, which were in some degree repaid by humourous letters, and now and then by a good toasting cheese.

As they jogged quietly along through a rather unfrequented lane, they overtook a boy about twelve or thirteen years of age; rather meanly clad, but with an open, prepossessing and handsome countenance, who appeared to be suffering from extreme fatigue and hunger. It was evident he was an outcast on the wide world, and that there was no spot he could call his own.

There is something peculiarly distressing in witnessing the misery of the young. It is impossible not to feel that theirs is the time of life when all should be sunshine, hilarity, and happiness — that care should be reserved for their maturer years, when they are more able to encounter it. And yet care had fixed her mark upon this poor youth; who was slowly dragging himself along, sometimes supporting himself by a small hazel stick, and then stopping for a moment while he twisted the end of it into the yielding soil. He was evidently thinking of something which carried him far away from the spot where he then was.

His shoes were so worn that they were kept on his feet with difficulty; and his clothes, although not ragged, had seen their best days.

As the lane was deep and sandy, the progress which the vicar's pony made through it was but slow, and this gave his owner an opportunity of noticing the circumstances which have been referred to. When he came near the object of his attention, the lad stood close to the bank to let the chaise pass, and thus gave the vicar an opportunity of seeing his countenance. It was one of those most calculated to produce a favourable impression on the beholder. The eyes were soft and expressive, the countenance open and intelligent, and every feature in perfect harmony. The vicar's heart beat with an emotion so often felt by those of a kindly disposition. He stopped his horse; but curiosity was no prompter on the occasion. The check he gave the reins was produced by an impulse of benevolence — a desire to relieve the misery of the apparently helpless being he saw before him. So young, he thought, and yet looking such a forlorn and weary outcast! It might be said of the good vicar that he was —

> Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man supplies;
> Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
> To see the hoard of human bliss so small.

So it was on the present occasion. Far from the haunts of men — in a lonely, secluded lane, the

vicar overtook an object which excited his sympathy and compassion.

"And what are you doing here, my poor boy," he asked; "have you lost your way, or are you going to any one in this neighbourhood?"

There was a kindliness of manner in the vicar's enquiry, which found its way to the boy's heart. He and affection had long been strangers, and the vicar's smile was new to him. The poor boy would not have hurt a worm, but he himself had been crushed by unkindness. He sobbed aloud.

The vicar stepped out of his carriage; took the boy's hand, and led him to a short distance. There was a delicacy in this proceeding for which I love him.

The vicar repeated his question. The boy looked in his face, and felt that he had found a friend and father; but his sobs prevented his answer for a moment or two.

"I have lost my father, and am trying to find him," said the boy at last.

"And who is your father?" enquired the vicar.

The boy hesitated; but at last mentioned the name. The vicar knew the boy's history at once, and he decided on the course he should take.

"Sit and rest yourself on that bank," he said, "while I drive to the top of the lane to turn the carriage. I will be back again very soon."

While this was being done, the vicar acquainted

his wife with his intentions, and they returned to the boy.

"Now take my seat," said the vicar, getting out of the carriage, "and I will walk at the horse's head. The walk will do me good, and we are only four miles from home."

The boy was at first reluctant, but at last confessed that he was unable to walk the distance. As they proceeded slowly along, the vicar's wife looked in the boy's face, and her heart yearned towards him. She had no child of her own, and she felt that she could love the one now seated by her side; but he appeared so weak and feeble and deserted, that compassion, perhaps, excited the feeling.

"Are you very hungry?" she enquired.

"I have had nothing to eat to day," said the boy, "because I had no money."

They stopped at the vicarage, and a plentiful repast was soon ready, of which the boy was made to partake with discretion. When it was over, he was taken into a small but neat bed room; the white dimity bed looking so fresh and clean, with sheets as white as snow. A small fire glimmered in the grate, and a large tub of warm water was placed before it. When he was seated, old Nanny, the maid, carefully took off his stockings, and exposed his swollen and bruised feet. While these were being tenderly washed, the vicar's wife

had been employed in cleansing his face and head, and in adjusting his curling hair. He was at last put to bed, and never did a boy look more fresh, and comfortable and happy. The vicar's wife gave him a parting kiss, and when the good vicar came himself to see the alteration which had been effected, he found the boy fast asleep.

While he enjoys the rest he so much needed, we will make our readers acquainted with his little history.

Henry, for that was his christian name, was the son of a gentleman nearly allied to a noble family. He was an only child, and lost his mother when he was too young to recollect her. From that period, the eccentricities of his father commenced; his home became irksome to him, and he wandered about from place to place, seeking that which was most retired, and removed from the haunts of his former acquaintances. In these wanderings he was always accompanied by his son, for whom at that period of his life he shewed much fondness. One of his employments was in teaching the boy to read and write, and as he grew older he instructed him in the classics, carrying about with him a pocket Horace, and two or three other favourite books. His usual places of resort were generally small and comfortable village ale-houses, in various parts of England, and which he visited in his rounds from time to time. As he grew

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older, these rounds were more circumscribed, till latterly they had been confined to a very few places. His mode of travelling varied according to circumstances. Sometimes he would walk long distances, and at others get into a cart or any conveyance which was going his way. He had a great taste for the beauties of Nature, and would wander about to see fine views, or places of interest, and point them out to his son as he walked by his father's side.

During the last two years, however, the habits of Mr. B—— had been much changed for the worse. He had imbibed a fondness for ardent spirits in which he indulged to a great excess, and his son was, consequently, much neglected. As this propensity encreased, Mr. B—— would absent himself for days together, leaving his unhappy son miserable and forlorn, full of anxiety as to the fate of his father. After waiting a much longer time than usual at a village ale-house, he had been ejected by the landlord, and left to wander without money, in search of one, who was his only natural protector; and who had thus cruelly abandoned him. When the vicar overtook him, he was endeavouring to make his way to a village, where he thought it possible there might be a chance of finding his lost parent.

Such were some of the particulars the good vicar collected from Henry the morning after he

had met with him. He knew perfectly well the history of Mr. B——, and the singular sort of life he had been leading. His object now was to discover his present place of retreat, and he only waited till Henry had been properly clothed, to set out in order to endeavour to find him.

In the mean time this poor deserted boy had twined himself round the hearts of all the inmates of the vicarage, and his gratitude to his kind protectors was unbounded. There is nothing like misfortune and misery to soften the heart, and to correct those innate faults to which every one is so prone; but when they fall upon the young, the effects are generally more lasting, and more striking: so it was with Henry. He had been early disciplined in the school of affliction. No fond mother had ever pillowed his head on her bosom, or imprest the kiss of affection on his cheek; or if this had been done, he was unconscious of it. And what can make up for the loss of a mother's care and love? The remembrance of them is sweet, and one of the refreshing and endearing circumstances of life. Henry never ventured to enquire about his mother, but he often thought how much he could have loved her had she been alive. His father's more recent harshness and neglect had not only embittered his son's life, but chilled that affection which he had once felt for his only parent. Still, however, he loved him, and was anxious to

be with him to nurse him if sick, and to comfort him if sorrowful.

It was on a fine September morning, that the vicar, accompanied by Henry, set out in search of Mr. B——, the good clergyman having made himself acquainted with the places where he was most likely to be found. The last remains of harvest were being housed, and as they passed along the lanes, the barley straws were hanging on the overspreading thorns and hazels. The distant calls of the partridges were heard after they had been scattered by the sportsman, and some of the trees were already tinged with the autumnal hue. Boys were met with their mouths discoloured with the juice of blackberries, while others were eagerly seeking for nuts among the hazel boughs. The trees in the cottage gardens were loaded with ruddy apples, and the cottages were gay with the bloom of the monthly roses.

The vicar pulled up his horse opposite one of them, and pointed out the neatly kept garden to Henry.

"There is no country in the world," he remarked, "which can shew such cottages as those we have been passing; nor are there any peasantry equal to those of England if they had but justice done to them. But their wages are miserably low, and they have besides to undergo all the anxieties of poverty, sickness, want of employment, and

hard task masters. If they had but a small quantity of land to cultivate, upon which they could fall back in seasons of distress, they would then have a resource which would enable them to set poverty at defiance."

The good vicar appeared to be talking to himself, and he thus continued.

"I know the English peasantry well, for I have passed my life amongst them. They are grateful for kindnesses, and affectionate in their dispositions, when well treated; but poverty has altered them, and driven them to the ale-house. Their home is uncomfortable, their children crying for food, and there is no fire perhaps to dry their only pair of shoes. Can it be wondered at, then, that they resort to the ale-house for comforts which they cannot find at home. I have always felt, my dear Henry, that if any serious evil happens to this country, it will be occasioned by the distresses of the agricultural peasantry."

Evening was closing in, when the vicar and his companion found themselves at the village which had long been one of the favourite haunts of Mr. B——. Henry eagerly pointed out the little inn to which he had so frequently accompanied his father. As they stopped at the door, he rushed to the well-known room, but found it empty. His father had been there a fortnight before, the landlord told him, but he had been taken ill, and was

in a lodging opposite. Thither they repaired, and Henry's heart beat with anxiety as the door of a miserable little cottage was opened to them. On enquiring for Mr. B—— they were informed that he was in bed, and very ill, but had refused to see any medical man. On being told that his son was in the house, he appeared pleased, and desired that he might be sent into his chamber.

The meeting between Henry and his father was distressing in the extreme. Haggard and unshaven, the unhappy man lay on a miserable bed, with approaching death strongly marked on his countenance. He offered a fearful lesson to those who indulge in guilty excesses, for such is generally their end. He desired Henry to approach, and, as if fearful that death might interrupt what he had to say to him, he told him to look upon him, and to take warning by the example he saw before him.

"It is a lesson," he said, "which may be of use to you."

"I am dying," he continued, "and I leave you, my poor boy, unprotected and unprovided for, for what I have goes with me. Fool, fool, that I have been." Henry sobbed aloud.

"You have no home—you have no friend," continued the dying man, "for all my relations have turned their backs upon me. What will become of you?"

"I have both," exclaimed Henry, "and he who brought me here says I shall never want a home as long as he has one."

"Who is he—where is he?" exclaimed Mr. B——. "Oh, let me see him directly."

The vicar was brought into the room, and Henry desired to leave it.

There was something in the vicar's countenance which immediately told the tale of his benevolence and goodness of heart. To the eager enquiries of Mr. B—— he briefly related the circumstances of his meeting with Henry, and of his determination to educate and place him in as good a situation in life as his not very ample means would afford.

The anxieties of the dying man for his son were removed. He experienced a degree of satisfaction to which he had long been a stranger, and which was too much for his feeble and exhausted frame. He cast a look of gratitude on the vicar, while he pressed his hand, and then lifting up his eyes to heaven, as if to implore pardon, he calmly expired.

In a short time the vicar returned to Henry, and taking him by the hand, brought him to the inn. He there made him acquainted with the death of his father, and renewed his promise of supplying that father's place towards him for the future.

As soon as the funeral was over, the vicar

examined the few papers left by Mr. B——. He then found that the younger brother's fortune, which he had originally possessed, was sunk in an annuity for his life; so that Henry was penniless and an orphan. This circumstance made the vicar's good heart yearn over him with more warmth than it might otherwise have done, and on the journey home he felt that he had something to love and something to care for.

It was pleasing to see the reception Henry met with at the vicarage, and to observe the affection he showed to his adopted parents. Every day, also, increased their love for him, nor could it well be otherwise. His open and ingenuous countenance, together with its beauty, and his anxious and grateful desire to please, made him a general favourite. In a few days he took his regular lessons with the vicar in his library, and applied himself with an ardour to the study of Greek and Latin, which both astonished and pleased his instructor. Nor need this excite any wonder. Henry, from the peculiar sort of life he had been leading, had had his taste excited for literature, without having had the opportunity afforded him of gratifying it. His father had no means of providing him with books in general use for the young, and he had consequently been left very much to the resources which small village shops and inns afforded. His eagerness,

therefore, for more extensive information, was great, and he could now indulge himself in it. His application was such, that the good vicar and his wife were afraid of his health being injured, and therefore made him accompany them while they paid some of their usual visits to neighbouring families.

One of the first of these visits was to Lord B——, who had begun to wonder that he had been so long without seeing his old acquaintance. The vicar was aware that Henry's father was a distant relation of this nobleman, and this made him, perhaps, the more desirous of introducing his protégé, of whom he was by this time not a little proud. Lord B—— was struck with the open and ingenuous countenance of Henry, and on being made acquainted with his name and history, he expressed his readiness to do all in his power to be of use to him, and to assist in the expence of his education. This for the present the vicar declined; promising, however, to apply to Lord B—— should he require his help; and thus they parted.

During his sojourn at the vicarage, Henry was animated not only with a strong desire of improving himself, but with a warmth of gratitude towards his benefactors, which was only equalled by their love and affection for him. He was never made to feel his dependent situation; but

on the contrary, the kind couple endeavoured to persuade him that his presence was necessary to their happiness and comfort; and so it was. In their little walks and drives, Henry was the constant companion of the vicar and his wife. He read to them in the evening while the latter knitted, and the former made his occasional remarks, or gave some instructive lesson on what he heard. Then there was the resource of chess and backgammon in the long winter evenings; and when the supper-tray was removed, they conversed a while, and then retired to rest with that cheerfulness and peace of mind which virtue is sure to produce.

Thus time past away, and Henry grew up with a handsome person, and a still more cultivated mind. It was now time to think of a profession for him, and sorely was the probable loss of his society felt by those to whom he had so greatly endeared himself. The vicar would gladly have sent him to one of the universities, preparatory to his taking orders, but this his limited income put out of the question. By the interest therefore of Lord B——, a commission in a marching regiment was procured for him, and Henry at length took leave, with a sorrowful heart, of those who had protected him when in distress, and loved him with the fondness of parents.

"Never," said the vicar at parting, "forget

those principles and duties which I have earnestly endeavoured to instil into you. In all your sorrows you will have a friend to help you—in all your dangers, an arm to protect you, if you act upon those high principles which christianity teaches. Go, my dear boy," he continued, "and let us in our old age have the happiness of hearing that you have neither been fascinated by vice and bad example, nor corrupted by unlawful pleasures. Go, and may the blessing of God go with you."

His heart was full, and, like Joseph, he entered into his chamber, and wept there.

Henry joined his regiment in the north of England, unacquainted with every officer in it, but with a recommendatory letter from Lord B—— to his colonel. And fortunate was he in having such a commander. Colonel G—— had performed many honourable services for his country, and his bravery was only exceeded by the mildness of his disposition, and his inflexible integrity and honour. He discountenanced vice, and encouraged his young officers both by precept and example in the performance not only of their moral but religious duties.

With such a colonel, Henry's early career in his regiment was a much less dangerous one than it might otherwise have been. He made himself perfectly well acquainted with his military duties, and in the course of three or four years, he was

considered a rising young officer. At the end of this period, his regiment was ordered into Spain, for the purpose of joining the army of the Duke of Wellington. He had now the opportunity which he had long wished for of distinguishing himself, and of proving to the two beings he so much loved, and with whom he kept up a constant correspondence, that he was not altogether unworthy of the kindness they had shown him. Indeed, this feeling prompted him to deeds of daring, which were more than once publicly noticed, and which procured him his well-merited promotion. It is needless to remark with what gratification and delight the details of his success were perused at the vicarage, or the trifling tokens of love and gratitude received when their adopted son had an opportunity of sending them. And how ardent was his gratitude—how pure his affection! While bivouacking with his company round their evening fire, for such was his constant practice, and partaking of the same fare with his men, his thoughts would dwell on the vicarage, and on the happiness he had enjoyed in that peaceful abode.

It perhaps need not be remarked that Henry was beloved by the soldiers of his regiment. By attention to their wants—by adding as much as was in his power to their comforts—by strict discipline, as well as justice—and by his straightforward courage and conduct, he had not only

gained their love, but had been indebted to them on more than one occasion for his own preservation. This was particularly shown during the horrors of a siege, when an event occurred which greatly influenced the future fortunes of our hero.

Soon after the breach had been stormed, he was ordered into the town, with a detachment of men, for the purpose of putting a stop to some of the dreadful scenes which an infuriated soldiery were perpetrating. While he was endeavouring to do this, a young female suddenly threw herself into his arms, and clung to him for protection. As soon as she could make herself understood, she led him to a house which was near, and which some soldiers were pillaging. Having cleared it with the assistance of those with him, although at some risk to himself, he discovered in one of the rooms an elderly female in a state of the greatest alarm, and who proved to be the mother of the young lady who had claimed his protection. Leaving a guard in the house, and promising to return again shortly, he continued his duties, till the town was in some degree tranquillised.

By this time fatigue made him feel that some repose was necessary both for himself and those men who had followed him, resisting all temptations to plunder. He led them back to Donna Isidora's house, where they were gladly received

as protectors, and in which arrangements were soon made to feed and shelter them.

If Henry was struck with the youth and extreme beauty of the Spanish girl, she was not less so with the handsome countenance and gallant bearing of the young Englishman. Isidora was the only child of her widowed mother, and had been brought up with the utmost care and tenderness. Charming as the Spanish women generally are, Isidora was in many respects unlike her countrywomen. This may be accounted for from the circumstance of her having been partly educated in England, where her father inherited some property left him by his mother, who was an Englishwoman. On his death, his widow returned to her native town, in which many of her relations and friends resided.

The expressions of gratitude bestowed upon Henry, for the ready protection he had afforded, must have flattered the young soldier. While he remained in the town that protection was continued, but at the end of a few days he and his men were ordered to join the division of the army to which he was attached.

It was now that Isidora felt the full force of her attachment for our hero, partly arising from gratitude for having rescued her and her mother from the brutality of a lawless soldiery, and partly from that gentleness of manner and desire to

please, which so often accompany true courage. His handsome countenance now partook of a more military character than when he joined his regiment, embrowned as it was by exposure to all weathers, but still preserving that open, ingenuous, and good-humoured aspect, which few women could look upon with indifference. At this period Henry's whole heart was devoted to his profession, and to his desire of distinguishing himself in a way, which should cause his name to be mentioned with credit and honour in an official despatch from the commander-in-chief. It may, therefore, be questioned whether he felt more than general admiration for the beautiful girl, in whose society he had passed some quiet and pleasant evenings. However this might have been, the morning came for his departure, and early as it was Isidora was in the breakfast-room. There was a look of misery in her countenance while she offered her own and her mother's thanks for the protection which had been afforded them. Her heart was evidently full, and it was with difficulty she could give utterance to what she wished to say. She said something of seeing him again—of the dangers of warfare, and of her wish to return to England if her mother could be persuaded to do so.

Henry was unprepared for the extreme dejection he now, for the first time, saw in his fair com-

panion; and his tenderness of manner in taking leave of one so young, so fair, and so unprotected, seemed at once to raise a hope that she was not indifferent to him. "Hope tells a flattering tale," and so she did to Isidora. The moment the idea entered her heart that her affection was returned, she was able to part from Henry, not with indifference certainly, but without betraying those strong emotions she might otherwise have done. There was now a gleam of hope—of comfort—something to soothe her mind during an absence which she fondly thought would not be long. The human mind is too apt to think that what is most wished for must happen.

Soon after Henry had joined his division, a partial engagement took place, in which he received a rather severe wound in his leg, not certainly of any great danger, but sufficient to cause him to be sent into the rear till it should be healed. Of this wound Isidora received intelligence, and with an enthusiastic disregard of decorum, she determined to see him, and to remain with him till his recovery. The temporary quarters of the wounded were only at a distance of a few miles, and thither Isidora repaired; accompanied by a servant.

Henry was sitting up, reading a long letter from the vicarage, when our heroine rushed into his room. His surprise at her appearance, was only

equalled by the dismay he felt at the imprudent step she had taken, and the latter was too strongly pictured on his countenance to be mistaken. She instantly saw it, and at the same instant not only declared her affection, but entreated that she might be allowed to remain with him.

Henry had been brought up in the best of schools, and his feelings of honour and rectitude not only forbad his taking advantage of the ardent feelings of a romantic girl, but immediately dictated to him the line of conduct he ought to pursue.

He immediately sent for the worthy surgeon who attended him, and in a conference which they held together, he made him fully acquainted with the circumstances of the extraordinary visit he so much deplored. It was then decided on urging Isidora to return immediately to her mother, and in case of her refusal to do so, to send and acquaint her mother where she then was.

On returning to Isidora, they found her in a state of the most intense agony of mind. No soothing could calm her—no argument was comprehended. Henry, with the utmost kindness, entreated her to listen to him; but as if aware that all her fond hopes were blighted by the indifference of him she loved, she sank into what then appeared a hopeless state of despondency.

A mind, especially that of a female, in such a

state, generally acts powerfully on the body, and so it was in the present instance. The heated look—the glazed eye—soon informed the experienced surgeon that a high state of fever was making rapid progress. Unconsciousness of all around her was soon the result, and nothing now remained but to administer such remedies to the unhappy girl as the alarming state, in which she was, rendered necessary.

In the meantime, day after day passed on, and Henry watched over her with the greatest solicitude. He had sent to inform Isidora's mother of the whole of the circumstances which had taken place, but still she came not. He had also frankly informed the good vicar of the distressing occurrence, and of the embarassed situation in which he was placed, begging to have his advice by the earliest opportunity. His own wound was slowly healing, and he could with difficulty move from one room to another; but as the army was now in winter quarters, he had the less cause to regret his inability to return to his military duties.

All this time Isidora remained in a state which made her recovery doubtful. Still, however, there were hopes when occasional gleams of consciousness returned, although they were followed by relapses which alarmed her watchful attendants. One day, after a longer sleep than usual, she awoke, and appeared to recognize Henry, who was sitting

by her bed-side. His heart had begun to tell him that the interesting object he saw before him was not indifferent to him, and on seeing her eyes fixed upon him, he pressed her hand, and gave her a look of affection which she evidently understood. Still she spoke not, but there was a calmness on her countenance when she dropped again into a sleep which had not been perceived before, and which gave hopes that her disorder had taken a favourable turn.

While Henry was watching by the side of Isidora, he was told that a gentleman wanted to see him; and he was surprized to find outside the door the excellent vicar. His fond heart had been long yearning over his adopted son, and when he heard of his wound, his impatience to see him could no longer be restrained. There was perhaps another motive. He had long wished (it is difficult to account for such a wish) to see an army in the field. Whether this arose from having read so much of the warfare of the Grecians and Romans, or from one of those unaccountable propensities to which some persons are prone, especially those of eccentric disposition, cannot now be ascertained. Certain it is, that whenever the vicar was questioned on the subject, he smiled, but never gratified the curiosity of the enquirer. We must, however, do him the justice to remark that the wish to see Henry was the main object of his long

journey, which he had accomplished with but little fatigue or trouble. Much of the latter was saved him by having for his companion a general officer, who was on his way to join the British army, with whom the vicar had formed an acquaintance in the Lisbon packet, and which was the commencement of a steady friendship.

It is needless to attempt to describe the pleasure the vicar and Henry felt at seeing each other. The former, however, had little to tell, and the latter much to explain. The present situation of Isidora, his feelings towards her — his prospects of promotion, were all openly told to the vicar, who was an attentive listener. It was quite evident that Henry's present situation was a most embarrassing one; and the question was how he was to be emancipated from it. The vicar asked for a few hours to consider, and at the same time for something to eat. While he was discussing his food with great satisfaction, the surgeon entered and informed Henry that Isidora had awoke perfectly conscious, and had enquired for her mother and also for him. He hastened to her room, and found her able to converse with him. Her former tenderness of manner had been succeeded by a sense of shame, and a consciousness of the imprudence of the step she had taken. She bitterly upbraided herself, and thinking that she was dying, she was desirous of receiving the consolations of

religion. Henry took this opportunity of mentioning the arrival of his kind friend the vicar of whom she had heard so much, and of his wish that she should see him when she was well enough to do so. This she promised to do as soon as she was better, and Henry left her, but not without an assurance of his affection, which perhaps tended more than any thing else to calm her mind and accelerate her recovery. Her progress, however, towards amendment was so slow, that it was not till some days after his arrival that she was able to see the vicar. He, in the meantime, had not been idle. His friend, the general, had sent him a stout mule, with a trusty attendant, and he had visited with great satisfaction some of the quarters of the British army, and had been introduced to several of those of whose exploits he had read accounts in the newspapers, and whose names are now recorded in the history of their country.

There was something about the worthy clergyman which secured him a favourable reception wherever he went, and the circumstance of his appearing as an amateur at the seat of war contributed, probably, not a little towards it. He talked to the soldiers in their bivouacks, some of whom, having been enlisted from his neighbourhood, recognized him with great glee, and spread the fame of his virtues and goodness amongst their comrades. He had a kind word for every one as they assem-

bled in little groups around him, answering their questions respecting England, and pleasing them with the interest he took in the battles in which they had been engaged. But it was with the regiment of his adopted son that he received his chief gratification. He listened to the praises of his good conduct and courage with delight, and was proud to find that the example he had set by his high principles and unbending course of rectitude, both to his brother officers and the men of his regiment, had been duly appreciated.

In the meantime the adventure of Henry and the fair Isidora, had been the subject of much conversation in the army generally. Every circumstance appeared to be known, and persons speculated on the probable result of this romance of love, and of the way in which our hero would extricate himself from what was considered by many as an awkward predicament for a rising officer to be involved in. The vicar heard some of the remarks, but he felt that he could trust Henry, and he determined to leave every thing to his own good feelings.

In the course of a few days Isidora was so much recovered that she was able to see the vicar. He was struck with her beauty, and his conversation with her convinced him of the purity of her mind, although mixed up with much enthusiasm. She shed many tears while she blamed herself, and she

now expressed her earnest wish to return to her mother, if she would receive her. The vicar, with the utmost kindness, promised to do every thing in his power to promote her happiness, and left her in a fair way of recovery.

His subsequent interview with Henry made him acquainted with the feelings of the latter towards Isidora, and determined his own future proceedings.

The following day found him at the door of the residence of Isidora's mother. On enquiring for her, he found that, like her daughter, she had been dangerously ill, but was then recovering. Having sent up a letter from Isidora, he was admitted, and shortly explained her present situation, and the plan which he proposed should be carried into effect respecting her. This was her speedy marriage with Henry, immediately after which she was to return with him to England, and remain with him until Henry had completed his military duties abroad, or until he had obtained that rank in the army which would enable him with a little assistance to maintain his wife in comfort.

This plan was gladly acceded to, and the vicar, it must be confessed, was not a little pleased to hear that at the death of her mother, Isidora was entitled to the small landed estate which had belonged to her father in England. It was now settled that she should return to her mother as

soon as she was able to do so, and the vicar took leave, satisfied with the result of his visit.

On communicating to Isidora the wish her mother had expressed to see her, she wanted to set off immediately, but this was objected to by the surgeon till her health was more re-established. In about a week she was sufficiently recovered to be escorted to her former home by the vicar and Henry, whose wound was now healed. After arranging to return on a certain day, he proceeded to join his regiment, accompanied by the vicar. Their journey was a pleasant one, and they talked of future prospects and future happiness, and of days gone by, and old scenes at the vicarage, and of his dear mother, as Henry called her, and of the delight he should have in seeing her again. In this way they arrived at Henry's quarters, who had now attained the rank of captain by his well merited good conduct, and bravery in action. Here some degree of accommodation had been prepared for the vicar, and he soon *settled down*, as he said, as if he belonged to the regiment. He was a welcome guest at several of the officers' messes, and was invited more than once to dine at head quarters, where the quaintness of his remarks, with his strong good sense, made him a great favourite. He also occasionally accompanied a brilliant staff to see a distant division of the army, and witnessed, moreover, two or three rather seri-

ous affairs of outposts, on which occasions his curiosity led him nearer to the scene of action than was consistent with his personal safety. He was however perfectly calm and collected under fire, and jogged forwards on his mule close after the advancing troops with a degree of courage which greatly surprized those who witnessed it. He was also present when a French officer of rank was taken prisoner by a charge of cavalry, and accompanied the party who escorted him to head quarters, where he received congratulations on the bravery he had shewn.

The good vicar had now, however, satisfied his curiosity, and seen enough of war and its miseries. He had beheld the dead and the dying, and heard the groans of the poor soldier, and witnessed his sufferings. He felt that he could return to his peaceable vicarage with redoubled pleasure, thankful for the blessings he enjoyed, and little desirous of quitting it again.

The time had now arrived when he was to accompany Henry to fulfil his engagement with Isidora. The meeting between the lovers need not be described. Isidora appeared with renewed health and renovated beauty, and the vicar likened her to one of those heroines of romance whom he had read of, but had never yet seen. Her manner was gentle and fascinating, but at the same time it was evident that she dreaded the separation which was

so soon to take place. Henry endeavoured to reassure her with the hopes of a speedy meeting in England, to which country she accompanied the vicar a few hours after her marriage, miserable certainly, but cherishing in her heart the assurance that she was united to one of whom she might justly be proud, and who loved her with an ardour equal to her own.

Henry had now returned to the duties of actual warfare. The story of his marriage had preceded him, and it was generally supposed by those who knew his character, that it had taken place from a feeling of honour towards an unfriended female who had thrown herself in his power. Certain it is that this supposition acted greatly in his favour, for he was placed on the staff of the commander-in-chief, a circumstance which tended greatly to his subsequent promotion. During a period of three years, he was in many of the great battles of the Peninsula, and distinguished himself so highly, that his name appeared with applause in the several accounts of the engagements. He rose in rank and in fame at the same time; admired as much for his gentle and unaffected character, as he was for his cool and determined courage.

The period had now arrived when he was to exchange his military for civil duties. In consequence of a wound, he was ordered to England, where, by the considerate kindness and interest

of him under whose eye he had so long acted, a staff appointment awaited him. Need it be added with what ardour he hastened towards the house of his earlier years; a home containing those beings he loved with so much warmth and affection.

We must, in the meantime, return to our good vicar. He conducted his charge safely to Lisbon, where they were obliged to wait a fortnight for a conveyance to England. During this time, by his endeavours to amuse and reassure her, and by his own cheerfulness and hilarity, he succeeded in removing a certain degree of the depression under which she suffered. He talked to her incessantly of her husband, a theme to which she gladly listened, and described the sort of life she would have to lead at the vicarage until he joined her there. The voyage to England was a prosperous one, but as they approached the village, Isidora's agitation became very great. She had to conciliate the affection of another person—a stranger to her, and a female; and who, having heard of her folly and imprudence, might treat her with coolness, and perhaps with scorn. But how little did she then know of that kind and warm heart to which she was about to be pressed. As the carriage drove round the little coach-ring in front of the house, the vicar's wife was standing at the door, her hands clasped together in all the extasy of delight, and her countenance radiant with joy.

Her prayers had been heard; her husband was restored to her; and "how well you look," she exclaimed as she pressed him to her heart, and in the next instant was kissing the cheeks of Isidora, and looking fondly in her face while she led her to the snug parlour, with a cheerful fire, and the tea-things laid out in order. The fears of Isidora, as to her reception, were instantly removed, for who could see that kind and benevolent countenance, and witness its smile of love, without feeling that all was peace and goodwill within. And then the neat and simple cap, so pretty and appropriate, and white as the driven snow, with the hair parted on her smooth brow; and the handkerchief so nicely arranged; and the little plaited ruffles; and the sober-coloured silk gown; all were in character with this single-hearted and excellent woman. Isidora felt happier than she had done for a long time past. Here was her home, and how comfortable it looked! And there was the portrait of Henry over that table with little vases of flowers. And the vicar came in; looked so cheerful; and made every one feel so.

Time passed on, and news was heard from time to time of Henry, and Isidora became a favourite with every one who knew her. Her mind had been ill-regulated, but she now began to see things in their proper light, reflecting upon all she heard and all she saw around her. Here

was true happiness arising from pure religious motives, and from the opportunities of doing good. Her own short life had been hitherto frittered away in foolish indulgences and thoughtless levity. She now felt the full force of the danger she had run, and from which she had been rescued by the high principles as well as the affection of him she was so proud to call her husband. She was anxious to render herself more worthy of him, and with strong natural abilities this was not difficult; and her mind improved as well as her beauty. With great buoyancy of spirits, she delighted her kind friends by her playful and affectionate manner towards them, and entered into their little plans and pursuits with a degree of hilarity and joyousness, which were equally pleasing and new to them. She was now no longer called Isidora. Perhaps the vicar thought the name savoured a little of romance. She was therefore called *Dora*, as he said she was a *gift* sent to them for their happiness and delight; and so we shall in future call her.

It must not be supposed that the vicar's adventures in Spain were a secret in his parish. The circumstance of his having witnessed a battle, and indeed of having himself been under fire, had become known; and though some of the honest farmers might have thought he should have shown

a little more prudence, still, on the whole, his parishioners looked upon him, if possible, with more respect than before. The vicar, himself, was a little proud of his exploits, and was rather prone to exaggerate his danger before his wife, that he might witness her alarm, and hear her exclamations of wonder. The good lady would, indeed, talk with a neighbour, in confidence, of what her husband had seen and done, and always finished by remarking that he was not like other persons.

Year after year thus passed along, and the gazettes were read in which Henry was honourably mentioned, and letters were received from him, all of them speaking of the pleasure he anticipated in joining them at the vicarage. Dora, in the meanwhile, was beauty personified. The exercise she took—the air of the country—her regular and peaceful hours, which anxiety for her husband had alone disturbed, gave her a bloom, freshness, and elasticity, very different from her appearance when she first arrived at the vicarage. The poor looked upon her as a being almost too good for this world. She would sit in their cottages, and play with and sing to the children; or comfort the mourners, and relieve those in distress. She had a kind word for every one, and her kindness was amply repaid when her husband was spoken of and praised. She then

enjoyed her purest happiness, increased only when a letter arrived announcing his speedy return. And what joy was Dora's.

"And will he love me now," she thought as she looked in the glass, and fancied how much her face had been tanned by the sun. "And this plain dress, so different from those he saw me wear in Spain; and then I am so much older. But what is that"—as she looked out of her window—"it is a chaise—it is Henry"—and in an instant she was in his arms. And how fondly did he gaze upon her! Virtue, and truth, and goodness, all united to perfect her beauty; and he looked gratefully on the vicar and his wife, feeling how much he was indebted to them for the change he saw. It was, indeed, a change, more apparent to him who had not seen Dora for three years, than to those who had gradually witnessed its developement.

Need it be said that Dora was happy. Her husband had returned, pale indeed from recent suffering, but with brightened prospects, and with those honours which his ever straight-forward conduct and courage had procured for him. During the month he was enabled to stay at the vicarage, there never was a happier party, and when he and Dora were obliged to quit it, it was with a promise that the party should assemble soon in

London, where Henry's new duties obliged him to reside.

The story is now nearly concluded. During a protracted life, the good vicar and his wife received the reward of their disinterested kindness, by the love, affection, and constant attention, of the orphan they had once fostered. He afforded a bright example that adversity is not without its blessings; that unusual benevolence is not always to be set down as the mere exercise of enthusiastic feeling; and that sound religious principles and good conduct will generally meet with their reward.

ETON, AND ITS PLAYING-FIELDS.

Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.
* * * * * *
Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting in thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arms, thy glassy wave?

GRAY.

EVERYTHING in Eton and around it, is full of interest. On approaching it, the first thing which strikes a stranger is the gothic chapel, a handsome structure, with its fine buttresses, and beautiful windows. The mind then instantly reverts to the many eminent men, who, through a succession of ages, have either sat within its walls, or been buried in its vaults. Amongst these, Sir Henry Wotton is, perhaps, the first brought to recollection, not only on account of his talents and learning, but because the good Izaac Walton was

his friend and biographer, and from his having been the associate of Dr. Donne, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson. His "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," is a proof of his talents both in prose and verse, and of the good and amiable feelings which pervaded his mind and character. Walton says of him, that "he died worthy of his name and family, worthy of the love and favour of so many princes, and persons of eminent wisdom and learning, worthy of the trust committed unto him, for the service of his prince and country." Sir Henry Wotton was, moreover, an angler, and this circumstance makes us look with more interest on the little neighbouring aits and banks of the river, where we may fancy him pursuing his quiet sport with his friend Walton.

And here I may take the opportunity of expressing my regret that a short biography, or even a list, of the several Eton worthies, who have done honour to the school, is not to be met with. A little trouble and research would do much towards its completion, and it might be added to from time to time. There is a good foundation for it in the Eton library, and many interesting portraits in the apartments of the Provost, which might serve to illustrate the work. Let me now record the name of one who is not generally known either as an Etonian or a poet, although he was an honour to the school in which he received his

education, and left behind him a poem, "The Purple Island," which is, perhaps, not inferior to any of the time in which he wrote (1630), and which abounds in beautiful descriptions, and proves him to have been a true lover of nature. He also wrote "Piscatory Eclogues," of which Walton speaks thus —

"There came also into my mind at that time, certain verses in praise of a mean estate and humble mind: they were written by Phineas Fletcher, an excellent divine, and an excellent angler; and the author of excellent 'Piscatory Eclogues,' in which you shall see the picture of this good man's mind: and I wish mine to be like it."

The library of Eton College is full of books and manuscripts of great interest as well as value. With reference to the latter, it is to be regretted that of the fine collection of Persian manuscripts, bequeathed by Mr. Pote to the libraries of King's College, Cambridge, and that of Eton, to be equally divided between them, there should not have been a proper selection made. At present, a portion of a Persian poem may be found at King's, and the remainder at Eton, and so it is with many of the manuscripts. As, perhaps, there is nothing equal to them in England, either for beauty or interest (I speak on the authority of a good Persian scholar), it is to be hoped that some steps will be taken to have them properly arranged.

I might mention many works of great interest in this library, amongst others the fine illustrated Granger, and the Coverdale Bible, with some beautiful missals, and a manuscript of Herodotus; but an account of them would lead this notice into a much greater length than is intended. We will, therefore, proceed to the Provost's dining-hall.

This is a *wainscoted* room of fine proportions, and I feel some degree of shame in being obliged to remark that it is cruelly disfigured by white paint, and dishonoured by a sash window. When we look back to the time in which it was built, and to the munificence of the founder, it is impossible not to express surprise that such bad taste should have been shown, and still more that it should be suffered to continue. The process of removing paint from oak panelling is now so well known, and so easily and cheaply accomplished, that it is to be hoped the oak wainscoat, so characteristic of former times, will again be seen. And then who can contemplate the monstrosity of a sash window in such a room without regret!

There are many portraits of much interest in this room, and some of them extremely curious. There is one of Queen Elizabeth quite ugly enough, and odd enough, to be original and true. It may be asked, why was her portrait placed in this room? Her first claim certainly

is that which she has to be in the room of every true Englishman, for she was a brave and right-hearted woman, although she had her infirmities, and was not always very placable. But she was a valiant monarch, and laid the first foundations of the modern commercial and military greatness. But let us not be too harsh upon her. She must always have had some unpleasant remembrances of imprisonment and wrong — of danger and distress; and fears are generally bad councellors, making the heart somewhat hard, and embittering rather than sweetening it. But why should Eton particularly honour her? Because she loved learning, and proved her love by her magnificent foundation at Westminster. Would that she was alive, to authorise the removal of the seat of her favourite school. Modern wealth, and bricks and mortar, have succeeded in putting her suburban village of Westminster into the heart of a smoky, dusty, noisy town — for

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes.

But let us turn to the portrait of that philosophical-looking man, resting his head on his hand, and with a forehead and eye full of fine thought. It is Sir Henry Wotton, one of the right old sort, and of good sound learning. He was witty withal, for on beng asked for a definition of an ambassador, said he was a man

appointed to *lie* abroad for the good of his country. He had been an ambassador himself. The fine proverb of which he was the author, and which is on his monument in Eton Chapel, is a proof of his wisdom —

Disputandi pruritus ecclesiæ scabies.

He was fond of angling, and a good angler, and perhaps his happiest hours were those when, seated on the banks of the Thames with his friend Izaac Walton, he beguiled the time with pleasant talk, and in composing some of those exquisite ditties which have been printed since his decease, and are still read with so much pleasure. With what immortality has not dear old Izaac Walton embalmed the memory, and consecrated the trade of a linendraper! Odd enough we should think it now-a-days to see a provost of Eton — a dignitary of the church, and a linendraper in the same punt, bobbing for eels, or hooking gudgeons! We are wonderfully fond of flattering ourselves that we have got rid of former distinctions of rank that were unreasonable, and that we understand those things better than old Izaac Walton and Sir Henry Wotton did. This may well be doubted. Perhaps we are not as wise as we think ourselves. We are not perhaps as religious, and never was any age such a slave to mammon

as the present. It may truly be said of us—

Crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.

But let us look at that portrait of a man with a hat like a coal scuttle, and a gilded mace in front of him. Certainly fortune plays queer tricks, and here is an instance of her whimsical disposition. The picture is of one John Rouse, speaker in Cromwell's parliament, and in due course of time provost of Eton. Cromwell with his usual and fine affectation of respect for the rights of his subjects, none of the sincerest, left it to the fellows of Eton to choose their own provost. At the same time, however, he conveyed a delicate hint that if they *could* find a birth for his speaker it *might* be none the worst for them.

It would be naturally supposed that the speaker of the "bare-bones" parliament must have been a thin wiry looking man, a crop-eared looking lawyer. A man so full of enthusiasm for the public liberties, that he had not much time to think about domestic affections and fleshly appetites. On the contrary Rouse was a hale, jolly, good tempered, fat looking man, not likely to give the Protector much trouble. He was a very different sort of person to the one whose portrait hangs near. It is that of Richard Steward, also provost of Eton. He preceded Rouse, and things would seem to have gone but waywardly with him. There appears a good deal of anxiety and distress

on his brow, nor is it to be wondered at. He was a worthy, upright man, and being cast on dangerous times, when his king was in trouble, and his church overthrown, he bowed not the knee to Baal, but, having done all he could to save what he reverenced and loved, he put the keys of the college in his pocket, and fled beyond the seas, and died in exile. It has been supposed that he was reduced to beggary. He expired at Paris, for France, in those days, gave an asylum to men that were persecuted for loyalty and religion. We have repaid the favour. May neither of us want to confer or repay such kindnesses in future!

We must now turn to an odd looking portrait. It professes to be the image of Richard Allestree, of whom a strange story is told, which, however, although I cannot doubt that it is founded in fact, and is substantially true, yet in its details may not be perfectly correct.

It so happened about one hundred and sixty years ago, that a man was walking somewhere between Temple Bar and Charing Cross. His coat was none of the best, and the lower you went on inspecting his garments, the worse the case seemed to be. His face was the very reverse of handsome, which means that he was extremely ugly; he was short too, something pug-nosed, and certainly not clean. Yet the poor fellow looked as if he had seen better days. To be sure it would have been a hard matter to have seen worse, for

his was a poverty visibly grinding — "the iron had entered into his soul." His is the worst sort of penury, for to "dig he cannot, and to beg he is ashamed." While in this forlorn state, he meets a gay cavalier, tricked out in all the splendid bravery of the age. The cavalier stops and surveys the little man, and after a short, but somewhat humorous perusal of his features, courteously asks him whether he will do him the favour to accompany him to a neighbouring house. It was an odd question, and struck the ragged one as singular and mysterious. He paused as if suspicious or uncertain.

"You will do me a great favour," continues the other, "by accompanying me."

"You mean me no harm?"

"None, upon my honour," said the cavalier.

They walked off in silence, the great man leading, the little and the dirty one, as was fitting, following behind.

"What on earth can all this mean?" thought the poor man. His doubts were soon resolved.

They arrived at the back of a splendid mansion — the servants made way for the cavalier, as for one well known. They passed through several passages, mounted a magnificent staircase, and entered a richly-furnished room. In it were several gentlemen, enjoying gay and boisterous mirth. The cavalier conducted his astonished companion

into the midst of this noble company, and whilst he presented him to one of the gayest amongst them, without further preface, exclaimed, "I think your majesty will admit I have won my bet."

The eyes of all those which composed this gay party were instantly turned upon the unhappy little man. The scrutiny was not a long one, for they all burst forth into a loud and hearty laugh, in which his majesty (for it *was* Charles the Second) enthusiastically joined. The subject of all this merriment was at first lost in astonishment, and then gradually felt disgust. He began to suspect, not very unnaturally, that he was being laughed at and made a fool of. Even rags cannot afford to be despised, especially when those rags cover a man of education, with the feelings and spirit of a gentleman. He was beginning to get angry, and yet there was an odd expression in his face, while at the same time it shewed that he was not insensible to the degraded situation in which he found himself. And how was this scene to end? Will they order the page in waiting to shew him out of the room, or will they kick him out, for he must be got out somehow?

The good tempered king at last took compassion on him, and making an effort to stifle his laughter, thus addressed him.

"I am afraid, sir, you must think us very ill-mannered people for treating you in this way, and

perhaps rather silly, but I will be plain and tell you the truth. My Lord Rochester here, bet me a hundred guineas that within half an hour he would produce me an uglier man than the Duke of Lauderdale. Sir, he has produced you, and the gentlemen of my court seem to think he has won his bet." This appeared to be the finishing stroke to the poor man's miseries.

> Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
> Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

He could have sunk into the earth. To suffer the gibes of the profligate noble; to be bantered and scorned for the features which the hand of the Almighty had moulded? Oh! many a felon has stood up to receive his sentence of perpetual exile with less agony of soul, than this poor man felt at this cruel mockery of his misery and degradation. Yet he pitied these senseless buffoons, for it was an insult to God rather than to man.

The kind hearted king saw, and really felt for the struggle that was obviously going on in the stranger's breast.

"Would you let me know who you are, sir?" said the king. "Can I be of any service to you? Be assured if I can, I will not forget you."

The poor man's story was soon told. He was a clergyman, who had been but too loyal to the king's father. He had lost all the little that he

had ever possessed, because he would neither sacrifice his honour, nor renounce his creed. There was, in truth, a great heart in that little man. The king was as good as his word. He did not forget the despised loyalist. The provostship of Eton fell vacant, and so did the Regius professorship of divinity at Oxford, and Charles conferred both situations on Mr. Allestree. There hangs his portrait, and certainly it is very easy to believe that the Duke of Lauderdale was not an uglier man. He was a kind hearted creature, was that wayward King Charles, but adversity, and trouble, and wanderings into far countries, and a close sight of the treacheries and villanies practiced by man, corrupted a disposition, naturally amiable, and choked the good seed, which, if it had been smiled upon by a kindlier sky, would have brought forth a goodly harvest.

Perhaps the king overlooked better claims in promoting this odd little man to the provostship of Eton. Probably it was so. Men cannot be always quite just, and it is safe to be guided by principle rather than by impulse; but, surely, in this royal freak there was much of generous goodness. I have it not in my heart to cast the first stone at him.

There is a monument to the memory of Dr. Allestree in the chapel of Eton, and there are also three engraved portraits of him, one of which is

affixed to a volume of his sermons, in folio. He died in 1681, aged 61 years. He had been a student of Christ's church, Oxford, and took arms in the royal cause, and served some time in a military capacity with his two friends, Bishop Dolben, and Bishop Fell. Grainger says that at this time he had been seen to carry his musket in one hand and his book in the other. He raised Eton school, which he found in a low condition, to an uncommon pitch of reputation. He built at his own expence the west side of the outward quadrangle of the college. A greater compliment cannot be paid to this good man by way of conclusion, than mentioning that he was the intimate friend of the excellent and learned Dr. Hammond, who left him his valuable library, which Dr. Allestree afterwards bequeathed to his successors in the divinity chair at Oxford.

Over the mantel-piece is a portrait of the late provost, Dr. Goodall, painted by Jackson, who certainly has done great justice to his subject. Dr. Goodall was essentially a good-tempered, merry-hearted man. There was a pleasant joyousness in him which beamed and overflowed in his face. Indeed his countenance was illuminated with an almost perpetual smile. Severity and gravity never became him; and it seemed an odd caprice of fortune by which such a jovial spirit was invested with the solemn dignity of a school-

master. Even now, as I stand and look at the canvass, I fancy I can hear his pleasant laugh; and find myself melting away into an involuntary smile at the recollections which the sight of his happy face brings back.

He was a most pleasant companion, and that man must have been indeed dull who could stay long in Dr. Goodall's company without catching the infection of his infinite fun, and kindling at the cheerful vivacity and sparkling blaze of his wit. He was exceedingly rich in anecdote, and an incomparable teller of a story. Yet was he not deficient in the higher and graver accomplishments. He was a ready, acute, and graceful scholar; a man of various and extensive reading, as well as of singular powers of memory. He discharged the duties of provost with a dignified grace, and remarkable urbanity — a man of such elegance of manners, that even in a king's court, you could not help remarking him for the nobility of his deportment, and the exceeding and most attractive sweetness of his voice.

Upon the whole Dr. Goodall was certainly a remarkable man, and has left the impress of his character deeply engraven in the minds of the many persons with whom his station brought him into contact; and no provost of Eton ever gained a larger share of the respect and affection of those over whom he was appointed to preside.

But let us now turn to the PLAYING FIELDS of Eton, and see them on a fine balmy day during the season of cricket. It is impossible to imagine a more joyous scene, or to look at a more beautiful and interesting prospect. The Thames flows and sparkles by the side of the playing fields, and the noble castle of Windsor is seen to the greatest advantage, with its venerable towers, and its fine chapel. And then the stately elms, the green turf, and the picturesque college buildings! And the mind reverts to the many eminent men who have been educated there, and done honour to their school and country. These playing fields are a favourite resort of mine. I like to see the joyousness of youth—the happy countenances, and the high spirits of those around me—I like to hear of the long *swipes* of cricket balls, and of the different matches which have been played in the season; and I like to saunter in the poet's walk, and to enjoy the view from the sixth form bench, and to reflect on the many great men who have sat on it. It is difficult to enumerate all the great and good men who have been educated at Eton; but amongst them may be mentioned Sir Robert Walpole, Harley Earl of Oxford, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Camden, the celebrated Earl of Chatham, Outred, the mathematician, Dr. Hammond, Dr. Pearson, Fielding, Sherlock, Boyle the philosopher, Lord Lyttleton, Gray, West, Horace Walpole, Waller, Fox, Canning, Porson,

the great and learned Marquis Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington, Hallam, the historian, and many others. Of these, perhaps the most enthusiastic admirer of Eton, and the most grateful for the advantages he received at it, was the late Lord Wellesley. Here, as he told me himself, he imbibed his love for literature — here his talents were fostered, and his ambition excited. Here he laid the foundation of his future greatness, and here, after running his noble career of usefulness to his country, and establishing her ascendency in India, his remains were deposited at his own particular request; and he desired that the following exquisite lines should be engraved on his tomb:—

Fortunæ, rerumque vagis exercitus undis
In gremium redeo serus, Etona, tuum:
Magna sequi, et summæ minori culmina famæ,
Et purum antiquæ lucis adire jubar,
Auspice te didici Puer, atque in limine vitæ
Ingenuas veræ laudis amare vias.
Si qua meum vitæ decursu gloria nomen
Auxerit, aut si quis nobilitarit honos,
Muneris Alma tui est: altrix da terra sepulcrum,
Supremam lacrymam da! memoremque mei!

W.

Kingston House, January 5, 1842.

It is to be hoped that this will yet be done, and also the seat erected in the playing fields to commemorate his love of Eton, about which, in his last moments he was so anxious. Lord Wellesley

has done too much honour to Eton, not to have his wishes complied with.

At his own particular request to me, I had the melancholy satisfaction of planting six weeping willow trees on the banks of the Thames in the Eton playing fields, in the places, which Lord Wellesley had pointed out to me. He had an idea that the weeping willows in this country had sprung from those of Babylon, and his wish to have some planted in the playing fields evidently had reference to his own beautiful poem, the Salix Babylonica, from which I will give a quotation as illustrative of his love for Eton.

Me quoties curas suadent lenire seniles
Umbra Tua, et viridi ripa beata toro,
Sit mihi, primitiasque meas, tenuesque triumphos,
Sit, revocare tuos dulcis Etona ! dies.
Auspice Te, summæ mirari culmina famæ,
Et purum antiquæ lucis adire jubar
Edidici Puer, et, jam primo in limine vitæ,
Ingenuas veræ laudis amare vias :
O juncta Aonidum lauro præcepta Salutis
Æternæ ! et Musis consociata Fides !

Come parent Eton ! turn the stream of time
Back to thy sacred fountain crowned with bays !
Recall my brightest, sweetest days of prime !
When all was hope, and triumph, joy, and praise.
Guided by Thee I raised my youthful sight
To the steep solid heights of lasting fame,
And hailed the beams of clear ethereal light
That brighten round the Greek and Roman name.

O blest instruction! friend to generous youth!
Source of all good! You taught me to intwine
The muse's laurel with eternal truth,
And wake her lyre to strains of faith divine.

In concluding this notice of Eton, I may mention that one of the most remarkable improvements that have taken place there lately, is the erection of a handsome library for the use of the boys. There is but one fault to be found with this building, which is beautiful in architectural design, and in good taste—it is not large enough,—and it ought to have some extra rooms attached to it as places of deposit for works of art, antiquities, &c. For, unless I have greatly miscalculated the feelings of Eton men, and overrated the influence of Eton, the present library, with its two small auxiliary rooms, will very soon be found inadequate for the reception of the gifts of its grateful *Alumni*.

It is also impossible not to be struck, on going into the great or upper school of the boys, with the fine vista of busts of Eton worthies, which now line the walls of that room. It is a singular proof of the rapid facility with which a fortunate idea when once hit upon may be carried out; that, although this noble room seems likely, within a short time, to be thronged with the images of Eton's chosen sons, yet the collection has been made by gratuitous and spontaneous bounty within a year or two. It seems an obvious and

efficacious system to influence the minds of the young, by keeping before their eyes the images of the great men whose successors and representatives they are. An Eton boy cannot help feeling exultation and dignity as he walks down the upper school, and surveys the busts of the celebrated men who formerly trod the same ground with himself, and now look upon the school of their boyhood like tutelary genii of the place.

I cannot help remarking that our schools, generally, appeal very little to the imagination and feelings of boys. They make little or no use of association, which is, nevertheless, one of the most powerful instruments in the government and discipline of the human understanding. In general, the school room is the dirtiest place in the establishment; whereas, I cannot help thinking that any association with learning should be made agreeable, and, as far as possible, delightful. Indeed, the disinclination to learning felt by many men in after life, may perhaps be attributed, not unreasonably, to the unpleasant associations with which instruction in boyhood was conveyed to them. The busts placed in the upper school at Eton, regarded in this point of view, seem most worthy of remark and admiration.

Let me conclude with an old motto, and a pure aspiration —

Floreat Etona!

IVER CHURCH AND THE TREATY HOUSE, UXBRIDGE.

Great suit and controversy there arose,
Touching the sacred statutes of the realm;
For liberty and law were then as foes,
Arm'd 'gainst each other with the sword and helm.

But to be just, then love with law must go,
And liberty be led by wisdom's hand;
Obedience thus her rightful duty know,
And the mild sceptre sway a happy land.

J. MITFORD.

A VERY pleasant day may be passed at these two places, and the drive to Iver, through Stoke, although the country is generally flat, has much to attract attention. The farm-houses, the cottages, and numerous orchards, are all characteristic of this part of Buckinghamshire, and the flowery and *ferny* banks of the lanes are very pleasing.

The church of Iver is one of those old village structures which is very striking. It has a fine tower, bold projecting buttresses, early gothic windows, and a beautiful archway leading into the

church. Much ivy is growing about it, and old yew-trees, so frequently to be found in the churchyards of Buckinghamshire, are to be seen here.

There are some curious and interesting monuments and brasses in the church, and one of the oldest fonts I have met with, which however is sadly disfigured by an unsightly wooden covering. The fondness of churchwardens for whitewash, on account of its cheapness and ready application, has probably been the occasion of concealing many old frescoes in this church. Some of the ancient colours are still peeping out here and there, and it is much to be regretted that the care of our interesting country churches, instead of being left to the ignorant and vulgar, should not have their decorations and improvements placed in the hands of those who would restore the taste of our forefathers. Rural deans, if they had any, might do much good in this respect. That many very curious decorations might be discovered under successive coats of whitewash, cannot be doubted.

On one of the monuments is an inscription in Latin, beneath a figure kneeling, recording that John King was killed by having a shoemaker's awl stuck into his forehead by a relation whom he had fostered in his house, named Roger Parkinson, when he was drunk.

There is also a monument erected to perpetuate the memory of Venturus Mandy, which I am

not aware has yet been noticed by antiquaries, and of whom I have been unable to find an account in the Biographia Britannica. The inscription is as follows:—

"Beneath this place lyes interred the body of Venturus Mandy, of the parish of St. Giles' in the fields, in the county of Middlesex, bricklayer, and son of Michael Mandy, bricklayer, and grandson of Venturus Mandy, of this parish, bricklayer, who had the honour of being bricklayer to the honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn from the year of our Lord 1667 to the day of his death. He was studious in the mathematicks, and wrote and published 3 books for the public good, one entitled Mellificium Mensionis, or the Marrow of Measuring, another of Mechanic Powers, or the Mystery of Nature and Art Unvayled, the third an Universal Mathematical Synopsis. He also translated into English, Directorium Generale Uranometricum: and Trigonometria Plana et Sphærica Linearis et Logarithmica; Auctore Fr. Bonaventura Cavalerio, Mediolanensi; and some other tracts, which he designed to have printed if death had not prevented him. He dyed the 26th day of July, Anno Domini 1701, aged 66 years and upwards."

This bricklayer, who must have been a man of talent and learning, left five pounds to the poor of his parish.

The celebrated TREATY HOUSE at Uxbridge will well repay a visit to it. It was an ancient family residence of considerable extent, but much of it has been removed, and it is now the Crown Inn. The rooms, however, in which the commissioners of Charles the First and those of the Parliament met, are still to be seen, and the fine

old oak carvings and pannels are in the best state of preservation. The worthy hostess of the inn informed me that she had been offered a considerable sum of money for them, nor is this to be wondered at. They probably, however, bring many strangers to her house to see these interesting rooms, and the inn is also well situated for anglers, who ply their rods in the adjoining river Colne, so celebrated for its trout.

WINDERMERE.

Thus do'st thou smile, enchanting scene!
Thus summer's hand in freshest green,
These oak-crown'd banks have dress'd;
So shone the sun in cloudless pride,
Such the blue heav'n the sparkling tide
Reflected on its breast.

MRS. DORSET.

THOSE who have once seen the lake of Windermere, will not forget its varied beauties; but it is not in one or two days that the scenery which presents itself can be fully appreciated. Opportunities must be afforded of witnessing the different effects of light and shade, sometimes in the morning, and again in the evening, either on the water, or the distant hills and vallies. Sometimes when the sun gradually bursts forth from a cloud, the streaks of light are seen to dispel the gloom, and throw the landscape into view, or when a rapid cloud veils the luminary for a moment, the sombre hues of evening appear to cover the smiling scene.

During the early morning, the bright beams of the sun do not produce too much glare or heat,

but serve to give a charming glitter to the dew-drops, as they bespangle the grass and flowers, and produce a cheerfulness which every lover of nature must admire.

In the evening the calmness of the lake is often most striking. The light hovers over it, and the reflection of the trees in the transparent water beautifies the scenery. The beams of the setting sun sometimes glow first over the vallies, and then illumine the tops of the distant hills with their vivid redness. These gradually and gently disappear, but the grey tints of evening still have their beauty, and a diversity of these are preserved long after the more splendid effects of the setting sun have vanished. Deep shade contrasts with the recent splendour till the silvery moon appears with her modest light, and forms a streak across the lake, which is occasionally broken as a breeze of the gentlest kind passes over it.

Dear, lovely island! Never shall I forget your beauteous scenery, or the affection with which I was welcomed to you.* Seated, in the cool of the

* I may, perhaps, with a mixture of parental affection and the garrulity of old age, be allowed to mention the pleasure I have received in visiting a beloved daughter, who, with her husband and beautiful children, occasionally reside on the island. It contains about thirty acres. "Its form is oblong, with irregular shores, retiring into little bays, and broken into creeks. The surface is somewhat uneven, and a sort of ridge runs through the middle of it." From every part some beautiful object pre-

evening, under one of your noble trees, while the gentle ripple of the water against your banks, and the late warbling of the redbreast, were the only sounds I heard, how peaceful were my feelings!

Nothing can be more excluded from the noise and interruption of life than the pretty island on the lake of Windermere, or abound with a greater variety of those circumstances which make life pleasing.

Happy the man whose tranquil mind
Sees nature in her changes kind,
  And pleas'd the whole surveys;
For him the moon benignly smiles,
And evening shades reward the toils
  That measure out his days.

The varying year may shift the scene,
The sounding tempest lash the main,
  And heav'ns own thunders roll;
Calmly he views the bursting storm,
Tempests nor thunders can deform
  The quiet of his soul.

ANONYMOUS.

Nor is the scenery of the lakes the only thing to be admired in a locality abounding with so much beauty. I traversed lanes sheltered by oaks, ash, and hazels, and only those who have seen the

sents itself, the scene being constantly changed. The house is a large circular building, with a handsome Grecian portico.

'Tis there (may they ever be blest from above),
Dwell a daughter and son, and the children I love.

Cumberland hazels can form an idea of the beauty of their silvery bark and luxuriant growth. From these lanes there are occasional openings, through which a view of a portion of the lake is caught, or a distant range of hills is seen. And what picturesque and rugged hills they are! Huge, projecting rocks, and verdant lawns, and deep channels, with the water flowing over the rough grey stones of the country in wet weather, or changed in dry weather to a sparkling rivulet, trickling along its course to swell a brook at the foot of the hill.

Those only, indeed, who have wandered amongst the hills in the neighbourhood of Windermere lake, can form an idea of the many pretty rills which trickle along their rocky beds, and which are clothed with a variety of ferns and other plants. After rain, these mountain streams dash and foam with the utmost turbulence, but at other times they pursue their course, sparkling over the rough inequalities of their channel. Here numerous mosses may be found, and all around nature has furnished a dessert for her rustic children. Wild raspberries are met with in great profusion, as well as the little Alpine strawberries, and bilberries, and in every direction huge wild cherry-trees may be seen covered with fruit. These spots are haunted by blackbirds and thrushes, and indeed by many other birds who feast on

the fruits thus liberally bestowed. Higher up the hills, huge masses of rock project, frequently grasped by the roots of some giant oak, looking like the claws of a fabulous bird. Underneath the rock, a yew-tree may be seen with its spreading branches and sombre tints, forming a pleasing contrast with the grey surface of the projecting rock. This is no fanciful description, but true to nature, and taken on the spot during a pleasing walk, on a delightful evening, with those whose affection and kindness added so much to my enjoyment of the lake scenery.

This walk was continued a short distance above the verge of the lake, which was seen here and there through openings in the coppice wood. The landscape was charming. Above were the precipitous hills, and below, the lake calm and peaceable, with its islands looking like floating woods, reflected in the watery mirror. But how shall I describe the effects of the setting sun. It was, indeed, hidden by the abrupt hills, but its rays illumined not only the lake and its islands, but glowed on the distant vallies and mountains with a beauty, which no pencil could imitate and no language give an adequate idea of.

> Th' harmonious glow
> Wide spreads around, and not a cloud disturbs
> The mellow light.
>
> SOTHEBY.

It was during this walk that I had an opportunity of witnessing a curious instance of the instinct of trees, if I may call it so. A tree growing close to a slab of rock, had thrown out a root which went in a straight line over the face of the rock, and had then entered the soil on the other side of it. This root was some feet in length, and it is difficult to imagine, how, in its fibrous state, it could have made its passage over a bare surface, which must have taken some length of time, without losing its vitality, or by what instinct its progress was directed in its straight course to the yielding soil on the other side. Nature is always bounteous, and this at least is a curious instance of it.

But it is time to bid adieu to the charming places I have attempted to describe, and to return to far different scenes and employments. But—

> Here could I muse
> The livelong day, and wand'ring down the dell,
> Along the grassy margin trace the stream
> Meand'ring; now confin'd from crag to crag,
> Where bursts the headlong flood, or widely spread
> Mid the broad channel, where th' undimpled wave
> Bathing the wild flow'rs bending o'er the brink
> Glides silent by.
> Reluctantly with ling'ring step I leave
> Thy haunts — but memory long
> Shall dwell upon thy charms.
>
> SOTHEBY.

These may be seen, and also the patient Colley, that sagacious dog of the mountain shepherds of the North of England, watching for a signal to collect the scattered flock, dotted as it appears to be over the almost inaccessible heights. It is difficult, at some distance, to see the sheep, at least for a stranger, partly on account of the dark colour of their fleeces, and partly from the shades on the hills. Separated as they are from each other, and dispersed over a wide range, the sensible dog, on a signal from his master, quickly collects the flock from places to which the shepherd could scarcely make his way.

There is something in the peasantry of Westmorland and Cumberland which appeared to me distinct from those of any other counties I have visited. They are a fine strong race of men, earning good wages, and in no want of employment, as the country is not over populated. Their cottages are comfortable, with gardens attached to them, and many of them are situated in most picturesque spots, with gentle declivities beneath them. A never failing rivulet frequently supplies them with water, dammed up with two or three rough stones near the cottage entrance, to make a deeper hole, in which they can dip their pitchers. The thatch generally falls low over the cottage, sheltering a rustic porch, on each side of which

are the small casement windows so characteristic of cottage architecture.

It was in one of this description of cottages, that a widow, with a little girl, her daughter, might be found a few years ago. She had been placed there 'by the kindness of a lady whose husband owned the property around, but nothing was known of her, nor could her poorer neighbours guess from whence she came, or who she was. With the kindness, however, which distinguishes the peasantry of Cumberland, many little offers of service were made to her. One brought a handful of young cabbages to plant in her garden, and another dug up a patch of ground for her potatoes. The peck of flower for her bake-stone cakes was regularly purchased for her at a village a mile or two distant, and if a successful haul of fish had been made in the lake, the widow was sure to have a small portion of it sent to her. Her acknowledgments for these favours were always made with so much warmth and gratitude, and with a smile of so much sweetness and dejection, that she made her neighbours only more desirous of repeating them.

Sad, indeed, was the countenance of the poor widow, except when her child threw her arms round her neck and kissed her, or when an inmate of an adjoining cottage praised the little Mary for her docility and good behaviour. Mary

was, indeed, everything to her mother. She sat on her knee and sang her little hymn to her, and was nestled to her heart in her bed at night.

The youth of the widow probably added to the sympathy of those around her, for she appeared to be little more than twenty. Her face was of a delicate paleness, and contrasted in a pleasing manner with her black hair and dark eyes. She was thin, occasioned probably by grief, and by her constant employment at a spinning wheel. A wish for seclusion, more than poverty, appeared to have driven her to her present place of abode, for she had always money to pay for the small purchases she made. She seldom left the cottage except to go to the village church, or when the sickness of a neighbour gave her an opportunity of repaying some of the kindnesses she had received. On these occasions, like one of the good sisters of charity, she would nurse the invalid with a degree of care and attention which were sure to find their way to the heart.

Nor was Mary neglected. Her mother taught her to read and write, and they sang little plaintive songs together, while Mary knitted and the widow spun. It was a pretty picture. Mary was elastic, and affectionate, and loved her mother with the utmost affection. And what was her mother's story? The time was now coming when her neighbours were to be informed of it.

At a small sea-port town in the north of Cumberland, there lived a man who, with some considerable skill in his trade of book-binding, had enervated his mind as well as his body by drunkenness. He had his moments of remorse, during which, for a short time, he abstained from his evil propensities, applied himself to his business, and was always able to earn a sufficiency for his support. Such, however, were his inveterate habits of tippling, that he returned with redoubled ardour to this vice, and, but for the kindness of those who had known him in better days, and were acquainted with his talents and former good conduct, he would probably have starved from cold and hunger. When he awoke with a consciousness of his follies and errors, and felt the degradation of his situation, he would quit his native town in a state of misery and dejection, and wander no one knew where, and after a length of time return in as bad a plight as when he set off.

It was on one of these occasions that this unhappy man wrote the following lines, got them printed by a bookseller who had employed him, and left a copy at the door of each of those persons who had been kind to him. They have no particular poetical merit, but they will serve to show the state of mind of the author before he set off on his pilgrimage.

To you I appeal who my folly have known,
Which has brought me with grief to your door,
My earnings were small, and my friends have withdrawn,
And I beat like a bark on the shore.

I own that my conduct has caus'd this disgrace,
Under which I with hunger repine,
Yet pity may lend her kind aid in this case,
And rejoice that you taste not of mine.

By a pittance in help my garb to renew,
And amend my condltion afar,
The thanks of my heart shall often to you
Be returned, whilst in being we are.

Whilst giving a sample of this poor man's poetry, I may take the opportunity of giving one of his wit.

A woman, meeting him in the street, accused him of being drunk six days in the week. He immediately revenged himself by writing the following epigram —

There is a lying woman says
That I am drunk six out of seven days;
But that is false, and this is true —
She's drunk the six, and seventh too.

It was on a cold rainy evening and nearly dark, that little Mary ran to her mother to tell her that a poor man was lying on the ground near the garden gate. The widow hurried out, and finding the miserable object insensible, she went to the

nearest cottage for assistance. This was soon procured, and by the kind consideration of her neighbour, the poor man was deposited on a bed in it, the widow having only one. Here by stimulants and other means, he was restored to a state of consciousness, and soon afterwards, by the care bestowed on him, to one of recovery.... He was the wanderer from the sea-port. Cold and hunger had nearly destroyed him, but here he was humble, penitent, and grateful. And who had watched over, and nursed, and fed him, and washed the dirt from his face and hands, and bent over him with her meek pale face, and pitying eye, and adjusted his pillow, and raised his head upon it? He knew her well. It was the widow, and as he recognized her, the tears ran silently down his cheeks, and a convulsive sob would now and then escape him. He beheld one, who, like himself, had been an outcast from his native town — a wanderer, no one knew where, but who he recollected well as the beauteous Mary (for that was her Christian name) of the sea-shore — the laughing, good humoured Mary, who had been admired and beloved by all who knew her. And could he see her pale face now — her sad and altered looks, without contrasting them with those of other days when she would jump into a boat with her father amongst the dancing waves, her long black hair streaming in the wind, and looking so joyous

and happy? And did he forget those days when industrious and sober himself, he had thought how happy he could be with Mary, and had walked with her on the sea-shore, and almost told her that he loved her? Did not his heart now tell him that if he had married Mary he would not have been the miserable outcast he now was? And what was Mary's story. It is soon told.

Mary's father was an agent, and a shipper of coals in the sea-port already mentioned. He had a small house near the harbour, and resided there with his daughter, his only child and companion, as she lost her mother when very young. When a ship was outside the harbour at low water, he would frequently go on board in his boat, and on these occasions was frequently accompanied by Mary. As she grew up, she was remarkable for her beauty, and light heartedness, enthusiastic in what she did, but at the same time possessing good principles, and a great readiness to do a kind action whenever an opportunity presented itself. All this made her a general favourite, and many offers had been made her by the rough sailors who frequented the port, but she had as yet seen no one who gained her heart.

On one of the occasions when Mary accompanied her father to board a collier at a short distance from the harbour, the wind blowing rather strongly, she was assisted on board by the mate of the

vessel, a young man dressed in a sailor's blue jacket and trousers, a glazed hat on his head, with his hair hanging in ringlets below it. His countenance was decidedly handsome, and his figure good. If Mary was struck with his appearance, he was equally so with her beauty. She remained on board till the brig was moored in the harbour; and during the time she took in loading, Mary and her lover, for such he was, were inseparable companions. Before the collier sailed for Dublin, Mary was a bride and a happy one, but the moment of separation at last came, and the parting took place, with an assurance that the ship would probably be in the harbour again in the course of a month. Mary counted the days and almost the hours. As the time approached, she took her father's glass, and seated at the end of the pier, she watched day after day for the expected vessel. It came at last, and Mary was again happy in the society of her husband.

These occasional absences continued for three or four years. Mary had a little girl, the joy of her heart, but she had lost her affectionate father. He left her his small house, and a little income derived from his savings, amounting to about thirty pounds a year. Still she was happy, for she had her husband and child left, when one morning, as the latter was seated on her knee, a letter was brought to her. It was an anonymous

one, acquainting her that her husband had married some years before she thought herself his wife, and had a wife and children at Dublin. It is needless to attempt a description of Mary's distress and misery. A kind and benevolent lady in the neighbourhood heard the circumstances above related, visited and endeavoured to console the sufferer, and soon ascertained the truth of the anonymous communication. As Mary firmly refused to prosecute the heartless man for bigamy, and expressed her determination not to remain at the sea-port, her present cottage was appropriated for her use, her furniture transferred to it, and her small income so settled that she should receive it regularly. Nor was she deserted in her retirement. Her kind protectress visited her occasionally, and did her utmost to lessen her sufferings. On one of these occasions she brought her the intelligence of the death of the man who had so basely deceived her. Mary mourned, for her's was a heart which could not cease to mourn for one she had once so ardently loved.

But we must leave her, and return to the bookbinder, for whom, notwithstanding his sins and follies, we cannot but feel some interest. He had recovered, and Mary, from her savings had purchased him some decent clothes. She was, as usual employed at her spinning wheel, and her daughter sitting on a low stool beside her, when

he entered the cottage, shame and depression strongly depicted on his countenance. Mary held out her hand to him, but he took it not. "Not now," he said, "let me first prove to you that I am not unworthy of your kindness. O Mary," he continued, "if you could but see into my heart, you would find how sincerely I abhor myself for my former conduct, and how anxious I am to prove to you that I am an altered man." Mary encouraged him in his good resolutions, in the gentlest manner, and they parted, but not before she had forced upon him a trifling sum to enable him to return to his native town.

It was about a year after the above-mentioned occurrence, that a man knocked at the door of Mary's cottage. He had a sort of knapsack on his shoulders, his countenance was manly and open, and his dress neat and respectable. It was the book-binder. Mary could hardly believe that it was the same wretched object she had parted with the year before. He took Mary's hand, and sat down near her. There was a look of intelligence and honest rectitude about him which could not be mistaken. Mary felt that his good resolutions had been kept, and so they had been.

"I am come," he said, "to thank you for having saved a fallen man, and to repay, as far as I am able, your kindness to me. But I can never

repay you for having made me first feel to what an abject state I had brought myself. Here, however, I am, and I trust an altered man." Mary received him kindly, and her little Mary (I love the name) put out the tea things, arranged the table, and they sat round it. The knapsack was opened, and a packet of tea produced for Mary, and some books, he said, of his own binding, which might serve to amuse her, and there was a present for little Mary, and one or two for the kind neighbours who had sheltered him. It may be questioned whether the book-binder was ever more happy than he was at that moment. The cases are very rare, and it is a melancholy truth, when a confirmed drunkard has, from a conviction of the ruin which would ensue both to his soul and body from this pernicious habit, ever abandoned it. I have, however, known an instance, besides the one in question, and it is one of the pleasurable circumstances of my life, in feeling that I was instrumental in persuading him to abandon his fondness for ardent spirits. But he was no common person as to force of intellect. On the contrary how many, and some of them very young persons, have I known and regretted who have found an early grave from an indulgence in this fatal propensity. I might mention one in particular, so full of talent, so clever, so young, so beloved, so admired — gone from this cause;

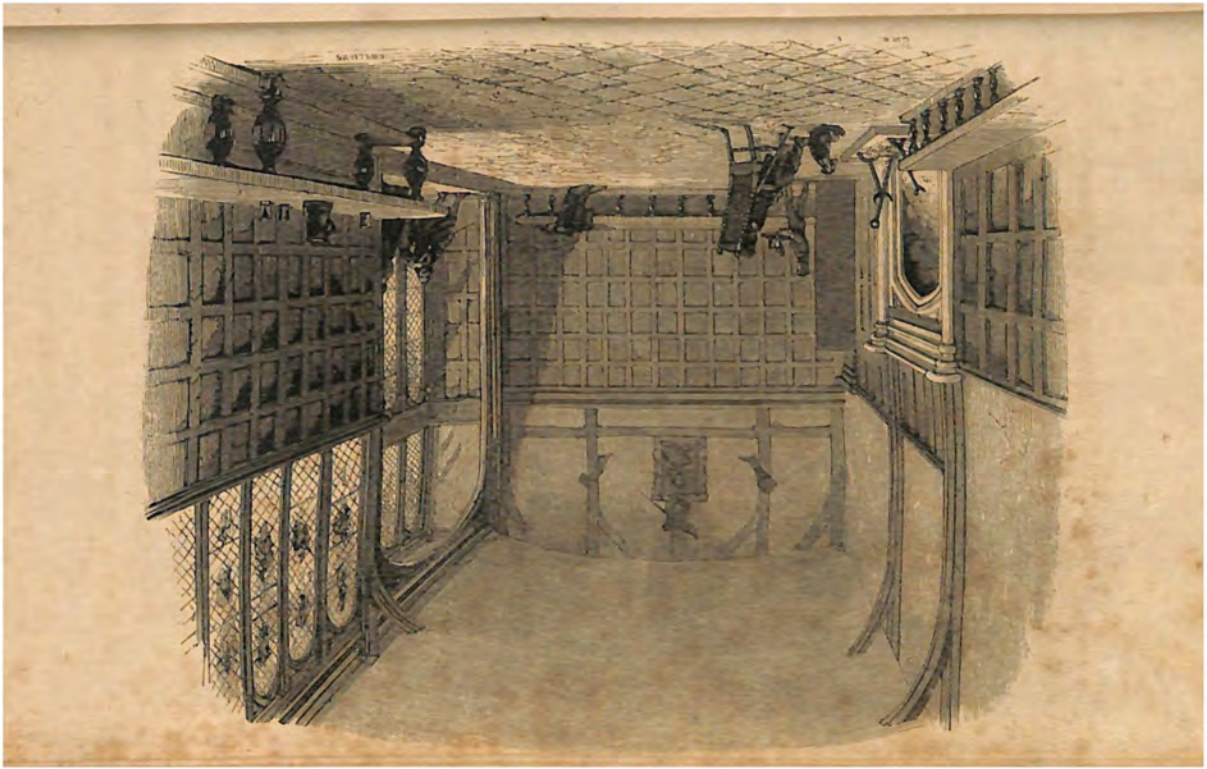
and his equal, but for this miserable vice, will not soon be found again. It is a sad and melancholy warning.

As the book-binder sat at the tea-table, he told Mary the story of his return to their native town — the surprize of his acquaintance on seeing his altered conduct—the great encouragement he had met with, and his success in business. After these details he left her, promising to pay her a visit in the ensuing year.

Time flies on. Mary's kind friend came to see her. She knew the book-binder, and talked of his altered conduct and respectable character. He was now prosperous, having entered into partnership with a bookseller in the town. Mary was gratified at hearing this, and she received him with pleasure whenever he paid his annual visits. His gratitude to her was always the same, and we know that gratitude is akin to love. Mary, indeed, was his first love, and he told her so, but not till he had re-established a character for rectitude, sobriety, and good conduct, which could not be mistaken. Mary, at length, consented to become his wife, provided she was not obliged to return to the place where she had experienced so much misery.

They are now married, and keep a bookseller's shop and library at a pretty town on the borders of a lake in Cumberland. Should any of my

friends in the course of their summer's excursion, visit it, and hear the story of the reformed book-binder, I hope they will visit him, for they cannot expend their money with a more worthy man, or with a happier couple.



BRAY AND OCKWELLS.

On Ockwells rich and feudal halls,
Its storied roofs and turrets gay,
See Time's relentless power falls,
But spares the vicar's house of Bray.
ANON.

IT is impossible to enter the pretty village of Bray, without the mind reverting to the versatility of one of its ancient vicars who flourished in the reign of Henry the Eighth. Nor is it to be wondered at that the good vicar was unwilling to part with his benefice, for it seems replete with happiness and tranquillity. Indeed there are few villages which afford a more striking appearance of rural enjoyment. Here the Thames takes its peaceful course, affording scenes which painters delight to copy, and the church, rich in monumental memorials, delights the eye with its picturesque situation, and its beautiful architecture. The more distant views add to the charm of the scenery, and from some points the magnificent viaduct of the Great Western Railway is seen to advantage. Nor should the well kept and happy looking hospital be forgotten, with its walks and smiling gardens, and the comfortable

abodes of its inmates. It was founded in 1627 by William Goddard, Esq. whose statue is over the entrance door, and is called "Jesus college;" and here forty poor persons reside, six of whom have an allowance of twelve shillings a week, if married, and seven shillings if single. The rest have eight shillings a month. There is a small chapel at the upper end of the quadrangle in which service is performed. The external architecture of the hospital is in good taste, and it is evident that the trustees and visitors do their duty conscientiously in attending to the well-being of the poor people within its walls.

The church, evidently an ancient structure, contains within it many interesting brasses and monuments which are well worthy the attention of visitors. One of the brasses commemorates the celebrated vicar of Bray, who possessed the living in the reigns of Henry the Eighth—Edward the Sixth—Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth. It was shewn us by the clergyman of the parish, and there is no doubt of its authenticity. By the care and liberality of the present excellent vicar, the church is a pattern of neatness and propriety.

There are some good houses scattered around this pleasing village. The celebrated Nell Gwynne resided in one of them, called Philberds.

In the parish of Bray, and about a mile from the church, is the ancient manor house of Ock-

BRAY CHURCH, ON THE THAMES.

WELLS, supposed to have been built in the reign of Henry the Sixth. The annexed view of the external architecture of this curious and interesting house, will enable the reader to form some idea of it. The old gables, in particular, are rich in their carvings, and afford a good specimen of the style of buildings in the middle ages. The house must, originally, have been of great extent, and probably in proportion to the size of the hall which is still tolerably perfect, and is one of the finest I have seen in the mansions of our old country gentlemen.

Ockwells, or Ockholt, as it was formerly called, was the official residence of Lord Norreys, Lord Warden of Windsor Forest; and it may be mentioned, as a curious fact in the history of our noble families, that some of the descendants of this Lord Norreys, who certainly occupied one of the finest mansions of that age, are now to be found the inhabitants of the meanest hovels in the hamlet of Dedworth, situate in the middle of that once splendid forest.

Ockwells was once visited by his late majesty, George the Fourth, who was so much struck with its architectural beauty, that he wished to become the purchaser of it. Some portion of it afterwards furnished the designs for the King's Cottage in Windsor Great Park.

In the hall there is a large oriel window with

some very old and curious stained glass in it, amongst which are the arms of Henry the Sixth, with antelopes as supporters, he being the only English monarch who had them. This circumstance renders it probable that the house was built in that king's reign. The other arms are those of

Margaret of Anjou.

Norreys, Lord Warden, with his motto, "Fayth-fully Serve," several times repeated.

The Abbey of Abingdon, with the mitre.

Beaufort, Duke of Somerset.

Edmund, last Earl of March.

Henry, Duke of Somerset.

De La Pole, Duke of Suffolk.

Sir William Barham.

Lord St. Amand.

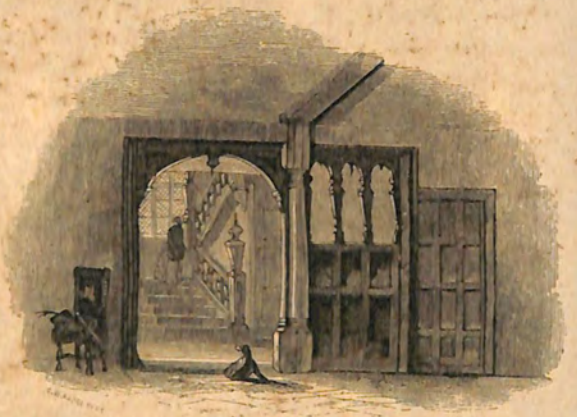
Sir W. Lacon of Bray, Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

Lord Wenlock.

Sir Richard Maufran, Captain of Calais.

Sir John Piercy of Chamberhouse Castle.

These arms alone are well worth the inspection of the antiquary, and the hall itself much more so. Its proportions are very good, and there is a dais at one end. The lower part of the walls are covered with dark oak pannelling to about the heighth of eleven feet. At the bottom of the hall there is an elevated gallery, probably used



STAIRCASE AT OCKWELLS, BERKS.

as an orchestra. There are still a few specimens of old armour in the hall.

The original oak staircase, leading to the principal rooms, is still in a good state of preservation, and is an interesting specimen of ancient workmanship in the by-gone times of Henry the Sixth. When we look back to that period and reflect on the magnificence and splendour of this once lordly mansion, and then contrast it with its present condition, occupied indeed by a respectable farmer, it is impossible not to have the mind forcibly impressed with the mutability of human possessions and human grandeur.

There are a few old elms adjoining the house, which are probably coeval with the building.

FULMER, BÚLSTRODE, AND BURNHAM BEECHES.

Buckinghamshire is diversified by country seats, beechen woods, retired villages, and numerous orchards. Its churches are much to be admired, and there are many remains of old monasteries on the banks of the Thames, which is one of the chief ornaments of this county.

PEDESTRIAN TRAVELS.

THERE is a pretty drive through Stoke to the small and cheerful village of Fulmer. I call it cheerful, because there is such an appearance of comfort and prosperity about it. Everything seems to have been cared for by some superintending benevolence, and consequently there is no outward poverty to be seen; no squalid children are idling about, and the cottages seem, almost without exception, to be in good repair, and neat and comfortable, with pretty flower and kitchen gardens surrounding them. Then there is the residence of the squire, so placed on a little eminence, as if to look down with an air of protection on the more humble inhabitants of the hamlet. There is also the

snug parsonage, with some better sort of houses near it, and the picturesque and well-ordered church of an early date in English architecture, having the village school adjoining it.

I love these rural spots, and these rural churches. Here we are far removed from the turmoil and business of the world, and may feel that peace and contentment are to be met with. A lesson is also afforded of the good which may be done by the liberality, kind feeling, and taste of one who presides, if the expression may be used, over the welfare of his humbler neighbours. This is shown by the employment given to the labourers, the prosperity they enjoy, and the comfort of their residences.

There is, perhaps, no one more to be envied than a country gentleman, who has the power as well as the inclination to do good. In his walks, he is greeted with the smile and look of gratitude, and feels his own happiness in reflecting that he has contributed to that of others. The church he enters on the sacred day of rest, shows some token of his care — some offering of gratitude to the Being he worships, and who has caused his own cup to overflow with comforts and blessings.

The facility of travelling from one place to another, the gaieties to be met with in our large sea-bathing, and other towns, and various induce-

ments, have caused many of our villages to be deserted by those who were the natural guardians and friends of their poorer neighbours. These, thus deserted, have gradually been left to their own resources, and thus have led a life of profligacy and plunder. It is a sad picture, but too often a real one.

It is time, however, to return to Fulmer. It is approached from a common, which appeared to be rich in its variety of wild flowers, and on arriving at the brow of the hill, you gradually descend to this pretty village. The church is well placed, and in its chancel is a monument which alone would repay the trouble of a visit to see it. It is that of Sir Marmaduke Darell, who is represented in gilt armour, and his lady in a black hood. The epitaph tells us that he was servant to Queen Elizabeth in her wars by sea and land, and cofferer both to James the First and Charles the First. The monument is in the best state of preservation.

On quitting Fulmer, there is a pleasing drive to BULSTRODE, much diversified by small copses and beechen-woods. The entrance to the park is very striking, and there is a great inequality in the ground. Many of the fine trees, which so greatly ornamented it, have been felled, but a few of an ancient date still remain.

The garden at Bulstrode appears to have been planted about a century ago, and certainly contains some of the finest specimens of exotic trees in England. There are two deciduous cypresses which are perhaps only rivalled by those at the Duke of Northumberland's at Sion, and some fine cedars of Lebanon, amongst which there is one in the park, remarkable not only for its enormous size, but for its peculiar manner of growth, rising from the ground in a cluster of pillared branches. A great number of Weymouth pines were originally planted, some of which are now dead, and almost all in a state of incipient decay, after having attained a large growth, thus showing plainly that this species of pine is a short-lived tree in this country. It is, however, in elegance of form, and softness and delicacy of foliage, exceeded by none.

There are some tulip-trees and catalpas standing on the lawns, and the largest Turkey oak I ever saw. I also observed a specimen of a tree not commonly found in the old plantations and shrubberies, which is called the *planera Reichardi*, which is allied to the elm in its natural order, and of which the gardens at Sion possess, I believe, the largest known in this country. The azaleas have attained an age and size not easily to be paralleled. A closer attention than could be given at the time, would probably discover other speci-

mens worthy of notice, but there was quite sufficient to excite much interest in these gardens, which had evidently been laid out by the original designer with skill and knowledge, and planted with these ornamental trees, which were at the time newly introduced into this country, and subsequently preserved with great care.

The old mansion of the Duke of Portland has been taken down, and the new structure, which was left at the death of the late duke an unfinished shell, is already covered with ivy. A portion of the old buildings attached to the house have been converted into a comfortable residence, where much kindness and hospitality are to be found; but the fine old gardens, from their great extent, and the expence of keeping them up, necessarily have, to a certain degree, an appearance of neglect. The once open lawns have grown into a wilderness of trees, and many of the aged pillars of the wood are mossed by hoar antiquity. The spot on which I stood reminded me of the lines of the poet —

> Stern melancholy sits, and round her throws
> A death-like silence, and a still repose.

To a reflective mind there is ever something distressing in witnessing the destruction or decay of a noble residence, with its park almost denuded of trees, its fine herd of deer destroyed, and its gardens, which were once the boast and

chief ornament of the place, no longer kept up in the state in which they formed the delight and solace of its distinguished mistress, the Duchess of Portland, the owner of the museum which contained the Bedford Missal and the Portland Vase, and "to whom posterity will ever be indebted, for securing to the public the inestimable treasures of learning contained in the noble MS. library of her father and grandfather, Earls of Oxford, now deposited in the British Museum."

The reader will I am sure be pleased with the following extracts from Mrs. Montagu's letters illustrative of Bulstrode and its then truly noble owners and literary visitors.

Mrs. Montagu says (Dec. 1741), "I need not tell you I am very happy here; you know the persons that compose this society, and my regard for them, too well to doubt of it; and indeed I am still more happy in seeing the Duchess in better health and spirits than ever I knew her. Bulstrode is much improved without doors; peace, cheerfulness and joy were always within; so that new furniture and fine pictures hardly make an addition to its former charms."

And writing to Gilbert West, in 1753, she says, "I do not find that even the scenes of Bulstrode, though they bring back to my mind the cheerful days of youth, bring back the vivacity of that happy season. I believe the menagerie at Bul-

strode is exceedingly well worth seeing, for the Duchess of Portland is as eager in collecting animals, as if she foresaw another deluge, and was assembling every creature after its kind, to preserve the species: she used to be very happy in a great variety of fowls, which is a very fortunate taste, for any one who is much in the country, for they have nothing to do but to throw down a handful of corn, and cry, biddy, biddy, and behold their friends assemble round them in an instant! while I, who care for none of the winged race, but your Theban swan (his translation of Pindar), walk alone, musing on absent friends, and pleasures past and gone."

The drive from Bulstrode through the lower gate of the park to Burnham Beeches, is very pleasing. There are the beechen coppices, and the sheltered lanes, and the pretty cottages; but BURNHAM BEECHES, which I will now attempt to describe, surpass any sylvan locality I have yet met with.

Every thing in this part of the country serves to remind us of Gray. In one of his letters to his friend West, he mentions a beautiful common near him in which he loved to walk and meditate, and where the fine old beech trees afforded shade and shelter as he wandered among its varied glades. This common is now called Burnham Beeches, and is well known, far and near, as a spot of

great beauty, and of singular wildness and picturesque variety of character. The portion of it which is adjoining to the village of Stoke Pogis where Gray resided, consists of open pasturage or common land, on parts of which beech trees of immense size and picturesque growth, are scattered as survivors of a numerous brotherhood of giants which have gradually sunk and disappeared under the irresistible power of Time.

As we approach the parish bounds of Burnham, the open surface of the country entirely disappears, and is covered with thick coppice wood, interspersed with fine old beech trees, and penetrated in various directions by green lanes winding here and there through their varied scenery, and adorned by hollies, and by bushes of the evergreen juniper. These latter are generally of extraordinary size and beauty, and form a peculiar contrast to each other. Some of them take a spiral shape of considerable heighth, while others creep along the ground forming large beds, and appearing, to use an expression of Milton's, "to float redundant on the grass."

To those whom the natural charms of sylvan scenery inspire, and who look either with the painter's or the poet's eye, on the forms presented to their view, either by single trees, or the combination of groups of different species, it would be difficult to point out a spot where the taste

would be more gratified than in the place we are now describing. As we proceed into the interior of the wood, we find the land broken by inequalities on the surface, and varied by glens and vallies interspersed with little rushy pools, the winter haunt of the snipe and woodcock, and overhung with the rich foliage of the holly, birch, juniper and other trees, under whose shade the purple heaths flourish, and the fern and fox-gloves add a variety and charm to the scenery.

Much beauty is derived from the little forest roads that wind among the pollard-trees, sometimes through open spaces of greensward, reminding us of the sketches of Ruysdael and Waterloo, and sometimes dipping down a declivity, or gradually lost in the thickening foliage of the wood. It is commonly believed in the neighbourhood that the Roman legions encamped in this spot, and certainly at no great distance, we mean in the parish of Langley, the remains of one of their encampments is still to be seen. That any, even of the oldest and most venerable of the present trees — the patriarchs of the grove — existed in those far distant times, we can with difficulty believe, as it would carry us back to a period so remote as would be inconsistent with the character which botanists have given of the beech tree. It is, however, highly probable that the present trees are their immediate descendants,

and they too can boast of a noble progeny now springing up to perpetuate their race on a spot which time has consecrated, and the hand of taste has preserved from violation.

It is difficult to give the reader such a description of these trees as will enable him to form a just idea of them. Some of them are of gigantic growth, and of most picturesque character. From their huge trunks, boughs of a size, little inferior to the parent stem throw far and wide their horizontal shade, while their no less massive roots, rising above the soil in solid blocks, or twisting their gnarled talons deep into the ground, shew at once the firmness with which these vegetable monsters are fixed, the power with which they can resist the fury of the storm, and the distance from which they derive that vital nourishment, which is seen alike in their strength and their beauty—in the tenacity of their fibrous growth, and the splendour of their luxuriant foliage.

Nor should we quit Burnham beeches without noticing the sweet Buckinghamshire lanes, which lead to them in various directions, and which are full of picturesque beauty. There is one characteristic about them which should not be omitted. In open spots, where two or three lanes meet, a hawthorn tree is frequently found, partly covered with brambles and honeysuckles, and generally a juniper bush standing close to it, with a patch

of fern or broom. This little cluster produces a pleasing effect, especially when combined with the beeches or oaks in the adjoining hedge-rows or coppices, as they stretch far and wide their sinewy arms, and throw their shade over the surrounding space.

> Tum fortes late ramos, et brachia tendens
> Huc illuc, media ipsa ingentem sustinet umbram.
>
> VIRGIL. GEORG.

While on the subject of Burnham beeches, I may be allowed to venture an opinion that this very interesting wood would have lost much of its present character, had there been a great admixture of oak and other trees in it. I have long thought that in making plantations and clumps of trees, there should be groups of different species kept entirely distinct from each other in order to produce a good effect. Clusters of beech, protecting the evergreen hollies under them, such as we see them at Bearwood in Berkshire, in some parts of Windsor Great Park, and at Burnham, are more striking than they would be if contrasted closely with other trees. I know nothing finer of the sort than the group of noble Scotch firs in Sir Henry Fletcher's park near Walton on Thames, with its heronry on their tops. The ash neither combines well with the oak or beech, and yet I was much struck with a wood composed en-

tirely of fine ash trees in Devonshire, on the slope of a hill, the ground underneath them being covered with the wild blue columbine in full blossom. In the early spring the case is different, for then almost all trees put forth their light and cheerful green leaves; but in the autumn we then see the bare and leafless horse-chesnuts, sycamores and limes, and frequently the ash, if there has been an early frost, while the oak retains its fresh verdure, and the beech is glowing with all the charms of its orange tints. Even a clump of the copper beech, and another of birch, with their silvery stems and pendant boughs, produce a far better effect than they would if mixed with other trees.

In forming shrubberies, on the contrary, there cannot be too great a diversity of flowering plants and evergreens, but these should either be renewed occasionally, or the pruning knife very freely used. When this is done with care and judgment, few things are more pleasing than a well-arranged shrubbery. I have endeavoured to shew what effect may be produced in this way in the plantation by the side of the road leading to Hampton Court from Kingston bridge. In the spring and early part of the summer, nothing can look more gay and cheerful than this plantation, and from the constant use of the knife,

the plants are always happily blended with each other.

Laurels, and also rhododendrons, when the soil will admit of them, have, I think, been too much neglected in forming plantations. They are not only a good shelter for game, but the eye rests upon them with pleasure. The latter also will bear the drip of trees remarkably well, and neither hares or rabbits will injure them, and deer very little. The rhododendron drive in Windsor Great Park, backed as these shrubs are with overhanging trees, produces a fine effect, especially when they are in full blossom. At Escrick in Yorkshire, there are some fine woods filled with these plants. In the neighbourhood, also, of Cobham in Surrey, there are large clusters of them in the woods. They seed freely, and may readily be propagated to any extent.

But to return to Burnham beeches. It is impossible to visit them without feeling that here Nature has done everything, and that in the most pleasing manner. Nothing is formal, and forest scenery may be viewed in all its beauty and variety, without any embellishments from art. Here no distant spires are to be seen, or cottages, bridges, or even fences of enclosures, but as we enter the forest glades, and view the knotted and gnarled trees, and saunter under their shade, the

BURNHAM BEECHES.

mind is insensibly carried back to the times of the bowmen of Harold, and the days of Robin Hood.

I was accompanied in one of my frequent visits to this interesting spot by my friend, the Rev. J. Mitford, and am indebted to him for the following beautiful description of it.

BURNHAM BEECHES.

Scathed by the lightning's bolt, the wintery storm,
A giant brotherhood, ye stand sublime;
Like some huge fortress each majestic form
Still frowns defiance to the power of time.
Cloud after cloud the storms of war have roll'd,
Since ye your countless years of long descent have told.

Say, for ye saw brave Harold's bowmen yield,
Ye heard the Normans' princely trumpet blow;
And ye beheld, upon that later field,
Red with her rival's blood, the Rose of Snow;
And ye too saw, from Chalgrove's hills of flame,
When to your shelt'ring arms the wounded soldier came.

Can ye forget when by yon thicket green,
A troop of scatter'd horsemen cross'd the plain,
And in the midst a statelier form was seen,—
A snow-white charger yielded to his rein;
One backward look on Naseby's field he cast,
And then, with anxious flight and speed redoubled, pass'd.

But far away these shades have fled, and now—
Sweet change! the song of summer birds is thine;
Peace hangs her garlands on each aged bough,
And bright o'er thee the dews of morning shine;
Earth brings with grateful hand her tribute meet,—
Wild flowers and colour'd weeds to bloom around thy feet.

Here may, unmark'd, the wandering poet muse,
Through these green lawns the lady's palfrey glide,
Nor here the pensive nightingale refuse
Her sweetest richest song at eventide.
The wild deer bounds at will from glade to glade,
Or stretch'd in mossy fern his antler'd brow is laid.

Farewell, beloved scenes! enough for me
Through each wild copse and tangled dell to roam,
Amid your forest paths to wander free,
And find where'er I go a shelt'ring home.
Earth has no gentler voice to man to give
Than, "Come to Nature's arms, and learn of her to live."

It is impossible to wander amidst these venerable beeches, without being struck with the varied notes and objects which now and then disturb the solemn silence of the wood. Sometimes the wild shriek of the green woodpecker is heard, and then his rapid taps against the bark of some decayed branch. The jay vociferates loudly if his haunts are disturbed, and the blackbird utters his note of alarm which is well understood by the inhabitants of the wood, and causes the rabbits to listen and scud to their holes, and the pheasants to conceal themselves in a neighbouring bush. These sounds are listened to by every lover of nature, and harmonize delightfully with forest scenery, and the wild landscape around us.

Charming, however, as this wood is in the summer, its autumnal beauties are almost equally so. The brown leaves of the beeches contrast agree-

ably with the hollies and junipers, and although—

> through the ruins of th' autumnal wood,
> Sighs the sad gale, or the loud wintry wind
> Blows hollow, o'er the bleak and blasted heath—

the mind rests complacently on the scene around.

But perhaps I have dwelt too long on this favorite spot. It is *unique* of its kind, and will amply repay a visit to it.

HEDSOR, CLIEFDEN, AND TAPLOW.

With pleasant interchange of sun and shade
Fair grassy lawns and oaken glades were seen,
The upland slopes were deck'd with freshest green,
And all in autumn's richest robes array'd.
The Thames its silver waters roll'd between,
While many a village spire, and hamlet grey,
Along the distant vale in softest beauty lay.

J. M.

It was on a fine morning in October that myself and a friend drove through the beautiful park of Dropmore, on our way to see some places in the neighbourhood, which are situated on the banks of the Thames. The country was still rich in its autumnal foliage, and the oaken woods and beechen hangers were covered with the splendid drapery of their russet leaves, while the brighter crimson of the cherry-orchards gave an additional warmth and brilliancy to the landscape. The southern part of Buckinghamshire is a favorite locality of mine, and, though so near the metropolis, it has, when you leave the great public roads, a primitive simplicity of character, and some of the best elements of rural beauty. Its villages and churches are picturesque, the latter often adorned with ivied

towers and walls, and surrounded with lofty trees suited to the solemnity of the scene. The cottages have each their little porches, and bay windows, and are embowered in large orchards and gardens; while the small retired lanes wind under large umbrageous elm-trees, and often descending through lofty banks of chalk or sandstone, are then overhung with beeches and oaks, either scattered singly by the road side, or standing, as it were, as advanced sentinels of the great body of the forest at their rear. The hedgerows, too, are so rich in the shrubby foliage of hazel and maple, as to be like little coppices surrounding and separating the fields; while occasionally the rough picturesque paling of a park, as it winds among the venerable pollards which it protects, opens the prospect to scenes of brighter verdure, and softer and more cultivated beauty.

After passing through the fine avenue of cedars at Dropmore, which can boast of being formed of nearly two hundred of these magnificent trees, we left the park, and soon found ourselves in the grounds of Lord Boston, at Hedsor. The small park, in which the house stands, is very agreeable in its natural features, and has been laid out with taste and judgment. After passing through some ground pleasingly diversified with groups of oak and remarkably fine thorns, the prospect opens to the right over a beautiful sweep of hanging woods,

and the eye passes across the adjoining valley, and reposes with delight on a hilly bank that slopes gently towards the Thames, and rises from a chalky base, and which, in the fineness of its verdure, and the shape and character of its scenery, reminds one of the still wilder features of the Sussex downs. There are the same little breaks in the banks under the wood, and graceful curves as the eye follows the outskirts of it, till it rests on a turreted building happily placed on the summit of the hill beyond.

As we approach the house, the prospect suddenly opens to a commanding view of the Thames, winding its beautiful and sinuous course below, with the villages sprinkled on its banks, amongst which Cookham is conspicuous, with its white bridge, and a rich extent of landscape bounded by the Berkshire hills beyond. The house is situated on the sloping brow of a fine lawn, shaded by oaks and chesnuts, and surrounded with plantations, through which openings have been made commanding the most pleasing points of the landscape. To the right, a little further down the hill, is the small and pretty church of Hedsor, remarkable for the neatness, and indeed elegance, with which the churchyard is kept. A little below it is a yew-tree of large dimensions, and of a venerable age. On the western wall of this church a small tablet has been erected to the

memory of Hooke, known as the historian of Rome, and the friend of Pope, whose death-bed he attended.* The inscription is as follows —

"Sub hoc tumulo corpus deponi jussit Nathaniel Hooke Armiger, qui multiplici literarum varietate et studio eruditus, Romanæ historiæ auctor celebratus emicuit; de literis verò quantum meruit edita usque testabuntur opera. Ex vitâ demigravit annorum plenus et verè pius vicesimo, secundo die Julii Anno Domini 1763. Ad cineres patris sui pariter requiescit corpus filiæ dilectissimæ Janæ Mariæ Hooke cujus animæ propitietur Deus. Sexagenaria obiit vicesimo octavo die Aprilis, Anno Domini 1793. Hoc pietatis signum poni voluit Fredericus Baro de Boston, 1801."

It may be thus translated —

Under this tomb Nathaniel Hooke directed his body to be laid. He was distinguished for his erudition and the variety of his learned attainments, and was more peculiarly eminent as the author of the History of Rome. Of his literary merits, however his published works will always bear testimony. He died full of years, and with a mind sincerely pious, 22nd of July, 1763. Near the ashes of her father, repose the remains of his beloved daughter, Jane Maria Hooke, who commits her soul to the protecting mercy of God. She died, having passed the age of sixty, the 28th of April, 1793. This tablet, as a mark of his affection, was erected by Frederick, Lord Boston, 1801.

A small flower-garden, laid out in the ancient style, joins the churchyard, separated from it by

* He was also said to have received £5,000 from the Duchess of Marlborough, for having written the "account of her conduct."

stone walls covered by luxuriant ivy, and shaded by evergreen trees of yew and holly; while oak and walnut-trees of large size, growing on the slopes above, extend their long arms and branches over the road, and form, as it were, a deep and massive frame-work to a very pleasing picture.

Nor is Hedsor the only interesting place in this immediate neighbourhood. CLIEFDEN HOUSE, from its commanding situation, the quantity of the timber and evergreens which surround it, the fineness of its views, the variety of its walks, and the beautiful windings of the Thames, with the cheerful meadows on its sides, is rendered one of the most charming residences in England. The view from the terrace in front of the house is, indeed, peculiarly striking, and the only regret one feels is that this terrace should be disfigured by two skylights which project at either end of it. Were these removed, and the terrace decorated with the fine orange-trees now kept in the vaults below, and a few vases, with stone seats at each end, it would be perfect. It is, perhaps, hardly fair thus to criticise a place to which, we believe, the public have not access, but where so much beauty and good taste have been combined, it is difficult not to express regret at finding a want of the latter in this instance. The terrace is nearly 450 feet in length,

and is said to be about the same level as that of Windsor Castle.

We had a proof here not only of the dryness of the air, but that tender plants in high situations are less liable to be injured by frost than those in lower and more sheltered localities. A few days before we visited Cliefden, the thermometer had been eight degrees below freezing point, and all the dahlias, geraniums, and heliotropes, in the open air in gardens around Eton, had been killed. At Cliefden, on the contrary, we found these plants flourishing, and untouched by frost. This was also the case with the French beans in the kitchen garden, which were as green as in summer.

Much as we were struck with the beauties of Hedsor and Cliefden, our admiration was, perhaps, more forcibly called forth when we beheld the fine and picturesque views from Lord Orkney's grounds at TAPLOW, and which adjoin those of Cliefden. Nothing, however, can be more distinct than the scenery of the two places. From the abrupt cliffs of Taplow Court, you look down upon the beauteous Thames, sometimes foaming over the rugged ledge of a weir, and then pursuing its calm and steady course through rich meadows, or by the sides of overhanging woods and coppices.

> A tumbling torrent wore the shagged stone;
> Then gleaming through the intervals of shade,
> Attained the valley, where the level stream
> Diffused refreshment.

And then to see the setting sun, as we did, its last glorious beams resting on the woods, rich with their various tints of the autumnal foliage, which seemed lighted up with the glowing colours of the retiring luminary —

> When wrapt in crimson clouds, he hides his head.

A noble avenue of cedars of Lebanon has been formed, with great good taste, on each side of a fine grass terrace. Its length is very considerable, and much might be done to improve the more distant views from it, as well as from the house, in front of which a quantity of drawn up unsightly trees obstruct the distant prospect. Much, indeed, is wanting to render Taplow Court perfect. At present it may be compared to a beauteous female, bursting in upon us with all the charms which nature has bestowed upon her, but slovenly in her attire, and neglected in her person. Hedsor, on the contrary, with less pretensions to real beauty, may be likened to the charming Mrs. ——, so neat in her dress, so fresh and elegant in her appearance, and with so much propriety in everything about her, that she captivates and pleases more than

those who have greater pretensions to admiration:

> Beauty, indeed, can point the dart —
> 'Tis neatness guides it to the heart.

Greatly as the expansive views from Cliefden may excite our wonder, the various beauties of Taplow will delight as often as they are seen. The corn-mills, with their foaming waters — the farms and cottages scattered about — the cattle in the meadows — the fishermen in their boats, or the anglers on the banks of the river — the winding stream — these and many other objects produce an effect not easily to be forgotten.

We trust that the amiable proprietor of Taplow Court will excuse this short notice of his charming place, which we cannot quit without referring to the great liberality which he shows to strangers in allowing them the gratification of seeing it. The remarks we have made were intended to evince our admiration of the place, mixed with a little regret that its natural beauties had not been more improved. It is, however, well for the world that all tastes are not alike. Some take pleasure in scientific or mechanical researches — others in horticulture. Some cultivate their lands, and think that the hay-harvest,

as Shenstone did, is the *nunc formosissimus annus;* while others delight in pinks, woodbines, and jasmines; in the gorgeous tulip, or the fascinating rose.

Nor can we leave this charming neighbourhood without remarking that the beauty of its scenery has assembled in a small locality many elegant villas, which are surrounded by parks and gardens, and each possessing some peculiar attraction of its own. The grounds of the Marquis of Thomond, at Taplow, are distinguished for the elegance of their decorations, and the splendour of the flowers; but particularly for a tulip-tree which rises to the unusual heighth of eighty feet, with a stem of about twelve feet in circumference. Its foliage is of the brightest verdure, and sweeps over the turf below with equal grace and beauty. The late Mr. Loudon considered this tree to be the largest specimen of the Liriodendron in England, except, perhaps, one near Taunton in Somersetshire. There is a remarkable fine tree of this species at Petworth.

But it is time to bid adieu to Taplow —

> Ever charming, ever new,
> When will the landscape tire the view!
> The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
> The woody vallies, warm and low,
> The windy summit, wild and high,
> Roughly rushing on the sky!

The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
The pretty village, cot, and farm,
Each give each a double charm;
While often, by the murm'ring rill,
We hear the thrush when all is still.

DYER.

BRAMSHILL.

Far rising 'bove the foliage of the wood,
An antique mansion might you then espy,
Such as in days of our forefathers stood,
Carved with device of quaintest imagery;
Long terraces and rich arcades were there,
And stateliest galleries made for walks and converse fair.

Within the court a marble fountain stream'd
It showers of silver radiance night and day;
Above the linden grove the wild heron scream'd,
And in the lake the swan's bright shadow lay;
While, glancing through trim hedge and thicket green,
The peacock's jasper neck and emerald plumes were seen.

Stretch'd in the shade the giant mastiff lay,
Whose midnight bay his faithful guard declar'd,
The aged hunter roam'd the pasture gray,
And here secure the timid pheasant pair'd.
How soft the foot of Time had pass'd along,
Guarding his lov'd domain from injury and wrong.

The gilded vanes were glittering in the sun,
Turning, as Beauty turns to Flattery's breath;
And hark! the turret-clocks, one after one,
Tell out the ceaseless hours, with voice like death
Startling the silent noon; o'er wood and hill
Their iron knell is heard, and all again is still.

J. M.

I AM not sure that I was ever more struck with the first view of a place than I was with Brams-

hill, the seat of Sir John Cope. It is of the same date, and built, it is said, by the same architect who erected Holland House, but its architectural appearance is very different. Standing on an open and commanding eminence, Bramshill reminds us of those times when the houses of English country gentlemen overflowed with hospitality and guests — when the owners of them resided on their estates, and were looked up to as the friends and benefactors of their poorer neighbours. Times are sadly altered in this respect, and much responsibility attaches to those, who, forsaking the abodes of their forefathers, are content to seek their happiness either in crowded watering places, or to spend their money and change their habits in foreign lands. This stigma, for stigma it is, cannot be attached to the present owner of Bramshill. There the good home-brewed ale is still to be found — hospitality is exercised, and the worthy old baronet resides on his estate surrounded by his tenants and dependants. It was pleasing to see some ancient huntsmen or whippers-in, nearly past all work, in their faded scarlet coats, sunning themselves on a bench with every appearance of comfort and enjoyment in their old age. Nothing could speak more plainly the kind-heartedness of their master, nor can I well conceive a more enviable situation than his. In a green old age, and in his splendid

mansion, he can look around his well-cultivated grounds, and feel that his own happiness consists chiefly in the promotion of that of others. Like a second Sir Roger de Coverley, the worthy knight of Bramshill appears to be the father of his neighbourhood, and like him to be respected and loved.

In strolling around the house, I was glad to see the old fashioned flower-garden laid out in the most formal style of former times, and the raised terrace, with stone balustrades and a stone alcove, and carved seats at the end. At a little distance were huge hollies, their verdant leaves contrasting well with the glowing redness of the berries, and oaks and beeches of the largest size forming a pleasing back-ground in the landscape. On another side, a noble avenue of great length formed one of the approaches to the house; and in the valley a wide and sparkling stream winded through some verdant meadows. Nearer the house, the knight's kennel for his fox-hounds (for he keeps a pack) was placed, and adjoining it an extensive kitchen garden. The worthy baronet has, indeed, been a steady fox-hunter through life, and may now, perhaps, be called the father of that manly sport. It was pleasing to see him with his hounds, and to witness the kind greetings of the country gentlemen who surrounded him.

The house was said to have been erected about

ENTRANCE TO BRAMSHILL, HANTS.

the year 1625 by Lord Zouch, and a statue of him decorates the east front. The west front is composed of an union of Grecian and gothic ornaments, surrounded in the centre of the pediment by a coronet. The whole forms a curious and interesting specimen of the architecture of the time of James the First.

The entrance hall is very striking, and has probably been the scene of much early English hospitality. There is a large gothic chimney-piece, and some oak carving, with a fine bay window. Nor must I omit to mention a very large massive screen; on which a number of shields have been carved.

The dining-room is of fine proportions, having also a chimney-piece reaching to the ceiling, and the walls are covered with fine old tapestry, in excellent preservation, from designs by Rubens. The brass-dogs on each side of the fire-place are unusually high, and remind one of the huge logs of wood which must formerly have been burnt in it.

The staircase is wide and handsome, with some pictures against the walls. At the top of it is a room called the chapel-room, full of interesting portraits, and on the other side a fine proportioned library well filled with books. The library opens into a noble gallery, 120 feet long, having an oriel window in the centre. Its width is about twenty feet.

Many of the rooms are wainscoted with oak, having chimney-pieces of black marble reaching to the ceilings, and are about sixteen feet in heighth.

This is a short description of some of the rooms I saw during a very short visit. It will, however, serve to give an idea of this interesting old house, which I cannot but think, take it altogether, is almost unequalled as the residence of a private gentleman in this country. It was once in contemplation to purchase it, instead of Strathfieldsay, for the Duke of Wellington, and it is much to be regretted that this arrangement did not take place. Strathfieldsay is not to be compared with Bramshill either for the beauty of its situation, or the extent and accommodation of the house. It is said that an architect reported that the expence of a new roof at the latter place would come to so large a sum, that it was not thought advisable to make the purchase. The old roof, however, still does good service, no rain ever penetrating through it, thus proving that it is wind and weather tight.

The park at Bramshill has that agreeable wildness of character which assorts well with the fine old house. It is well known that Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, who in 1618 resisted the publication of the Book of Sports, had the misfortune on the following summer, while on a hunting party with

Lord Zouch in the park of Bramshill, accidentally to shoot that nobleman's keeper, instead of the deer, with a cross-bow. This accident made a great noise, and, for a short time, the archiepiscopal office was suspended, till a commission had decided upon the affair. By them the case was left to the king, who passed a pardon and dispensation under the great seal. Archbishop Abbot was one of three brothers, all eminent men.

Bramshill is about one mile and a half from Hartford Bridge, and eight miles from Reading.

HALL-BARNS, BEACONSFIELD.

While in the park I sing, the listening deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear;
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.

WALLER.

In these days of rapid travelling by railroads, it has often struck me that many of those interesting spots to which the traveller was formerly enticed by the convenience of coaches passing near them, and the comfort to be found in small country inns, will now be seldom visited. All the world seem to be hurrying from one point to a far distant one, intent only on transacting some business, or in paying visits to friends or relations. Objects and places of interest are consequently but little sought after, except they happen to be near the terminus of a railroad, or in the neighbourhood of the place at which the traveller is sojourning. The steady, well-ordered coach, which used to deposit me at a country inn, where I found a cheerful fire, great civility and cleanliness, with good fare and a smiling welcome, is at present seldom to be met with. Now, if I want to visit a place celebrated as

MONUMENT TO WALLER, THE POET, BEACONSFIELD CHURCHYARD.

having been the abode of one of our great poets, philosophers or statesmen, I must deposit myself in a jingling fly, cross the country at a slow pace, and at a considerable expence, and then find myself at what was once a flourishing inn, in a room chilled for want of fires and customers, and with poverty and desolation staring me in the face. This is one of the consequences of railroads, and one of the reasons why I dislike them; so having vented my spleen against them, I will proceed to give a short account of two places of no common interest which I visited at the latter end of last autumn (1845).

Our road lay through a very pleasing country, amid those woody lanes, and beechen coppices and orchards which distinguish the southern parts of Buckinghamshire, and render them beautiful both in the spring and autumn of the year. We passed through the little sylvan hamlet of Farnham, and soon afterwards the road descended through broken banks, overshadowed with beech and oak. As we approached Beaconsfield, the country presented the appearance of an agreeable and cultivated landscape. Our first object was to see the monuments of Waller and of Burke.—The former is in the churchyard. It is formed of white marble, over which a covering of dark stone in imitation of a pall or curtain is drawn. On the top of this rises a small obelisk,

supported by skulls, and overshadowed by a large walnut tree, which is the crest of the family, and which might otherwise be considered an uncommon tree to be found in consecrated ground.

From the churchyard we went to see Hall-Barns, the residence of the poet. We found it to be a handsome square brick-house, ornamented with pilasters, and stone dressings to the windows, and surrounded with the scenery of a park, diversified with undulated ground and plantations. The gardens retain much of their original character, consisting of broad terrace walks of gravel or grass, sheltered by lofty screens of laurel and yew. A small lake, in the formal shape of the time, is seen at the bottom, with a banqueting house at the upper end of it, surrounded by an extensive lawn, and adorned with temples and summer-houses. At the extremity of the walk, we entered a wood of beeches and laurels, and hollies, in which the ground is much varied, and the walks conducted with taste, so as to shew with advantage both the immediate and more distant views. From two of these points, long vistas are seen leading in different directions, amongst which the most striking is one, in which several avenues of lofty beech, fringed with fine laurel hedges, meet in the central point, where is an open temple, supported by Corinthian pillars, dedicated to Venus. The whole grove is surrounded with a

broad grass terrace, commanding views into the park and the surrounding scenery. The design is pleasing and elegant, formed after the taste of those times which admitted a more regular and systematic plan than would be approved of in the present day. In short it was one of those scenes decorated by the hand of taste in which we might suppose Milton's Comus, or the Faithful Shepherdess to have been acted, as the Aminta and Pastor Fido were in the more genial and luxuriant gardens of Italy.

Amid these elegant and cultivated scenes, Waller lived in the enjoyment of a handsome fortune, and with sufficient leisure to devote his thoughts and time to the art from which, in the oblivion of his political struggles, he has obtained immortality. The beautiful grove near his house, the creation of his own taste, was the peculiar scene of his daily wanderings. Here, in a more shady and sequestered dell, is shewn the poet's favorite rock-built seat. Here he had the power, according to the fancy-feeling of the moment, or the season of the year, of varying his walks in sun or shade; and we can, without difficulty, picture in our minds the imagery he represents when he says—

> While in the park I sing, the listening deer
> Attend my passion, and forget to fear:
> When to the beeches I report my flame,
> They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.

The style and character of these groves partake of that artificial taste which delighted in formal avenues, and regular vistas, decorated with temples, adorned with statues, and bounded by fences of perennial verdure, yet they possess a beauty of their own, and please by the skilfulness of the composition, and the agreeable harmony of the different parts.

It may be here mentioned that the inscription on Waller's monument was written by Rymer, the editor of the Fœdera, and which Dr. Johnson said he hoped would be rescued from dilapidation. A portion of it is now nearly obliterated, and the inhabitants of Beaconsfield would do well if they would have it properly restored. It is as follows—

Heus Viator, tumulatum vides Edmundum Waller, qui tanti nominis poeta, et idem avitis opibus inter primos spectabilis, musis se dedit et patriæ. Nondum octodecennalis, inter ardua regni tractantes, sedem habuit à burgo de Agmondesham missus. Hic vitæ cursus, nec oneri defuit senex, vixitque semper populo charus, principibus in deliciis, admirationi omnibus. Hic conditur, tumulo sub eodem, rarâ virtute et multâ prole nobilis uxor Maria ex Bressyorum familiâ, cum Edmundo Waller conjuge charissimo, quem ter et decies lætum fecit patrem v filiis et filiabus viii quos mundo dedit et cœlum rediit.

Edmundi Waller hic jacet id quantum morti cessit; qui inter poetas sui temporis facile princeps, lauream quam meruit adolescens octogenarius haud abdicavit. Huic debet patria lingua, quod credas, si Græcè Latinèque intermitterent musæ loqui, amarent Anglicé.

Hoc marmore Edmundo Waller, Mariæque ex secundis nuptiis conjugi, pientissimis parentibus, pientissimè parentavit Edmundus filius. Honores benè merentibus extremos dedit quos ipse

fugit. E. L. W. I. F. H. G. ex Testamento H. M. P. mense Julii, 1700.

Edmundus Waller, cui hoc marmor sacrum est, Coleshill nascendi locum habuit; Cantabrigiam studendi, patrem Robertum, et ex Hamdenâ stirpe matrem. Cœpit vivere 3° Martii, A. D. 1605. Prima uxor Anna Edwardi Banks filia unica hæres; ex primâ bis pater factus, ex secundâ tredecies, cui et duo lustra superstes, obiit 21 Octob. A. D. 1687.

Which may be thus translated—

Behold, traveller, the monument of Edmund Waller, who, though a poet of the highest fame, and distinguished among the first for ancestral wealth, dedicated himself to the muse and to his country. When not quite 18, he was sent as the representative in Parliament of the Borough of Amersham, and had a seat among those to whom was committed the consideration of the difficulties of the country. This was his course of life, nor was he in his age wanting to the burthen imposed on him, and he was all his life dear to the people, beloved by the nobles and admired by all.

Here is buried under the same tomb his wife Maria, of the family of the Bressy's, at once ennobled by her singular virtue and by her numerous offspring, together with her dearest husband Edmund Waller, whom thirteen times she made a joyful parent, with 5 sons and 8 daughters whom she gave to the world and then restored to heaven.

All that is mortal of Edmund Waller lies here, who among the poets of the age was universally acknowledged to be the first and that laurel crown which he deserved as a youth when even 80 years old he did not lay down.

How much his mother tongue is indebted to him would be believed from this that if the Muses were to cease to speak in the Greek and Latin language they would love the English. This marble was most piously erected to Edmund Waller and to Maria his second wife, his revered parents, with pious hand, by their

son Edmund, to those who well deserved it. The last honours were bestowed by him who himself avoided them.

Edmund Waller to whom this monument is sacred was born at Coleshill, educated at Cambridge, his father was Robert, and his mother was of the Hampden family. He was born the 3d March 1605. His first wife was Ann the only daughter and heiress of Edward Banks. By his first wife he had two children — 13 by his second, whom he survived 8 years and died 21 Oct. 1687.

BEACONSFIELD CHURCH.

The Obelisk marks the Grave of Waller.

GREGORIES, BEACONSFIELD.

Intentum enim animum quasi arcum habebat, nec languescens succumbebat senectuti. CICERO.

For he had his mind bent like a bow, nor did it in weakness and langour yield to old age.

ABOUT half a mile distant from the town of Beaconsfield, on the left of the road to Pen, is Gregories, or, as it is sometimes called, Butler's Court, formerly the seat of Edmund Burke. The whole domain consists of about 600 acres, of which the great statesman held 160 in his own hands. A small park-like extent of ground surrounded the house, and the scenery, without being striking, is agreeable. Boswell informs us that "when Dr. Johnson first saw this fine place, he exclaimed, *Non equidem invideo; miror magis*, thereby signifying, either that he was occupied in admiring what he was glad to see, or, perhaps, considering the general lot of men of superior abilities, he wondered that Fortune, who is represented as blind, should, in this instance, have been so just."

This place is still adorned with fine trees, either single or in groups, and enriched with the view

of distant coppices and woods. The house of Gregories was burnt down soon after the death of Mrs. Burke, but the site is clearly marked by the inequality of the broken ground, and the ruins of the foundation. Part of the old stables is still remaining, and the kitchen garden has received no further change than having had fruit trees, as more profitable, substituted for vegetables by the tenant who hires it. This person is no other than the old gardener who lived many years with Burke, and who now, in his old age, obtains a scanty livelihood from the produce of the trees chiefly planted by his own hands, and many during the life-time of his master.* "Four times," he said, "he had followed to the grave the members of this illustrious family;" for on the same marble tablet in the church at Beaconsfield, are recorded the deaths of Burke and his beloved son, and his brother Richard. Many years after the name of Mrs. Burke was added to theirs. This man,

* We were grieved to see the miserably dilapidated state of the cottage in which this worthy old man, and his equally old wife, at present reside. Afflicted as he is with rheumatism, his landlord suffers the cottage door to fall to pieces without expending a few shillings to keep out the cold air — the brick floor is damp and broken — the walls are black with smoke, and the whole place is more ruinous than an Irish cabin, without its warmth. Surely this condition of the old servant of so great and eminent a man as Burke, might have excited the sympathy of a wealthy landlord, who would neither have discredited himself by a little liberality, or called forth the animadversions of a stranger from his want of it.

although in very advanced age, retains the clearness of his intellect, and a memory apparently but little impaired by the lapse of time. He mentioned to us some anecdotes of his old master, to whom, and to whose family, he seemed to be much attached; and he particularly dwelt upon the deep overwhelming sorrow which Mr. Burke endured to his death, for the loss of a son, whom he loved with the most ardent affection, and of whose talents he had formed, in the partiality of a parent's heart, so high an estimate, as it would have been impossible to realize.*

We asked him some questions relating to Burke's habits of life when in the country. He told us that he lived hospitably and elegantly—that his house was always full of company, amongst whom he recollected Dr. Lawrence and Mr. Windham as constant guests—that he always had four black horses to his carriage, and that he was very kind to his dependants, and charitable to the poor. He recollected an instance of his good-nature, when, having found some ragged boys pil-

* His afflicted father mentioned him in many pathetic passages of his later works, and notwithstanding Burke's own transcendant talents and genius, he is said to have remarked, with a mixture of personal and paternal pride, how extraordinary it was that Lord Chatham, Lord Holland, and he should each have had a son superior to his father.

CROKER'S BOSWELL.

fering wood in the park, he brought them home with him, gave them refreshments, and then ordered his steward to have them properly clothed. He used to amuse himself (for the most trifling and every-day habits of such a man—*tanti viri*—are worth recording) in strolling over his lawns and grounds, with *a spud* in his hand, digging up the plantain roots in the pastures, and spreading little heaps of manure on the spots where the grass had suffered injury.

It is evident that a deep melancholy had settled over his mind after his son's death, as may be seen by his letters to his friends, and especially in his celebrated "Letter to a Noble Lord." This unavailing sorrow was, in mercy, not permitted long to endure, and he survived him, separated from whom life seemed to have lost all further charm, only the short period of four years. His old domestic mentioned to us the splendour of the funeral, the number of the equipages, and the nobility and illustrious families of the mourners. So died—and so was honoured at his death, one who possessed a capacity of intellect—a memory richly stored with the history of the past, and a sagacity that penetrated in anticipation into the future, scarcely to be equalled, and never surpassed, either in ancient or modern times; while his deep and reflective wisdom was adorned by

an eloquence that equally captivated its audience by the beauty of the illustrations, and the magical splendour of the composition.*

Since the above was written I have paid a second visit to Gregories. It was for the purpose of endeavouring to obtain, if possible, some more particulars of the great man who formerly inhabited it. And here let me record a pleasing incident which I shall long remember.

On endeavouring to find some one at Beaconsfield who recollected Mr. Burke, I was recommended to go to a farm-house a little beyond Gregories, where I was assured I should find those who would be able to give me some account of him, nor was I disappointed. In a retired spot, with a green lane leading to it, I found the house I was in search of. It had evidently been an old and respectable mansion, built probably in the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and its internal architecture corresponded with its external appearance. Here was the hall and the sitting room wainscoted with black oak, the low

* We were told at Beaconsfield, that Burke was so sensible of the hatred he had incurred from the Revolutionists, that he desired to be buried in a wooden coffin, being apprehensive that his remains would be taken up and exposed at some future period should that party gain the ascendancy. This was done, but we were informed that his remains, of which only the bones were left, have since been deposited in the vault beneath his pew in the church in a leaden coffin.

ceilings, and the huge beams. On mentioning the object of my visit, I was received with a degree of kindness, and I may add good breeding by the worthy farmer and his wife, which I shall long recollect with pleasure. The countenance of the former beamed with intelligence and good nature, while the manners of the latter were so unaffected and at the same time evinced so much refinement, that I little expected to find them in a farm-house. So, however, it was.

But there was a third person present, whom I must attempt to describe. It was the mother of my hostess, a venerable lady nearly eighty years of age; and never did I see old age more graceful or respectable, or with fewer marks of the hand of time. Seated in a high chair, with a cane-back, surrounded with carved oak ornaments, of an ancient date, she discoursed of Burke with a freshness and vivacity which were truly pleasing. In this chair she told us her grandmother had sat, and I can verily believe it. I must confess that I rather coveted it, although it became the good old lady, with her neat white cap, and appropriate dress, extremely well. She described in vivid terms the tall figure of Mr. Burke, his well-bred manners, and interesting appearance. She told of his extreme grief at the loss of his son — his avoiding the town of Beaconsfield after his death, and coming by a back way to Gregories, and of his

never having again entered the church where his son's remains were deposited. She then told me a circumstance which I was little prepared to hear, and which I must add contributed greatly to the pleasure of my visit. It was the fact that her good, honest and portly son-in-law whom I saw before me, was the very infant whom Sir Joshua Reynolds took as the model of his well-known picture of the Infant Hercules. This pocket Hercules had now, indeed, grown up into a real one, stout of limb and bone, broad-chested, and as fine a specimen as could be well seen of a real English yeoman. It was therefore no difficult matter to suppose that in his cradle he bore a due proportion to the appearance he now exhibited. The story of the infant Hercules is soon told, and I only regret that I cannot relate it in the very words in which I heard it.

It appears that the infant's father was the farm bailiff of Mr. Burke, with whom he was an especial favourite, that great man frequently coming to the cottage, sometimes eating potatoes roasted in the embers of a wood-fire, and once trying the merits of a rook or jackdaw pie, or rather a mixture of both. It was on one of these occasions that he saw this stout boy, then seven or eight months old, and was much struck with his appearance. Soon afterwards, Sir Joshua Reynolds came to Gregories, and informed him that the

celebrated Catherine, Empress of Russia, had sent him an order to paint her a picture, but that he was at a loss for a subject. In the course of a walk, Mr. Burke took Sir Joshua Reynolds to his bailiff's cottage. The boy was in a cradle in the kitchen, and as they entered it, he was discovered nearly naked, having kicked off the clothes, and thus exposed his chest and brawny limbs. Sir Joshua Reynolds was delighted with the subject before him. He sent to London immediately for his palette and colours, and painted his Infant Hercules Strangling two Serpents. This was supposed to be a compliment paid to the empress, allegorically alluding to her victories over her enemies. Sir Joshua Reynolds was so pleased with his subject, that he painted two others, at least, from the same model. One is in the fine collection of pictures of Lord Northwick.

But to return to Mr. Burke. I had little details of his kindness, benevolence, and popularity, amongst his poorer neighbours — of the numerous great men who frequented his house, and of the splendour of his funeral, which was headed by a benefit club, of which Burke was a member. Then there were the details of his going to town in his carriage with four horses — of a highwayman riding up to the leading postilion with a pistol in his hand, threatening to blow his brains out if he did not stop — of the men flogging their horses on,

heedless of the threat, and only mindful of their beloved master — of the carriage stopping at a village — of Burke's anxious enquiries about the cause of the rapid movement — of his blaming them for risking their lives, and then giving them ten pounds a piece for their care of him. There was also an account of Burke's being let down the shaft of a chalk-pit — of his bailiff's refusal to follow him, and of his calling out from the bottom of the pit—"Oh, John, what a coward you are."

These anecdotes perhaps are scarcely worth mentioning, but I must confess they interested me. Anything, I think, of a great man, however minute, is worth preserving, and especially of such a man as Burke, that great luminary of his age, and who was equally an honour and an ornament to his country.

I may, in conclusion, mention, that the dagger which Burke, on a memorable occasion, threw on the floor of the House of Commons, was long preserved at Beaconsfield, but I could not discover what had become of it when I was there. I also regretted that some correspondence of his, which the worthy farmer had possessed, had been destroyed.

I cannot take leave of this excellent family, without thanking them for their kindness to a perfect stranger, and assuring them that I shall long entertain a pleasing recollection of the very agreeable hour I passed in their picturesque old

farm-house. May they long enjoy the love, tranquillity, and happiness, which now surround them, and may their fine children be a blessing and comfort to them.

DROPMORE.

Long midst thy groves, fair Dropmore, could I stray,
For you are fair, indeed! From the bare heath
You sprung by magic of his classic mind—
And owe your landscape to a Grenville's skill.

W. Nicol.

Dropmore is classic ground. Indeed, there are few spots where finer taste has been displayed, or where more celebrated men have at various times met together. Beautiful and interesting as the place now is, it was once, and it may be added, of late years, a barren heath, having a few straggling trees growing upon it. This barren heath is now, however, smiling in all the charms of woods and lawns, adorned with an infinite variety of beautiful trees, many of them of great rarity, and boasting of a Pinetum unequalled perhaps in Europe. The ground may be said to be in an elevated position, with a well-kept lawn in the front of the house, and an extensive flower-garden near it. But the varied walks are the chief objects of attraction. As they are per-

ambulated, sometimes a fine view of the castle of Windsor opens upon us, and at another the church of Stoke, or the mansion adjoining with its white dome are seen. Then there are the glades, a fine piece of turf overshadowed with trees, the rock-work, an extensive piece of artificial water, and a noble hedge of laurel some twenty-five feet in heighth. There is a very extensive aviary of canary birds in the flower-gardens, with conservatories containing many rare and beautiful plants, all under the care of Mr. Frost, the active, intelligent, and scientific gardener.

But the great and interesting charm of this place is its Pinetum. Here the Araucaria imbricata may be seen flourishing as in its native soil, its snake-like branches sweeping the ground, and its graceful form shooting up with unusual vigour. We were told of one gentleman who had come all the way from Aberdeenshire to see this beautiful specimen, and we feel sure that he did not consider the expence and trouble of his journey thrown away. The pinus Webbiana is another fine pine, it throws out its beautiful purple cones in great abundance, and is the best specimen I have seen of this fir. It would, however, be an endless task to describe the different specimens which present themselves of the coniferous trees. A list of them is given at the end of this notice, which will not be unin-

teresting to some of my readers, and for which I am indebted to Mr. Frost, whose kindness and attention I am happy to have this opportunity of acknowledging.

Nor must I forget to mention the fine avenue of cedars of Lebanon, the length and breadth of which is in fine proportion. There are nearly 200 of these trees, which are now attaining a considerable heighth and magnitude. Not far from the west end of this avenue, a flourishing young oak may be seen on a sloping bank, with the following inscription close to it:—

This Tree
Raised from an acorn
Of the oak which sheltered
Charles the 2d at Boscobel
Is planted and cherished here,
As a Memorial,
Not of his preservation
But of the re-establishment
Of the antient and free Monarchy
Of England
The true source
Of her prosperity and glory.

The pleasure which this amiable statesman took in the adornment of his charming grounds is very apparent. Assisted by the good taste of Lady Grenville, he superintended every improvement. Here we see the little lawn tastefully laid out, and

now partly overshadowed by flourishing arbutus, junipers, laurels, and other evergreens.

> A little sylvan lawn, that mid the embrace
> Of close embow'ring trees, its tender green
> Nursed with perennial dews — the silent glade
> To us, methought was dedicate, and ours,
> It seem'd was all its beauty.
>
> J. MITFORD.

Every thorn, also, presents a picture, entangled as it is with honeysuckles and brambles, a holly or a juniper mixing with it, and patches of fern, broom, and heath finding shelter beneath. The beech, and oak, with the stone pine cluster together, while a little valley runs through a portion of the grounds, its upper bank swept by pendant branches of forest-trees, and its well-browsed lawn glowing in summer with the purple blossoms of the heath as they modestly display their young and tender shoots.

There is an extensive piece of water, on the banks of which Araucarias and other pines flourish, as well as various other trees. Here Lord Grenville might sometimes be seen, like an honest disciple of honest Izaac Walton, his angle in his hand, capturing a fish, but which, in the kindness of his heart, he restored again to the water, after having first marked it. I am glad to be able to add the name of so eminent and learned a man to my list of anglers.

I have said but little of the extensive flower-garden. The fine order in which it is kept, and the great variety and beauty of the flowers, are very striking. By the liberality and kindness of Lady Grenville, the public are freely admitted to see the grounds of Dropmore, and well do they repay the trouble of a visit to them. Nor is it possible to wander about them without calling to mind the many great men, whose names are associated with the more recent history of this country, who were the constant guests of Lord Grenville at this place.

A List of the Pines, Firs, &c., cultivated at Dropmore.

Pinus sylvestris.
— sylvestris, argentea.
— genevensis.
— uncinata.
— pumilio.
— pumilio, rubriflora.
— Mughus.
— Laricio.
— altissima.
— austriaca.
— pyrenaica.
— pallasiana.
— Pinaster.
— Escarina.
Pinus Lemoniana.
— Massoniana.
— pinea.
— halepensis.
— Banksiana.
— inops.
— pungens.
— resinosa.
— romana.
— tæda.
— rigida.
— serotina.
— ponderosa.
— Sabiniana.

Pinus macrocarpa.
— palustris.
— excelsa.
— insignis.
— Teocote.
— patula.
— Llaveana.
— longifolia.
— Gerardiana.
— Hamiltoniana.
— Hartwegii.
— Devoniana.
— Russelliana.
— Montezumæ.
— macrophylla.
— pseudo-strobus.
— filifolia.
— leiophylla.
— oocarpa.
— oocarpoides.
— apulcensis.
— Cembra.
— siberica.
— Cembra pygmæa.
— Strobus.
— Strobus, alba.
— Strobus, nana.
— Lambertiana.
— monticola.
— tenuifolia.
— taurica.
— carica.
— hispanica.
— variabilis.

Abies excelsa.
— nigra.
— carpatica.
— pendula.
— Clanbrasiliana.
— tenuifolia.
— pygmæa.
— gigantea.
— sibirica.
— orientalis.
— alba.
— rubra.
— nana.
— humilis.
— Smithiana (Khutrow.)
— Morinda.
— Douglasii.
— Menziesii.
— canadensis.
— Brunoniana.

Picea taxifolia.
— cephalonica.
— Pinsapo.
— Pichta.
— balsamea.
— balsamea variegata.
— Fraseri.
— grandis.
— nobilis.
— religiosa.
— amabilis.
— Webbiana.
— Pindrow.

Larix europea.
— sibirica.
— microcarpa.

Cedrus Libani.
— Deodara.

Araucaria imbricata.
— imbricata var. ramis gracilibus.
— excelsa.
— brasiliana.
— Cunninghamii.

Cunninghamia sinensis.

Thuja alba variegata.
— pyramidalis.
— plicata.
— aurea.
— hybrida.
— orientalis.
— occidentalis.
— nepalensis.
— pendula or filiformis.

Cupressus sempervirens.
— stricta.
— horizontalis.
— thyoides.
— lusitanica.
— torulosa.
— Lambertiana.
— thurifera.
— bacciformis.
— juniperoides.

Juniperus communis.
— suecica.
— pendula.
— cracovia.
— depressa.
— taurica.
— tetragona.
— thurifera.
— occidentalis.
— chinensis.
— caurica.
— gossainthanea.
— oblonga.
— tamariscifolia.
— echiniformis.
— squamata.
— religiosa.
— virginiana.
— Bedfordiana.
— bermudiana.
— excelsa.
— recurva.
— flaccida.
— lycia.
— Sabina.
— alpina.
— prostrata.
— nana.
— hibernica.

Taxus Harringtonia.
— procumbens.
— canadensis.
— Dovastaniana.
— hibernica.
— nucifera.

Taxus baccata.
— (fructu luteo.)

Taxodium distichum.

Taxodium sinense.
— pendulum.

Podocarpus coriaceus.

The following have been added since Mr. Frost's list was made out, viz.

Pinus Cembroides.
— strobus nivea.
— Pithyusa.
— Nordmanniana.
Taxus adpressa.

With the silver cedar from Mount Atlas, called in the gardens Cedrus argentea.

ENGLISH COTTAGES.

My house a cottage—
My garden painted o'er
With nature's hand—

ANON.

Beneath the impervious covert of an oak,
I've rais'd a lowly shed—

S. T. COLERIDGE.

It always affords me much pleasure to see the pretty cottages of our rural peasantry, when surrounded by their little gardens, and gay with flowers. There is a fondness in the English for floriculture which is possessed, perhaps, by no other nation in the world. It pervades all ranks from the Queen to the peasant. It forms a resource for the old, and is the delight of the young. One of the first things asked for by the cottager's child is to have its own little garden, which it soon learns to decorate with daffodils, snow-drops, and primroses. And how eagerly do the children wander in the meadows to gather wild flowers, and form them into garlands, under some wide-spreading oak with its tender green leaves just bursting forth, and listen to the warbling birds above. How often have I seen little groups, joy-

ous as the May month of flowers, and looking like the offspring of Flora herself, loaded with cowslips and primroses, and reminding me of those pretty lines on a cottager's child returning from a wild moorland—

> Her little lap was filled with flowers;
> And round her feet there lay
> Rich heather-bells, and yellow broom
> In knots, and garlands gay.

There is probably no sight which surprizes a foreigner more on his first visit to England, and especially if he is an American, than the sight of our cottage gardens, and the comfortable-looking cottages themselves. Perhaps those in Devonshire, Worcestershire, and Herefordshire, with parts of Shropshire, are the most to be admired, for they have generally a small orchard attached to them. They are exclusively English both in their appearance and internal arrangements. The flitch of bacon on the rack — the dried pot-herbs giving a peculiar perfume to the room — the polished chest of drawers — the shining warming-pan in the corner — the string of onions — all may be met with in the cottage of an industrious English labourer in the counties referred to. But it is in his garden that he enjoys one of the most innocent delights of human life. There the sweet-briar and honeysuckle mingle together in pleasing confusion — the gaudy hollyoake and golden sun-

flower tower above the more humble rose and sky-blue iris. Nor are the pink and carnation neglected, or the modest lilly of the valley with its delicious perfume. These are found flourishing, from the care bestowed upon them, in equal health and beauty.

In no part of the world is such a picture of rural gardening to be met with. Evelyn has remarked, "that the life and felicity of a gardener is preferable to all other diversions," and I do believe that an honest cottager is fully aware that such is the case. It is only to be regretted that every cottage has not its garden, which affords so great a resource to the labourer when he is out of employment, and so much enjoyment in the late hours of summer, keeping him from the alehouse, and producing a feeling of honest independence which cannot be too much cultivated. How I like to see the clean, tidy wife seated at her cottage door employed in knitting or mending her husband's clothes, a little infant perhaps on her lap, and two or three larger children attending on their father as he works in his garden, or gathers the produce of his loaded fruit-trees. And then on the Sunday evening, the tea-things are spread out on a white deal table placed in the cottage garden, and they are all so nicely dressed, and look so happy! It is a pretty picture, and one, it is to be regretted that is not more often realized.

In these times of *forcible* Acts of Parliament, I should like to see one introduced making it imperative on every landholder to add a certain portion of land to each cottage on his estate, the cottage and land to be held in severalty as long as a fair rent was paid, and the latter properly cultivated, and on these conditions made to descend from father to son. This would give the cottager a stake in this country worth fighting for; it would improve his moral condition, and render him a good and loyal subject. Such an act may be called arbitrary, but it would be wonderfully useful.

I have previously remarked that Americans more especially, on arriving in this country, are much struck with the appearance of our cottages and their gardens, nor can this be wondered at. In America, however rich and flourishing it may be, the beauties of our rural scenery are unknown, and the country, with some few exceptions, where the primeval forests remain, presents the features of heavy stone or brick walls, and wooden fences. The pretty sheltered lanes, overhung with hazels and honeysuckles, the snug and picturesque cottages, the well-kept and verdant lawns, and the ornamental plantations, are seldom met with. Eagerness for accumulating wealth, appears to have superseded any taste or desire for rural improvements. In a country with every variety of

climate, and where the Araucaria would flourish in noble avenues, and the Deodara almost reach to the clouds, where hundreds of varieties of coniferous trees would be equally profitable and ornamental, and the Chinese peonies, and hybrid rhododendrons, form a glowing underwood of beauty, it is to be regretted that they should be neglected for evanescent wealth, and restless eagerness to acquire it. This is the more to be wondered at, since so many of the inhabitants of the United States are descended from the English, and therefore may be supposed to have inherited English tastes and pursuits. America is essentially an ugly country, although certainly well adapted for railroads from its general flatness; its rivers are vast, but uninteresting, and its newly sprung up towns, and the roads leading to and from them, are not inviting. There never was a country then in which rural architecture and rural improvements were more wanting. These should be encouraged by the rich and resident landholders, and nothing perhaps but such an example is wanting to give new features to the country, and new habits to its population.

In England both floriculture and horticulture have long been pre-eminent, and the annual exhibitions of fruit and flowers in every part of it, and especially those of the metropolis and its neighbourhood, prove how great the success has

been in their culture. The poor gardener or cottager often enters into competition with his rich landlord or neighbour in some product of his garden, which he has cultivated with care, and exhibited with no little pride and satisfaction. Even philosophers have not been exempt from a love of gardens. I was pleased with meeting the other day with the two following poems written by Dr. Darwin, the celebrated author of the "Botanic Garden." As they have been only printed in a scientific work, called "Phytologia," which was published in 1800 in 4to. and long been superseded by more enlarged and clearer views of the sciences of which it treats, the verses have shared the fate of the rest of the volume, and have been quite forgotten, or are altogether unknown. I have therefore extracted them, both as pleasing specimens of the author's talent of treating familiar and technical subjects with taste and elegance, and as a tribute of respect to a person eminent at once for his scientific knowledge, and his poetical powers.

To be too poetical is disadvantageous to a philosopher;—to be too philosophic, is seldom an assistance to the poetical faculty, and certainly this ill-accorded union has been prejudicial to Dr. Darwin's fame, both in the arts and sciences; yet no one can read his writings, without being convinced at once of the extent of his acquire-

ments, and the fertility of his genius. There are portions of all his writings which will well repay perusal, and which should be preserved. The subjects themselves on which he writes, are highly interesting, and the views which he opens in his enquiries, are at once so various and often so novel, as to instruct and delight, even when they fail to convince.

ART OF PRUNING WALL TREES.

Behead new grafted trees in Spring,
Ere the first cuckoo tries to sing;
But leave four swelling buds to grow
With wide diverging arms below,
Or fix one central trunk erect,
And on each side its boughs deflect.
In summer-hours, from fertile stems
Rub off the super-numerous gems,
But when unfruitful branches rise
In proud luxuriance to the skies,
Exsect the exuberant growths, or bind
A wiry ringlet round the rind;
Or seize with shreds the leafy birth,
And bend it parallel to earth.

When from their winter lodge escape
The swelling fig, or clustering grape,
Pinch off the summit-shoots, that rise
Two joints above the fertile eyes;
But when with branches wide and tall
The vine shall crowd your trellis'd wall;
Or when from strong external roots
Each rafter owns three vigorous shoots,

Watch, and as grows the ascending wood,
Lop at two joints the lateral bud:
So shall each eye a cluster bear,
To charm the next succeeding year,
And as the spiral tendrils cling,
Deck with festoons the brow of Spring.
But when the wint'ry cold prevails,
Attend with chisel, knife, and nails;
Of pears, plums, cherries, apples, figs,
Stretch at full length the tender twigs,
Vine, nectarine, apricot, and peach,
Cut off one third, or half of each;
And as each widening branch extends,
Leave a full span between the ends.
When crowded growths less space allow,
Close lop them from the parent bough,
And when they rise too weak or few,
Prune out old wood and train in new.
So as each tree your wall receives,
Fair fruits shall blush amid the leaves.

These directions are somewhat in the style of honest old Thomas Tusser who was born in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and it may be mentioned here that he was an Etonian, and went from Eton to King's College, and afterwards to Trinity. At Eton he was under the tuition of the celebrated Nicholas Udall, an elegant scholar, but a severe master, and who gave Tusser fifty-three stripes at once, as he says—

For fault but small,
Or none at all,
It came to pass,
Thus beat I was—

See, Udall, see,
The mercy of thee
To me, poor lad, &c.

Having thus accidentally introduced Thomas Tusser, who is a great favourite, it is time to return to Dr. Darwin, and his second poem, already referred to, it is on the

ART OF PRUNING MELONS AND CUCUMBERS.

When melon, cucumber, and gourd,
Their two first rougher leaves afford,
Ere yet these second leaves advance,
Wide as your nail, their green expanse,
Arm'd with fine knife, or scissors good,
Bisect or clip the central bud,
Whence many a lateral branch instead
Shall rise like Hydra's fabled head.
When the fair belles in gaudy rows
Salute their vegetable beaux,
And as they lose their virgin bloom
Shew, ere it swells, the pregnant womb,
Lop, as each crowded branch extends
The barren flowers and leafy ends,
So with sharp stings the bee-swarm drives
Their useless drones from autumn hives;
But if in frames your flowers confin'd
Feel not one breezy breath of wind,
Seek the tall males and bend in air
Their distant lovers to the fair;
Or pluck with fingers nice and shed
The genial pollen o'er each bed;
So shall each happier plant unfold
Prolific germs and fruits of gold.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable and curious extracts which might be made from Dr. Darwin's poetry is his anticipation of the application of *steam*, as the power of onward movement to carriages. The following lines were printed in 1795, when the steam engine was in its infancy :—

> Soon shall thy arm, unconquer'd steam ! afar
> Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car,
> Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
> The flying chariot through the field of air !

The latter part of the prophesy, though as yet unfulfilled, has been maintained and expressed with picturesque force by a later poet : —

> Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails
> Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales,
> Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
> From the nations airy navies grappling in the central blue,
> Far along the world wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
> With the standard of the peoples plunging through the thunderstorm.
>
> *See Lockesly Hall by* A. TENNYSON.

OLD TRAVELLERS.

Hush'd were the children's voices as they listen'd,
And with a strange delight their young eyes glisten'd,
For that old man had been beyond the sea,
And lov'd to hear the wild waves minstrelsy;
Had in the forest heard the lion's roar,
And seen the kingly eagle upwards soar;
And on the rich and ever verdant sod,
By foot of wand'ring man 'till then untrod,
Had liv'd *alone* amongst the glorious works of God.

MRS. HOUSTOUN.

THERE are few works which afford me more pleasure in the perusal, than those of our old travellers; and the collections of Hakluyt and Purchas are a copious source of never failing amusement. Many of these adventurous and enterprising persons were exposed to dangers, and overcame difficulties and impediments unknown in our times. Many of them, also, by previous study, were possessed of such acquirements as enabled them to profit richly by the opportunities offered, and to bring home treasures of knowledge from distant countries to enrich their native land.

Circumstances led me a few weeks back to look

into a volume of this kind, with which I was so much pleased, that I am induced to recommend it to the attention of my readers. It is written by Pierre Belon, of the city of Mans in France, and is called "Observations de plusieurs singularitez et chose mémorables trouvées en Grèce, Asie, Judée, Egypte, Arabie, et autres pays estranges, redigées en trois livres, 1555. Printed at Antwerp. There is another edition printed at Paris in 1588.

Belon was born in 1518, and was murdered in a wood near Boulogne in 1564. Plumier dedicated an American genus to his memory called "Belonia." Some account of him will be found in the lives of eminent zoologists in the Edinburgh Cabinet Library. He also published other works, as "De Arboribus Coniferis," 1553, "Histoire de la Nature des Oiseaux," 1555, and two works on fishes. He enjoyed the friendship of the Cardinal de Tournon, who defrayed the expences of his travels, and his works were held in high esteem for their accuracy and erudition.

We have very few travellers of the present day who equal him in scientific research, or variety of information. Indeed, he must have been one of the most eminent botanists and zoologists of his day, and the fidelity and accuracy of the representations in the engravings, show that he was an accomplished draftsman.

In one of his early chapters he mentions what is called the *terra Sigillata*, or *terra Lemnia*, and of the *terre Sellée*. This earth was medicinally used by the ancients, and was in Belon's time in as much request as ever amongst the Turks. He says the foreign ambassadors to the Grande Porte were in the habit of taking with them this earth on their return home as presents to their sovereigns or friends. The genuine drug, if so it may be called, was only to be procured in Lemnos, but it was much adulterated. These pieces of medicinal earth were moulded in the shape of small coin of the size of sixpences and silver threepences, and stamped with Arabic letters, TIN IMACTON, signifying *terre Sellée*.* Belon has given several engravings of them, with the inscription expressed in several different ways. He says the earth of which they are composed is so greasy and fat (being probably a rich loam), that it melts like *suet* in the mouth, and has no earthy or gritty feel. Its colour is palish red. *Sa couleur est de paste en rougissant sur l'obscur;* but there appear to be four different kinds, varying slightly from each other in colour and substance. The earth is only procured on one day of the year, being the 6th of August. It is under the care

* On the green earth of Scio much esteemed by the ancients, and on the Terra Sinopiana mentioned by Strabo and Pliny. See Tournefort's Travels in the Levant, Vol. III. page 48.

and superintendence of the bashaw, and its exportation, without his permission, is prohibited. The opening of the cave or trench where the earth is extracted, is performed with great religious ceremony, and accompanied with processions of priests. It appears to be a marshy spot on a hill near the village of Rapaniol, but it is difficult to find the exact spot, as the mouth of the hole is filled up with earth. Belon says that this Lemnian earth was in the same high esteem among the ancients; and it is mentioned by Dioscorides as being mixed or kneaded with the blood of goats; and that Galen visited Lemnos to make enquiries regarding it, but in his time found that usage discontinued.* The legend among the inhabitants of the island is that Vulcan and *his horse* fell there, when expelled from Olympus, and both broke their legs in the fall, but that they were speedily healed "*par la vertu de la terre.*" The chief part of this earth was sent to Constantinople. Is it to be procured at the present day in the bazaars in that city, and does it still retain its ancient repute?

Perhaps it is not unknown to many of my

* My readers will probably recollect the account given by the baron Humboldt of the balls of clay or loam which are eaten by some of the native tribes in South America (the Ottomacks) in order to appease hunger. See Tableau de la Nature, Vol. I. page 189. He says each individual eats daily three-fourths or four-fifths of a pound of this earth.

readers, that it was long a subject of dispute among botanists and gardeners, whether the parasitical plant, the miseltoe, always mentioned in the history of the ancient Britons, and in the religious ceremonies of the Druids, in conjunction with the oak, was to be found in the present day on that tree. That it was rare, was universally acknowledged, but the question was set at rest by my having had some specimens sent me which were found on an oak near Godalming in Surrey, and also in Gloucestershire; and the Society of Arts had a specimen sent them from the same county, in consequence of a premium they offered for the discovery. Now it is curious that this same subject was one that excited attention three hundred years ago; for Belon, when he was travelling in Macedonia, says—"In all the parts we had hitherto visited, *we had never seen the misteltoe on the oak*, but passing through a forest in a valley near Chalcis, we found it in abundance;" and he further says, "there is not a single oak-tree on the road between Mount Athos and Tricala, on which the misteltoe does not grow, but it is different from that which attaches itself to our apple, pear, and other trees.* The villagers call it *Oxo*, and they make a strong glue of its seeds."

* The plant which Belon saw on the oak was no doubt the *loranthus Europæus*, and not the *viscum album*. See Tournefort's Travels in the Levant, Vol. III. page 279.

A passage in the same interesting volume, leads me to make one further remark on a subject which has attracted much attention of late days in our country, namely, the success attending the subduing and taming the ferocious and large carniverous animals, the tyrants of the jungle and the desert. But those who have read the accounts of travellers in the distant countries of the East, are aware that the same power has been more successfully exercised, and a more perfect dominion established over the ferocity of these fierce creatures, probably by more careful and gentler methods than we have practised. Mr. Browne, the very enterprising and intelligent traveller in Africa, mentions that in the courts and palaces of the petty kings in Nubia and Abyssinia, tame lions were kept with the same liberty allowed them as dogs; and that he, when he left, had two lions so domesticated, as to follow him through the streets of the city. Mr. Swainson, also, says that the fakirs, or mendicant priests in Bengal, are in the habit of so taming the royal tiger, that they follow their master, and are completely under his authority. He says, "these domesticated tigers range at large, but do not stray far from their keepers.* The fakir used to walk daily in the

* A post captain in the British navy, who attended Marshal Bourmont in the Algerine expedition, and who distinguished himself so highly in leading the successful attack on one of the

town, accompanied by the tiger, which apparently created no alarm among the inhabitants, who seemed to have full confidence in his innocence."

It appears, however, that these animals are rarely fed with meat, their nourishment consisting almost entirely of boiled rice and *ghee*, and Captain Williamson says, "that boiled meat, when mixed with rice, as is always done in feeding dogs in India, is found to render them far more tractable." Then what is effected here, and only partially and imperfectly by the exercise of terror, and probably accompanied with much cruelty, is more successfully practised in these countries by gentle and wiser methods, acting on the natural disposition of the animal, and skilfully attending to the effects of food on the constitution. Belon says (page 131), "there is a place at Constantinople where the sultan keeps his wild beasts. It is an ancient church near the hippodrome. At every pillar of the church is a lion chained, a thing we could not see without wonder, for the attendants handle

forts, informed me that when Algiers was taken, he penetrated with an officer into the interior of the Dey's seraglio. Having seated himself on a couch in one of the rooms, which he found was usually occupied by the Dey, he was surprised and somewhat alarmed at seeing a tiger's head obtruding from beneath the couch, and close to him. It need not be added that he was glad to make his escape. It was a *pet* tiger belonging to the Dey.

them, untie them, or tie them up as they like, and often had them about the streets of the city, without fear or danger."

M. La Martine has an observation in his travels in the East, that animals are much more easily domesticated in hot countries than in cold. He gives some instances regarding horses, birds, &c., in the Levant; but it may be questioned whether this fact, if such it is, may not be accounted for by the greater attention paid there to the subject, and the more abundant means possessed.

THE BULLFINCH AND CANARY.

"

Go, hapless captive! still repeat
The sounds which Nature never taught,
Go, listening fair! and call them sweet,
Because you know them dearly bought.

Unenvy'd both! go hear and sing
Your study'd music o'er and o'er;
Whilst I attend th' inviting Spring,
In fields where birds unfetter'd soar.

It always affords me infinite pleasure not only to listen to the various notes of our numerous song birds, but to watch their habits and instincts. They appear to enjoy a degree of happiness peculiar to themselves, but in a state of confinement it is far otherwise. A caged blackbird pours forth its melancholy and complaining notes, and the sky-lark flutters as if wanting to stretch her airy wings towards heaven. It is no longer the warbling songster of the sky, but a moping, wretched prisoner. In fact the contrast between birds in a wild and confined state is very striking.

The only bird, perhaps, which appears not to suffer by confinement, is the bullfinch, owing, probably to its affectionate disposition, as it readily

recognizes those who are kind to it. There are few more intelligent or agreeable birds, and it boasts too of more beauty than perhaps any of our native birds of the passerine order. They, as is well known, learn to pipe at command, and also to articulate words. A friend of mine had four young bullfinches brought him for the purpose of teaching them to pipe. They all, however, proved to be females, and one only was retained till the following spring. This bird, though a hen, said—"pretty bully," was very tame, and inhabited a room that looked into the garden. She was allowed in the spring to go out from the window, whence she returned to her old quarters at night.. All this time she would frequently fly to meet her master in the garden, puff up her feathers, strut about, and turning first on one side, and then on the other, repeat the words she had been taught. At length the periods of her departure grew daily longer, absenting herself sometimes all night, and soon she was observed to be busily employed in picking up threads from the carpet when she came in doors to feed, at which time she was observed in company with a male of her own species. After this she was not seen for some weeks, when, one morning she was found in the green-house, which adjoined the house, accompanied by no less than five young ones. One of these was captured, and it would

almost seem that the mother, either resented this breach of the confidence she had reposed in her former friends, or fearful of losing another of her brood, never returned to her old quarters.

This anecdote of a bullfinch leads me to make a few remarks upon the canary bird, and the facility with which it also learns to pipe an air perfectly according to the instrument by which it is taught. Indeed it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other, except that the note of the bird is softer and less powerful, forming a great contrast to the often shrill, thin, wiry treble of their natural note. The fact of the great propensity of this charming little songster to learn whatever is taught it, surprises me that there are so few piping canaries in England, especially as there is something in the time and regularity of cadence in a tune generally much more agreeable than the imperfect song of most canaries that have not learned a good note. Exceptions, however to which, are some of the German birds brought over to this country which are carefully reared under nightingales and other fine singing birds, and thus learn their notes.

Should any young ladies who spend much time in caressing their favorites, read this paper, they may be assured that a portion of it might be better employed in teaching their canary an air that would after a few months almost daily delight

them throughout the year. This is done by means of a very small organ pitched very high, termed by the French a "serinette," many of which they send to London, and they are procurable there at a trifling price. The bird should begin his lesson when quite young, as soon as or before he can feed himself. It is better, but by no means essential, that it should be brought up by hand, taken at a fortnight old, and played to from the beginning. If more than one is to be taught, they should after a time be put into separate cages, not allowed to see each other, and kept of course out of the hearing the song of any other bird. These precautions, and merely playing the same air five or six times at least daily for five or six months, is all the trouble required, and they will be, generally speaking, perfect at the end of that period. For instance, a young bird hatched in May or June, ought to know the air well, and repeat it constantly by the following Christmas. A gentleman of my acquaintance has had piping canaries for many years. Two are from the same nest, and they are now past ten years old, and yet they both pipe an air perfectly throughout; and one of them, independently of the air, rivals now, as he did at the time, the celebrated talking canary which was shewn in London some years back, repeating with wonderful distinctness for so small a creature, several words and short sentences.

And let me here introduce an anecdote of a canary, which I read in one of the unpublished letters of Gray, the poet, which were recently sold. He says that the celebrated Lord Peterborough, amongst his other eccentricities, was passionately fond of singing birds. He had heard of one famous for singing and talking, belonging to an old lady who was a staunch Jacobite. He went to hear it, and was surprized at its powers of song. He offered a considerable sum for it, but the old lady was fond and proud of her bird, and refused to part with it. Lord Peterborough, however, who was not easily turned from any purpose on which he had set his mind, determined to possess the bird, and accomplished it in the following manner.

Having accurately noticed the plumage of the canary, he procured one as nearly resembling it as possible, and calling upon the old lady, he watched his opportunity when her back was turned, took her favorite out of its cage and substituted the other for it. Some time afterwards, desirous of knowing how the surreptitious bird had fared, he called on the old lady, and told her that he supposed she was now sorry that she had not taken the large sum he had offered for her canary.

"No, no, my Lord," said the old lady, "I love it better than ever, for do you know that ever

since our good king abdicated, the poor bird has never opened its *sweet lips*, and has done nothing but mope and pine."

But to return to what I was saying of the tuition of canaries. The power of articulating words is not common to all of them, or at any rate if they have the power, they do not exercise it. One of the two canaries I have referred to although having the same opportunities, never profited by them in the same manner. He caught, indeed, a few words from the other bird, but he seldom introduced them, never repeating them after his instructor as the other does, or appearing to take some degree of pride and pleasure in so doing. The tempers of the two birds are likewise quite unlike. The talking bird is of an irritable disposition, pecking the fingers of his best friends with furious passion. The other is most gentle. They both know persons they have been used to after long absences, and hail them with the utmost pleasure, while they avoid strangers.

So strong is the imitative power of birds, that a canary who had been taught to pipe, having heard a chaffinch that daily sung in a tree near the window where the cage was hung, learnt his note in a few days, omitting at that time the air he had been accustomed to sing. At the end of the spring, after having been removed from the neighbourhood of the chaffinch, he resumed

the air as before. A nestling nightingale also learnt the notes of a hedge-sparrow that sung near it, for want of other sounds to imitate, and it was extraordinary to hear the gentle, although agreeable warble of the latter attuned to the full compass and power of the nightingale. The effect was most pleasing, although of course not equal to the natural notes of this bird, not one of which he retained. Indeed many birds are almost, if not entirely imitative, and in default of hearing the parent bird, borrow the notes of others; soft-billed birds always prefer the song of soft-billed birds, and *vice versa.*

It is hoped from what has been said on the above subject, that persons who are in the habit of keeping caged birds will be induced to educate them in the manner suggested. Then instead of hearing the shrill, deafening natural notes of the canary, they will be delighted with those of the nightingale, the black-cap and other warblers. "They will then breathe such sweet music out of their little instrumental throats, that it may make mankind think that miracles are not ceased." So said the good Izaac Walton, nor can we forget Mrs. Dorset's very amusing and clever notice of the birds we have been referring to—

> The bullfinch, a captive almost from the nest,
> Just escap'd from his cage, and, with liberty blest,

In a sweet mellow tone join'd the lessons of art,
With the accents of nature which flow'd from his heart.
The canary, a much-admir'd foreign musician,
Condescended to sing to the fowls of condition:
While the nightingale warbled and quaver'd so fine,
That they all clapp'd their wings and pronounced it divine.

It is well known that song birds do not possess their music by intuition, but by imitation. It may be asked whether the various sounds of the galinaceous tribe are imitated also? It is difficult to give an answer. The best judges would be those persons who hatch and rear chickens by steam in London, far from the inhabitants of the farm-yard. As a proof, however, that they are not imitative, the following may perhaps be considered decisive. Eggs brought from a distance of rare species of pheasants and hatched under hens, produce birds with all the native vocabulary, but none of the calls peculiar to domestic fowls, although the birds can never have heard any of their own kind.

I should imagine, also, that the sounds expressive of different feelings and passions among all beasts of the same genus, are always similar and by intuition. A young lion, removed immediately after birth to be brought up under a canine nurse, though it should never see one of its own species, would scarcely bark.

As far as my own observation goes, I am led to believe that all sounds of animals, beasts as well

as birds, are natural and by intuition, except *the language of man, and the song of birds.* Should the above be the case, strange indeed is the mysterious working of Providence, which thus makes sounds of all others the most harmonious and pleasing alone the effect of imitation! Viewed in this light, the song bird possesses an additional claim to our sympathy—an additional cause to raise it in the scale of created beings, while man receives an additional warning not to think too highly of himself.

MOVEMENTS OF BIRDS.

Theories are more easy and more brilliant than observations; but it is by observation alone that science can be enriched, while a single fact is frequently sufficient to demolish a system.

LE VAILLANT.

We must observe the actions of living animals, and endeavour to trace the cause of those actions.

MONTAGU.

NATURALISTS have not, I think, given sufficient attention to the movements of birds, or to the origin of those we see domesticated around us. I will now offer a few remarks on these two points.

In watching the movements of birds, we shall discover an infinite variety of them. For instance, the jay has a peculiar flight, consisting of *curving* jerks, closing and then opening its wings very frequently. Other birds have more continuous flights, such as the rook and pigeon. The woodpecker has a very peculiar one, and so has the starling especially when seen in flocks. The rook walks in feeding with much deliberation, but jackdaws invariably hop on both legs. The movements of the wagtail are unlike those of any other birds. Some extend their necks in flying, and

the heron, I believe, never, but its legs are thrown out, and serve as rudders. This is also done by some water-fowl. But there are no birds whose movements I am more fond of watching than the different titmice. They go about in families, taking their little flights with great regularity, visiting the tender shoots of my rose-trees for insects exactly at the same time every morning.

I observe that the numerous geese and ducks of several varieties in the piece of water opposite my windows sometimes, without any apparent cause, begin flying, screaming, diving and chasing each other, as if actuated by some sudden impulse, and then resume their former tranquillity.

I have now in my possession, by the kindness of a friend, a pair of beautiful Indian game fowls, whose habits are very distinct from our own domestic breed. The wild jungle-fowls brought from different parts of the East, are of different colours and appearance, and although those found in the same districts are uniform in colour, they are unlike the wild jungle-fowl in other parts, and yet each species will equally couple and prove productive with the common fowl and with each other. They all likewise retain the same call — crow and (so to speak) *language* intelligible to all—proving that they all proceed from the same root plainly from both the above reasons. It becomes therefore a matter of con-

sideration (especially as wild birds of almost all other species are each for the most part uniform in colour, though found in ever such remote regions from each other) whether the jungle-fowl of different colours, in different districts, all derive their existence straight from the original stock, and from difference of food, climate, and locality (unlike other races) in a wild state, have gained a diversity of colour, and a marked difference in carriage and appearance? Or whether, since we know domestication produces strange metamorphoses, some of them may not have descended from a race once domestic, which in that state became different in colour from the original stock, and which were turned out, or left by chance to their own resources in those genial climates, like the now wild horses in America that we know to be diversified in colour.

Although the jungle-fowl of each species will couple and prove productive, this is not the case with the genus *anas*. I am not aware that of ducks, geese, and swans, although there is often a remarkable similarity in their outward appearance, much more than between the red and the grey jungle-fowl, any two species will willingly congregate. At any rate they will not become fruitful beyond producing occasionally a mule (as will the pheasant with the common fowl) when in confinement. Precisely the same may be said

of the divers species of partridges and pheasants scattered over the world, some representations of which are given in Mr. Gould's most interesting and finely-executed works, and which are equally remarkable for the beauty and distinctness of their plumage, although found in the same localities.

The gold pheasant, the silver and common pheasant, the common and red-legged partridge, the quail, and a vast number of varieties of the genus *tetrao* found in different climates, are (unlike the jungle-fowls) each species averse to congregate or breed with the other. Each has a separate call and expression of joy or anger. They are all of entirely distinct races, and will not consequently produce a productive progeny. The same rule holds, I believe, with almost all other wild animals whether beasts or birds.

It is hoped that these short remarks will not be found uninteresting, and that they will lead to further enquiries on the subject.

Bechstein tells us in reference to the quail that "the *song* of that bird is no slight recommendation to the amateur." This appears to be the opinion of the inhabitants of other foreign lands besides the Germans. A friend of mine informs me that he has seen these birds constantly in

confinement as song birds both in Spain and Italy. Bechstein informs us that "the song of the male commences by repeating softly tones resembling *verra-verra*—followed by the word *pievevoie,* repeated several times." My friend, being rather curious to test this assertion, procured a bird of the above description, a fine male, from among the many fattening for the table in the spring season. He placed it in a dark habitation, duly prepared according to Mr. Bechstein's directions. At the earliest dawn of day, this bird, after a short time commenced his song. It appeared to be nothing more than "pavvor—pavvor—tik ti wick—tik ti wick." This was continued for two or three consecutive mornings and then he was set at liberty. They however sing more variously and melodiously in the spring season in Spain.

Wild birds grow large and heavy when domesticated, probably because in that state they are not obliged to seek their living with difficulty and hazard. Besides, being supplied with food upon the same spot, from their exclusion from the egg to full growth, they do not take that exercise, which, in a state of nature would preserve them in a vigorous efficiency of muscle and strength common to all wild animals. The artificial food, also, given to domesticated birds, often in large quantities, after a long fast, necessarily causes a

dull and heavy bearing as a result, although perhaps, after all, they are not in such good condition as the wild bird, which may have eaten as much or more, but the food of which, although precarious, has been more natural and wholesome, and has been consumed and digested gradually. But from whatever cause, it is certain that the wild bird taken into the keeping of man, very quickly increases in size, and becomes comparatively dull, in a very few generations. And this rule extends to birds in a half-domesticated state of those species that never will become completely domestic. A gold pheasant shot in China is not by any means so large a bird as one reared in aviaries in England. Whilst the common fowl and the common duck, birds completely domesticated, are twice the size of the graceful jungle-fowl, and the brilliant mallard, the respective *roots* of each species. The progress from a state of nature to a completely domestic state in creatures that will domesticate at all, may be more or less gradual, but it is certain, from the above-named and other causes. that the muscles from disuse become relaxed. The bird being urged to self-preservation neither by fear or hunger, soon ceases to fly, and, as is well known, in successive generations becomes a length the more useful but far less elegant denizen of our farm-yards. The wild birds of both the above-named species being in fact precisely of the

same nature as their domestic congeners will, of course, congregate and mix with them, and I was told of a singular case of a wild mallard which had been reared with tame ducks. This bird never was known to fly, although he had free use of his wings, and when two years old, being urged to take wing, positively had not the power to do so. The muscles of his wings having from disuse become stiff and consequently powerless.

The domesticated wild duck in a very few generations loses many of its distinctive properties, so that the progressive march from wild to tame can even be discovered in the course of a few years.

But however inclined certain species of birds and animals are to become readily and quickly domesticated, it is equally certain that domestic animals will much more readily and naturally assume the wild and unrestrained state (if food can only be obtained) as more congenial to their nature. Thus will the common fowl if turned into the woods quickly become wild, and if not of too large and heavy a sort, will very soon take wing like a pheasant. A fowl bred between the bantam and the game is sufficiently light to fly, and at the same time presents by no means a despicable appearance on the table. We know, too, that when a fowl deserts the farm-yard with her brood for the corn-field, the young are always

the best eating. This is the case in Richmond Park, where there are generally some stray turkies in the plantations. They bring up their brood in a wild state, roost in trees, take long flights, and though small, are remarkably well flavoured.

It might be worth while to try the experiment of turning into woods the half-bred jungle-fowls, as the pure breed would probably be too delicate to brave the winters of this climate unprotected. A half-bred bantam turned out in a wood was seen to rise before dogs like a pheasant. The individual in question was white, and was at first mistaken by the sportsmen for a white pheasant. It was nearly full grown when turned out.

The following fact seems to me a remarkable instance of the goodness of Divine Providence in the arrangement that animals most useful to man, such as are most readily reared with artificial food, and just so many as he requires, should become tame and domesticated *at once*, without any particular trouble if brought up when young. But if animals will not domesticate at once, I may, I think say, they never will, thus proving that they were not intended for such an object by the Author of all good, although excessive pains are often taken with them for many succeeding generations.

What I have remarked above concerning the facility of domesticating the wild duck and jungle-fowl, may be applied to the dog, the ox, the horse, the sheep. Contrast with these the teal, the pheasant, the wolf, the buffalo, the zebra, and many species of the deer, we know that though these latter may possibly be rendered comparatively tame, yet that no art can make them of any use as domestic animals. The reason plainly seems to be that the all-wise Creator so intended they should be, and that they should for their safety, naturally detest and shun the haunts of man, and as naturally loathe confinement.

Who that observes the uneasy and stealthy actions of most of these wild creatures in cages, can doubt the truth of this? It may, I think, be remarked as a rule that animals in confinement which shew plainly by their actions their impatience under its thraldom, are unfit for domestication. Look for instance at the actions of the wolf in confinement. The greater part of his time is taken up in a restless winding and prowling up and down his prison. The same may be said of almost all beasts of prey, and also of all the genus *phasianus* and the *tetrao* tribe. These are all unwearied in ineffectual efforts of escape, although many of them have never known liberty, while the dog of a wild race will bear his imprisonment with the greatest philosophy. Even the cat, as different from all

others of the feline genus, bears its durance with some degree of quiet and equanimity, and the jungle-fowl, as seen at the Zoological Gardens, caught perhaps wild in India, appears as contented in the aviary surrounded by his sultanas as his type upon the dunghill.

As this appears to me an interesting subject for enquiry, I will pursue it a little further.

There seems very little doubt of the widely-extended fact, that the domesticating system and artificial quality of the food of animals, not always most congenial to their nature, has a great tendency towards changing not only their habits and form, but also their colour. The identical race, under different management, different food, and diversity of climate, undergoes sometimes the most extraordinary metamorphoses. We find that animals of precisely the same species do from the above and other causes become as dissimilar as possible, if not in nature, yet in many propensities and qualities, as well as outward appearance, infinitely more so than many individuals of distinct races. For instance, how vast is the contrast between the dog who hunts by sight, and the one who follows nature and his nose—the Newfoundland, the pug, the shock dog, or the Scotch terrier. We see it between the large Dorking or Malay fowl, and the diminutive bantam—between the Chinese negro fowl with white feathers like silk,

with the flesh and skin as black as a coal, and the black Poland or Spanish fowl with its perfectly white flesh.

Such dissimilarities are confessedly much greater than between the yellow-hammer, linnet, and canary, the thrush and the redwing, the different species of larks, the crow, the rook and raven, the female teal and the wild duck. And yet these are all distinct species, and will not intermix, or at any rate produce a progeny likewise productive.

Much less extraordinary is it then that the same causes should influence also the outward colour, but one thing is nevertheless very remarkable as respects colour. Animals of every variety assume in a domestic state numberless shades of colour, and each species has a tendency to a certain range of colours peculiar to itself. But there is one exception to this. All domestic creatures without a single deviation I think, and some wild, have in several individual cases a tendency to turn white. There must therefore be evidently some prevailing cause for this prevailing tendency, a cause acting upon all domestic animals indiscriminately leading to a like effect, probably the same cause in a great measure in every species. This observation is rather strengthened than otherwise by the fact of some wild animals, though rarely, being found white. The wild cattle at Chillingham, for instance, occasional white elephants, white sparrows, &c.

Now one chief reason I think by which we may account for this tendency to whiteness in animals arises *from their being bred in and in.* This process we know is sure to cause deterioration in a race, and to render the produce inferior and delicate. It is well known too that white individuals are never so hardy as those of a natural colour, or even the variegated. Now, the fact being admitted that whiteness is a proof of deterioration and delicacy, and also that the breeding in and in deteriorates the breed; and if in addition to this we can bring arguments to prove from experience that breeding animals in and in has in fact the tendency to turn the produce white, we shall have established our argument.

I may be wrong in the above supposition, or I may be only asserting what has been brought forward before, but which in my limited study of natural history I have not met with, although I have heard of the fact in question being accounted for in other ways.

In order to test the fact, let any one pair two variegated birds, having both some white about them (but not uniform in their marks) both from the same parents, and let this be done for successive generations. They will find that the young in each generation become whiter and whiter, and some quite white. They will also find them more delicate, less sagacious, and more uncertain in production the more intimately they are con-

nected by relationship. The process of breeding in and in has also a tendency to shorten the length of the head of the progeny thus bred. On the other hand even delicate white animals may produce a hardy progeny, also white, by coupling them with other white specimens of different families.

The cause of individuals in a wild state being sometimes found white, may be accounted for in the same manner, especially as two or three white specimens are sometimes found in the same nest, although from parents of the natural colour. This I once found to be the case in a garden at Blackheath, where three white blackbirds were produced in the same nest, and which I frequently saw. I have also seen white sparrows, and white fawns both with red eyes, affording a proof of degeneracy and weakness.* The albinos of Africa are probably produced from the intercourse of near relations with each other, there being no moral obligation to prevent it, nor can it, I think, for a moment be doubted that if breeding in and in does not actually produce whiteness, it nevertheless produces degeneracy, and frequently in the human race, insanity and imbecility. There cannot be a greater proof of this than in that branch

* Any one who was in Paris some years ago, will have observed the number of white horses, occasioned, most probably by a want of admixture in the breed. My friend the Rev. J. Mitford observes, on this subject, that no one ever saw a *white race horse:* and the fact is remarkable.

of the Bourbon family now in Spain, and where mental decay has been produced by frequent intermarriages of the same family.

It has been remarked that "nine generations is generally the extreme term that each branch of a family lasts, matching according to its contemporary position. This period includes its rise, zenith and decline. Offshoots may plant fresh lines; but they will wither contemporarily with the parent stem unless invigorated by a strong stream of plebeian blood." There is probably more truth in this remark than may generally be supposed. If true, it assists the argument I have been using.

There is another cause for animals of the same species in a domestic state not only being diversified in colour, but also dissimilar in shape. It often may arise from the designs of man. A casual freak in nature which produces anything extraordinary in colour, shape or appearance, is immediately taken advantage of. The animal is bred from by coupling it with its own progeny until it produces others like itself. This observation gathers strength from the fact of wild animals being for the most part uniform in colour, with which no such pains can be taken. A creature of any extraordinary colour or appearance can generally be made to produce young of like appearance to itself by breeding it with the latest

of its progeny for several successive generations. It will thus in a few generations produce an individual containing scarce a particle of blood different from its own.

The hybrid of the common fowl and common pheasant is an elegant, but at the same time, a useless bird. It unites in a great measure the habits and manners of the pheasant with much of the familiarity so remarkable in the domestic fowl. There are few more common mistakes than that made by possessors of various breeds of domestic fowls in supposing that they partake of the parentage of the pheasant as well as the fowl. For instance, one often meets persons who, in eulogizing their poultry will pronounce them to be "pheasant bred," and if you ask them what they mean, they will tell you that they are half-bred pheasants, because, perhaps, their plumage may resemble, in some degree, that of the last-mentioned bird, although the fowl is like it in no other particular. The hybrid, however, between the pheasant and fowl, is a mule in every sense, partaking of the qualities in some degree of both, but more especially those of the pheasant. Although the male is never so brilliant in colour as either of its progenitors, it is almost mute, and is, I believe, in all cases unproductive. They are never found with a comb, so universal an appen-

dage to the fowl, both male and female. A male bird of this description rendered itself a great favourite by its peculiar habits. It was very tame and would feed from the hand. Although like the pheasant it was timid if suddenly startled, and would on those occasions especially if far from home, when disturbed, sometimes take a long flight. It generally kept separate from the fowls, or at any rate did not by any means constantly join them, although it would sometimes mingle with them, and would call the hens to partake of its food. It had the power of spreading its tail which was much like that of the pheasant, almost into a fan, and altogether its gait and movements were exceedingly elegant and pleasing. When seen in confinement, these birds are viewed to great disadvantage, appearing then as impatient of their imprisonment as the pheasant itself, thus affording but a faint idea of their habits and carriage.

A male bird of the above description was confined with several game and bantam hens. None of the eggs, however, were fruitful, but during the spring it manifested a great inclination to become a nurse to some young chickens confined in the same yard. But what is still more extraordinary, and contrary to the habit of the male of both species, it shewed a strong inclination to perform the feminine duties of incubation. So determined,

indeed, was he to remain on the nest for several days together, that some eggs were procured by way of experiment that had been undergoing the process of incubation about a fortnight, as it was not wished to tax his patience too greatly. In the course of a week from that time, the chickens were hatched, and afterwards most tenderly nursed and reared by this extraordinary foster-parent. The male of the common fowl will occasionally assist in bringing up young chickens, especially a bird that is beaten by others, but with the exception of the case mentioned in my Gleanings in Natural History (Vol. I. 1st ed. page 113) of the male even sitting on and hatching the eggs, and afterwards taking charge of the young birds, I never remember to have heard of any male bird hatching, or ever altogether bringing up the young from the time of hatching. This may be said even of a species accustomed as many are to share the labours of incubation with the female. For example, the male pigeon, however tenderly he may attend to his young in conjunction with his mate, and even feed and rear them altogether alone when they have attained a certain degree of growth, and he may chance to lose his hen, yet if he lose her when she has eggs, or when the young birds are but lately excluded from the shell, and require almost constant warmth, the male bird will not, in this case, bring them up

however well and constantly he may be fed. Nature has, in fact, pointed out that his time for sitting is during the day. It is well known that the male of all the dove species sits by day, and the female evening, night and morning. Therefore after he has waited beyond a certain period in the evening for his lost mate, he will generally before it is quite dark quietly leave the eggs, or the unfledged young to perish, and take up his usual position for the night apart from the nest. This is, however, not the case with the hen pigeon. She will alone bring up young birds of the tenderest age, thus affording another proof, if any were wanting, of the love and care of females.

It is remarkable that when the hen has her second nest, which is generally the case before the first brood can feed themselves, the main care of them seems to devolve on the paternal bird, and he will then take up his quarters at night with the young, now no longer requiring artificial warmth, and which very young he would have left to their fate had they really required the warmth of his body by night. This plainly shews that his actions are in this case guided by an instinct of nature to fulfil a certain end in partnership with his mate, and nothing more. Indeed this instinct probably causes the greatest pleasure, and calls forth the tenderest feelings, and this tendency is common to all the species. The love

however of the hen for her offspring; the στοργη, as I have observed, overcomes even instinct, and although I do not believe she would remain to hatch her eggs after having lost her mate, but will almost immediately seek another, yet if once the young are excluded, she will tend them alone with the most assiduous care if she can but procure food readily. It may also be asserted that in spite of the constant aggressions of other male birds, who well know when the nest is guarded alone by the weaker party — in spite of the often assiduous suitors of her kind, who would fain allure her to new cares, she will remain constant to her charge, nor will the *widow* yield to new allurements until she has faithfully performed her duties with respect to her nestlings, and they are able to procure food for themselves.

I love to record these instances of maternal affection and tenderness. It pervades all nature, from the little pismire which brings up its eggs with so much care to feel the influence of the sun, and conveys them back again out of the reach of the nightly chill, to the tender mother on whose breast we ourselves have nestled, and whose love neither time nor distance ever weakened.

A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

Curious and sad, upon the fresh-dug hill,
The village lads stood melancholy still;
And idle children, wandering to and fro,
As nature guided, took the tone of woe.

CRABBE.

THERE is a certain degree of melancholy pleasure in sauntering in a village church-yard; in reading the "uncouth rhymes," and in viewing the various methods which have been taken to attest the sorrow of surviving relations. Here the young and old, "the infant and suckling child," are all mingled together. The grave of a child has, indeed, something peculiarly affecting in it. So young — so promising — so pretty — (for what is so pretty as a child?) the delight of a fond mother—perhaps her only one—whom she had fostered in her bosom, and yearned over with an affection which only a mother experiences — to know that its innocent prattle has ceased, and to feel that for some good, and wise, and benevolent purpose it has been nipped in its early bloom, and here fades away — all these reflections intrude themselves on the mind in a country church-yard.

The graves of the old, indeed,—the "three score years and ten," are viewed with far different sensations. Their race is over—their hour-glass has run itself out—and happy are they if they have made up their account in time.

And then how varied are the scenes to be witnessed in a church-yard. The church-door is open, and there issues forth a bridal party, the bride holding down her head, the mother, perchance, weeping at the loss of her daughter, and the rest merry, and offering their congratulations to the bridegroom. Sometimes a christening is to be seen, the fat and cautious nurse holding an infant in its long white robes, followed by its parents, with the godfathers and godmothers and some intimate friends, who are about to partake of an entertainment to celebrate the ceremony. But the solemn toll of the bell is next heard. The coffin is slowly borne to the church-yard gate. The clergyman meets it, and walks before it into the church, pronouncing those noble sentences beginning—"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord—I know that my Redeemer liveth —we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." The coffin is again seen in the church-yard—the grave opens its mouth to receive it—the weeping mourners stand around. Again the voice of the clergyman is heard—"Man that is born of a woman, hath

but a short time to live—earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust." The hoary-headed sexton with his ready handful of earth, throws it on the coffin, and the sound vibrates in every heart save in that of him who with so much apathy produced it. And what a lesson does it teach us! The body in the cold silent grave before us must put on immortality. The same ceremony—the same resurrection—the same responsibility for our actions in this world, must happen to us all; nor can we act a wiser or better part than making preparation for our departure. "Fool—fool—fool," were the last words of one on his dying bed, who, it is to be feared, had procrastinated his repentance too long, and too fearfully; while the humble Christian, sensible of a thousand failings and imperfections, still looks with the eye of faith on his Redeemer, and his soul, like the flight of an eagle towards the heavens, soars to the regions of everlasting happiness.

Such are some of the lessons which may be learnt in a church-yard; and then the inscriptions on the tomb-stones, which tell of bereavements, and sudden deaths, and the loss of all that was beloved and cherished in this world! Let me give one. It is over the grave of a young female, so loved, so joyous, and so admired—the delight of her parents, and of all who knew her.

On L. B. S.

So young, so fair, and must we lose thee now;
Child of our fondest love, and must we part?
Such was the grief that dimmed a father's brow,
And such the anguish of a mother's heart.

Ah! felt they not that on that fatal day,
To her a new immortal life was given;
That the free soul threw off its load of clay,
And the young Seraph took her flight to heaven.

J. M.

By way of contrast, I will give some lines placed on the tomb of a poor peasant girl buried in a church-yard in a parish in Suffolk. They were written by the clergyman who attended her during her illness, and on her death-bed.

Count not my years, nor ask how long
I liv'd on earth a homeless guest;
But ask if love and hope were strong
To lead me to eternal rest.

Ask not if with the great and rich
Or mean and poor I had my share,
But hear me of my treasure speak,
My only treasure, faith and prayer.

I found, what stranger thou wilt find
How poor the world, how rich the grave,
And earthly treasure all resign'd
For that one promise—"I will save."

J. M.

In one church-yard in which I wandered I was rather surprized at seeing the following inscription on the tombstone of a female—"Silence is wisdom." Whether this referred to her taciturn propensity, or whether it was meant to imply that the less that was said about her the better, I could not learn. This was in Fulham church-yard, at which time on seeing the sexton digging a grave, and remarking how full the church-yard was, he replied—"No wonder, Sir, it is such a pleasant place to lie in."*

The white-painted rails, as they are called in Buckinghamshire, and with which the church-yards in that county are crowded, have frequently very interesting inscriptions on them. Sometimes the fond affection of a mother for perhaps an only and a darling child is to be met with, calling it the "softest prattler," "the pretty bud that just expanded," and other endearing expressions, which it is impossible to read without feeling a certain degree of commiseration and interest. On some of the grave-stones and monuments more lengthened inscriptions are to be met with, one of which cannot fail to be admired for its beauty. It is on a young female.

Stranger, in this small grave there lies
All a mother's heart could prize;

* In Litchfield cathedral, is a monumental stone on which the only inscription is "MISERRIMVS."

It was a little treasure lent
For some few years, with wise intent
By Him, who in his mercy gave
To innocence an early grave.
Yet he left not in despair
All that fond maternal care,
But promise made, with parting breath,
That should force unwilling death
His gentle burthen to restore;
When at heaven's opening door,
All pain and sorrow reconciled,
Shall meet the mother and the child;
Child and mother happy twain;
Never more to part again;
Each by suffering purer made,
For that blest life that ne'er shall fade.

J. M.

OLD WINDSOR.

The sequestered scenes,
The bowery mazes and surrounding greens,
On Thames' banks while fragrant breezes fill,
And where the muses sport on Cooper's Hill.
On Cooper's Hill, eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow!
Here his first lays majestic Denham sung— . .

POPE.

OLD Windsor is one of those interesting places in this neighbourhood which calls for some notice. Cooper's Hill with its terraces and lawns, and shady walks, and its thick groves of trees, are seen at a short distance. Here Denham wrote his "Cooper's Hill," a poem which we have seen was praised by Pope, and also by Johnson. The view from that place is extremely beautiful, and the windings of the river Thames in the valley below the hill, must add greatly to the charm of the scenery. Denham thus describes it—

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays,
Thames the most lov'd of all the ocean's sons.

And then he exclaims—

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!

> Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull,
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

No one, indeed, can see the fine bends of the river near Ankerwyke, or view its reedy and willowy banks and islets from the Bells of Ouseley, without being struck with the beauty of the stream, adorned as it generally is at those places by numerous swans.

Runnymede, also, recals many historical recollections, and the pretty fishing cottage belonging to the owner of Ankerwyke, on the banks of the river, is a place of great resort in the summer. In a book kept in the cottage, are many poetical effusions by visitors, as if the muse of Cooper's Hill still hovered round the spot.

The church of Old Windsor is situate near the banks of the Thames, and is surrounded by trees and well-kept residences, among which is the parsonage, conspicuous for its cheerful and pleasing aspect. The whole space, indeed, around the church, has a peculiarly quiet and retired appearance, contrasting greatly and unexpectedly with the surrounding neighbourhood by its quiet beauty. There is a noble yew tree in the churchyard which spreads its branches far and wide, and one monument in particular which it is impossible to approach without feelings of the deepest interest. It is that of the unfortunate Mary Robinson, known also as " Perdita," a name

so appropriate to her lost, desolate, and miserable condition in this life.

She married at the early age of sixteen a man who appeared to be equally incapable of appreciating either her beauty or her talents, and from whose neglect and profligacy she went upon the stage, and appeared in the interesting character of Perdita in the Winter's Tale. Her little story of misery which was known — her beauty, and the pathos of her acting, occasioned her to be received with rapturous applause. Among the delighted audience was the heir apparent to the throne of England. He induced her to consent to live with him, but it was only for a short time. Miserable in mind, and sick in body, she retired to the neighbourhood of Old Windsor, on a small pension. Here she lost the use of her limbs, and died at the early age of forty-three. Her poems and her other literary works are an epitome of her mind, sad, melancholy, and desponding. In reading them, it is impossible not to feel a great degree of tenderness and pity for one whose beauty was adorned by so much talent, and whose misfortunes were occasioned by the vice and profligacy of man. Naturally of an open and confiding disposition, she trusted those she loved, and thus fell an easy prey to promises which were never fulfilled, and to vows only made to be broken.

The following is a copy of the inscription on the

south-side of the tomb, written by Mr. Pratt, the gleaner, who with many eccentricities (when I knew him) had a heart capable of feeling for the misfortunes of others.

> Of beauty's isle, her daughters must declare,
> She who sleeps here was fairest of the fair.
> But, ah! while nature on her favourite smiled,
> And genius claimed his share of beauty's child,
> E'en as they wove a garland for her brow,
> Sorrow prepar'd a willowy wreath of woe;
> Mix'd lurid night-shade with the buds of May,
> And turned the darkest cypress, with the bay
> In mildew—tears steep'd every opening flower,
> Prey'd on the sweets, and gave the canker power.
> Yet, O! may pity's angel, from the grave
> The early victim of misfortune save;
> And as she springs to everlasting morn,
> May glory's fadeless crown her soul adorn.

In this interesting church-yard, the remains of the second wife of the Right Honorable Richard Brinsley Sheridan are interred, and those of her only child, the late Charles Sheridan, Esq. one of the most amiable, kind-hearted men I ever knew.

The late Landgravine of Hesse Homburg (the Princess Elizabeth) had a pretty cottage near the church, which she decorated with much good taste, and in which she took great delight. It is a curious fact in the history of the human mind, that those who are born to wealth and greatness,

frequently envy the inhabitants of a humble cottage, and think how much happiness they could enjoy in it; while, on the contrary, the owner of the cottage envies those who possess riches and luxuries of which he cannot partake. The good and amiable Princess, I have just referred to, was once heard to say that she never met an honest, worthy couple, driving about the country in their gig, without envying the happiness they appeared to enjoy. In her estimation, it was the *summum bonum* of earthly pleasure, and which she herself could never partake of.

THE MONTH OF MAY—A RURAL WALK.

Hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye nightingales! Oh pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring.
The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes.
THOMSON.

THE mowers and hay-makers are all busy in the extensive meadows near me. The larks appear to rival each other as they sing over head. The tall hawthorn-hedge is white with blossom. Blackbirds and thrushes answer each other, and the old willow pollards, which are so thickly dotted over the meadows, are retreats for numerous little migratory birds, and these form a chorus of the most pleasing kind. It is impossible for any one who is fond of the country not to enjoy such a scene or such a concert. And then the sweetness of the new-mown grass, with numerous butter-

flies and other insects flitting over it, and the joyous swallows pursuing their unwearied course along the extensive meadows, now and then disappearing under the willow-pollards, and then rapidly passing with a little chirp of welcome and hilarity.

I was accompanied by a friend, whose classic mind is only equalled by his fondness for what is beautiful in nature. Here, as we strolled about, watching these interesting birds, he promised me a translation from the Greek on the Rhodian swallow, which he has since sent me, and which I am sure will be read with pleasure.

The Rhodian Swallow—Song (v. Athenæus viii. c. 60.) In the spring, troops of Rhodian children, carrying about a swallow, (χελιδονίζοντες) sang the following song from door to door, and collected provisions in return.

He comes, he comes who loves to bear
Soft sunny hours, and seasons fair,
The swallow hither comes to rest
His sable wings, and snowy breast.
Then from thy flowing wealth bestow
Rich flagons of the rosy wine,
And wheaten cakes of flour fine,
And ripe fig-cheeses in our baskets stow.
And let the swallow-guest partake
The dainties of the omelet cake.

Now shall we empty-handed go
Or will you give? Say—"yes, or no."

If "no"—guard well your cottage door
We'll have it, posts and all—nay more,
Your little wife, its mere child's play
So light she is—we'll bear away.

Then give, and give with liberal hand
The swallow asks, your doors unfold;
No grey-beards are we, feeble, old,
But Rhodian boys, who on thy threshold stand.

J. M.

May 21, 1846.

The following authentic anecdote of my favorite bird may be introduced here. It is not only characteristic of it, but places its sense and affection in a strong and very interesting light. I shall give it in the words of a fair correspondent.

"Some time ago, a pair of martins built their nest under the slated roof of our cottage, just over my bed-room window. The summer proved exceedingly hot and dry—the clay that formed the outward coat of the nest, cracked, and one morning the whole fell down. It was found on a flower-border under the window, with four unfledged young ones. These, with the fragments of the nest, were carefully placed in a basket, just large enough to hold them. The two old birds flew about in evident distress all day. In the evening, the basket was tied on the sill of the bed-room window in the hope that they might be induced to continue to feed their young; nor was that hope

disappointed. The parent birds most diligently fed their offspring for several days, and did not appear at all annoyed by being watched. They would enter the window, and walk about the dressing-table, although we might be seated leaning our elbows on it observing the proceedings. One of the young birds was weaker than the other three, and consequently was not so well fed, or so forward in growth and plumage. It was also kept under by its clamorous companions. When the old birds came with their mouth full of meat, it could hardly find room to extend its bill for a share, and therefore usually came off with short commons. The happy day at length arrived when this poor bird was to be released from a portion of its misery. Its three robust brethren took wing and left it in full possession of the nest. It stretched its cramped limbs, and no doubt rejoiced in its comparative freedom, but with birds, as with the human race, 'every rose has its thorn,' every pleasure its attendant pain. It had now plenty of room and food, but the poor little half-naked bird became cold in its enlarged space. It was evident that it would rather have been trampled on, than left to shiver all alone.

"On the morning after the flight of its companions, I was awoke, very early, by an unusual fluttering of wings. I looked out from my window curtains, and saw the two old martins perched

vis-à-vis on the edge of the basket. They twittered to each other, and I could almost fancy that they were conversing for some time. It must have been an important consultation. When it appeared to be over they flew away. 'Alas! you poor little cripple,' thought I, 'what will become of you now? Your parents think it too much trouble to attend to you alone; a sharp east wind has set in; you have no warm covering to your nest, as it had before it fell from the roof — then one little hole was the only aperture, and which ever way the wind came, it was the same to you — perhaps your parents are going to desert you — but I did not know the '*bird-mind.*' (It is the expression of that good and amiable man, Mr. Sharon Turner.) The old birds are gone, but they soon return. They feed their little helpless young one — they give him, as we supposed more than enough — but they were going to be busy, and would not have leisure to give him another meal for a long time. Away they flew, but soon returned with their bills full of clay, which they deposited on the edge of the basket — then away again, then returned loaded as before, and thus backward and forward, all day till they had worked up a wall more than three inches high on that edge of the basket exposed to the east, from which the cold wind at that time had set in. The young bird was thus

protected, and was also carefully tended by its parents till the time came when it was able to procure its own living.

"We long kept the basket, with its artificial wall, but in process of time it crumbled into dust."

I was the more pleased at receiving this anecdote, because it serves to confirm an idea I have long entertained, and have endeavoured to prove, that some animals are possessed of faculties nearly allied to reason, as well as forethought, energy and affection. Amongst birds, swallows have proved themselves to be pre-eminent for these faculties, of which some extraordinary and well-authenticated instances have been given in former works of mine. In the occurrence just related, we hardly know which to admire most—the reasoning faculties of the birds, or the affection which prompted them to shelter their young one from the cold wind. Bees have been known, with admirable foresight, to contract the entrance to their hive by building a sort of fortification, so that only one of these insects could enter at a time, and thus they could the more effectually defend themselves. This was done for self-preservation, but in the case of the swallows, affection preponderated over fear of danger, and a strong glimmering of reason, assisted by that affection, led to the

remarkable result which has been noticed. Wonderful, indeed, is it that the love of animals for their young should be so intense and violent while it is necessary for the preservation of the offspring, and still more wonderful that it should continue beyond the usually allotted time when accident or feebleness have rendered additional care necessary. May we not rightly suppose that the good and benevolent Creator of all things, whose mercies are over all His works, has imparted to His creatures such a degree of reason under peculiar, and what may be called *irregular* circumstances in the order of nature, as is necessary to extricate them from difficulties, and to afford a striking proof of His goodness? It is a subject of the greatest interest, nor can I help feeling that the Divine Spirit, which pervades every thing, even the minutest insect, and is every where present, has endowed some creatures with peculiar aptitudes conducive to their preservation and well-being. Infinite goodness delights in conferring benefits, even upon what appears to us insignificant objects. "He feedeth the young ravens that call upon Him."

But let us walk out this beautiful May evening, and see the moon rise, and inhale the perfume of the hawthorn hedge, and hear the responsive nightingales. Everything is calm, peaceful and delightful, and it is difficult to say which is most

to be enjoyed—the morning or the night scene. It caused me to recollect these descriptive lines of Leyden—

Sweet Spring, in vest of emerald hue,
With daisy buds embroider'd fair,
Calls the grey sky-lark to renew
Her morning carols, high in air.

Soul of the world! thy cheering rays
Bid my full heart with transport burn!
Again on nature's charms I gaze,
And youth's delightful days return.

The evening scenery gave rise to the following translation from the Greek by the same friend who favoured me with the song of the Rhodian swallow.

ALCMANIS LYRICI FRAGMENTUM. *(A Night-Piece.)*

Εὕδουσιν δ'ὄρέων κορυφαὶ. V. ed. Welcker. p. 25. 4to.

How still reposing in the moonlight sky
The silent mountains lift their crests on high;
Stern darkness broods o'er grot and cavern deep,
And every shadowy headland seems to sleep.
Sweet, gentle earth! on thy maternal breast
Thy sad and wearied children sink to rest.
Far mid the depths of ocean's purple wave
The slumbering sea-horse seeks his weedy cave;
While in each rocky cleft, and forest tree
Repose the labours of the yellow bee.
E'en they of painted wing, and plumage gay
Who sang their carols to the live-long day,
All hushed, and silent now, with drooping breast
Close the faint wing, and seek the downy nest.

Cold must that heart be which does not exult in the renovation of nature in the month of May. How many myriads of insects burst into new life, and rejoice in the sun-beams, or emerging from that sparkling stream, flit over its surface in all the gaiety of pleasure. And then the verdant grass and showy flowers, and the song of birds—

The gurgling rill so softly urged its way—
The birds so blithely warbled on the spray;
So sweet the blushing flowers perfumed the air;
The hills so verdant, and the meads so fair.

These pretty lines remind me of the lament of Mary, Queen of Scotland, on the early Spring, and which is full of poetry and tenderness.

Now nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea;
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Make woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild, wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest;
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae;
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of ȝ' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I cannot conclude this slight sketch of the rural objects and sounds which are so pleasing in the month of May more particularly, without noticing what Mr. White calls the "stridulous" music of the grashopper. It is an insect full of vigour, energy, and sprightliness, with extraordinary muscular powers when its size is considered. It has been much celebrated by the ancient poets, Anacreon among the rest, who calls it the "songster to the shepherd dear," and declares that "all its hours are peace and mirth." The male only sings, if its lively chirps may be called singing, and which occasioned Zenarchus to suppose that their happiness was occasioned by their having *silent wives*. The following very close translation of a Greek poem on the Cicada, the grashopper of Italy, is by the same friend to whom I have already referred. It should not be lost sight of, in reading Greek ideas in English language, that what the Greek poets aimed at in their poetry,

was to express themselves with simplicity and accuracy.

TO THE CICADA.

Meleagri Epigr: cxi. cxii.

Ηχήεις τέττιξ, &c.

Fill'd with the morning's roseate dew, thy song
Is heard along the solitary hills
Resounding, and the lonely crags, far off
From haunts of men;—for thou the leafy shade
Lovest, and woodland solitudes, there best
Thy lyre attuning, and with joyous feet *
Striking thy wings sonorous; for my sake
Sing to the nymphs who haunt the forest glades,
Sweet insect-warbler, sing another song
Rivalling Pan's own pipe; and sing for me,
That flying love importunate, in peace
My noon-day slumbers I may take, stretch'd out
In some cool grot, or where the streamlet winds
Beneath yon Platane's broad incumbent shade.

Certainly our most agreeable ideas of the country are associated with rural sounds, and the first appearance in the spring of primroses, violets and cowslips. How cheering are their first blossoms to the eye after a dreary winter.

The primrose
From underneath the mossy root peeps out—

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* It is evident that some of the ancient poets were acquainted with the fact that the male grashopper produces his chirping noise by striking his feet against his wings.

And then the humble violet with its fragrance
And purple blush, on which the sweet south breathes
Stealing and giving odour—then spotted cowslips
Gilding the meads, by eager children cropt.

Indeed the period of hope and gladness has again burst forth, and cold must that heart be which does not enjoy the cheering influence of the season. It delights me the more, because I have always endeavoured to let no object of interest escape my observation during my walks in the country, especially in the early spring. And what an early one this has been! Violets and primroses in blossom at the end of February, and apricots early in March. The country was white with the snowy bloom of plums and even pears at the same period; the meadows verdant with superabundant grass, while many birds were building their nests, and singing with all the hilarity of a soft May morning. Nor must the rooks be unnoticed. These birds, many weeks before their usual time of making and repairing their nests, might be seen busily employed in this task of love, and before the showers of April commenced they had young ones. And here I may with some propriety introduce another translation from the Greek of Athenæus by the same friend to whom I am indebted for the preceding ones.

THE CROW SONG,

From Athenæi Deipnosoph: Lib. VIII. c. 59.

Ἐσθλοὶ, κορώνη χεῖρα &c.

"I remember Phœnix of Colophon, the Iambic poet, makes mention of the custom of persons collecting money for the 'Crow,' and his words are these;"

Good people, a handful of barley bestow
Upon the lov'd child of Apollo—the Crow.
A small halfpenny loaf—what you have in your hand;—
We don't in such cases on nicety stand.
A small basket of salt we'll accept—for you know
There are few things that come much amiss to the Crow.
Who gives little to day, will in time give us more,
By-and-bye, we shall have of rich honey a store.
Come open your doors—Plutus hears—as I stand
I see a fair girl with ripe figs in her hand;
Oh! heaven reward her! and keep her from harm!
May she soon have a husband, a house, and a farm.
And as Time advances, her old man to please,
May he find a young boy to caress on his knees,
And a sweet little girl—Ah! I see! on my life
Some one of her cousins, will ask her for wife.
But I, the mean while, thro' the country must go,
At the door of each house asking alms for the Crow;
Some give me a trifle, and some too refuse
But on each I bestow a few notes of my muse.

Sir, I know you're well off! then to give don't be loth,
Good Sir! and sweet Madam!—I ask of you both.
Its a custom—a law which you very well know—
Then give heart and hand; freely give—to the Crow.

It is to be regretted that a translation of the Collectanea of Athenæus has not been published, as his work contains many very curious and interesting details of ancient Greek customs. It is entitled "The Deipnosophists, or Table Talk of the Sophists," and was first printed by Aldus in 1514. Athenæus wrote in the third century. I shall be excused for giving an imitation of one of the fragments in his work by the same friend who sent me the foregoing verses.

FRAGMENTUM STESICHORI LYRICI.

πολλὰ μὲν κυδώνια &c. (Imitated.)

HELEN.

Roll'd the refulgent car along
Bearing the fair bride of the Spartan king;
Who in her radiant beauty like a star
Or earth-born Venus shone afar:
And see with dance and choral song,
Mycenæ's dark-hair'd daughters bring
Their choicest gifts—and golden quinces throw
In her chaste lap, and boughs of myrtle bloom

Odorous, and white as snow,
And roses on Eurota's banks that blow,
And violet showers, the earliest of the spring
To break the winter's gloom;
Beautiful Helen! in thy queenly pride
To thee we bow — great Menelaus' bride;
With downcast eyes, and bended knee,
Sweets to the sweet — we offer these to thee.

HIS ONLY CHILD.

A VILLAGE STORY.

> Virtues like these at once delight and press
> On the fond father with a proud distress;
> On all around he looks with care and love,
> Grieved to behold, but happy to approve.
>
> CRABBE.

THOSE who are in the habit of conversing much with the farmers and peasantry of their own neighbourhood, especially in the more retired rural districts, will seldom fail of obtaining not only much useful information, but also of hearing little facts and circumstances of village life which are neither devoid of interest or instruction. These anecdotes are always, in my opinion, much more pleasing than any stories of fictitious events, however well related. Truth and reality will, indeed, always have an advantage over romance. At all events I hope that this will be the case in the following narrative, which I collected from various sources, and which interested me much at

the time I heard it. It relates to a deaf and dumb girl who formerly resided in my own neighbourhood—

> Beyond participation lay
> Her troubles, and beyond belief.

And yet a casual observer would have found it difficult to believe that Margaret's was a life of suffering. It was true that she was what the villagers termed *afflicted.* From her birth the sense of hearing had been denied her. The sweet and blessed sounds of Nature had never reached her, nor had the pleasant voices of kindred and of kindness soothed her heart, and softened her young feelings. Whatever might have been the treasure laid up in a heart and mind which subsequent events proved to be all woman's—need I observe that it was tender, generous and unselfish —that treasure was hid in the depths of a most secret sanctuary. But if ought was there, beyond a doubt it was the purity of innocence. Ignorant of even an erring thought, she quietly pursued her guileless, though narrow path, free from reproach as a sinless child.

Margaret was the only child of the prosperous owner of the Hill Farm. Her father was wealthy, for his wants were few, and to him the weighing down misery of debt was a stranger. Mr. Bradley was well known to, and greatly respected by the whole neighbourhood. He was kind to his in-

feriors and dependants; a good father, and a generous master. In all disputes which arose at the parish meetings, and they were not a few, he was the never failing peace-maker, and the friend of the poor and needy.

The house at the Hill Farm was a large old-fashioned, but convenient mansion, for mansion it might justly be called, as, till within a very few years of the period of which I write, it had boasted of the title of the "Manor house." Its former possessor, a young man of spendthrift habits, had, at the age of twenty-five nearly dissipated the fortune bequeathed to him by a long line of respectable ancestors, and was an outlaw in a foreign land. Mr. Bradley became the purchaser of the Hill Farm estate, once held by the Holbrooke family. One prettily situated cottage, with its few acres of land, alone remained.

Farmer Bradley had, for his situation in life, accumulated considerable wealth. He had married a woman with a small fortune, and being careful, shrewd, and prudent, it had, with what he possessed of his own, rapidly accumulated, so that it was thought by the uninitiated that £30,000 was not too much at which to estimate the wealth of the substantial owner of the richest farm in the neighbourhood. Still with all this, to his credit be it spoken, he never pretended to be aught beyond his station—that of a good independent,

industrious and hospitable English farmer. In this character he was visited by many of the gentlemen in the county, and liked and respected by all whose good opinion was worth having. The only recreation in which he indulged was that of hunting, and his fondness for it occasioned, perhaps, a portion of his popularity. If a whole field of sportsmen rode over his wheat, Farmer Bradley never complained, nor did he grumble when his neat hedges were broken down. Himself ever amongst the foremost in the field, it was impossible for him to show or feel displeasure at the trespasses of others. His large brown horse—he was himself a man of powerful frame—was one of the finest to be seen at the cover side—it was as well known as "the three beeches" at Langley down, the most frequent meet in the country. Was there ever a dispute about the relative merits of two favourite hounds, the stout farmer's opinion was sure to be loudly called for, and not till his good humoured face was seen on the hill side, was the field considered a good one. And then there was sometimes a capital luncheon to be had at the farm after the run, with the good home-brewed ale, and the farmer's welcome, so hearty and so sincere, that it was well worth it all.

Farmer Bradley had been for some years a widower, and his only child, and sole companion

was Margaret, the deaf and dumb girl. And what were Margaret's pleasures? What could she do to render her life not burthensome to herself, and her presence and society not irksome to others? Nothing—Margaret was untaught. None of those excellent plans for instruction and opening the minds of those who were situated as this poor girl, were then known at this sequestered village. Margaret was beloved by all who knew her. None could tell exactly why—but so it was, and she felt it and was happy. To her father she was rendered immeasurably dear by her affliction, and he endeavoured, by a constant and unremitting care, to render her life endurable to her. Nothing was required of the gentle delicate girl, but to smile and be happy—And smile she did, and it gladdened the heart of her father to see it. No work rendered her small hands less white than those of a softly nurtured lady, nor was ever the sun suffered to shine too fiercely on the fair cheek of the farmer's daughter.

Margaret was seldom, if ever, seen beyond the precincts of the farm. She had her bees, and her flowers, and her poultry, all of which demanded and obtained her care. Then there was the gay linnet, which sung so sweetly, though alas! not for her, in his gilded prison in the honey-suckle porch—All these were the objects of her affection and solicitude, and amongst them might she be often

seen, or not less frequently wandering by the sides of the sparkling brook which ran at the foot of her father's garden. It was, indeed a pleasant garden—old fashioned it is true, but to me there is a charm about those gardens of former times, which does not exist in the less formal ones of the present day. Such roses as were mixed with the well-trimmed gooseberry and currant bushes! And such beds of sweet pinks, and clumps of lavender and southern wood! And then the borders were edged with the bright gay blossoms of the thrift, and here and there the little flower of the London pride peeped through an opening, or nestled beside a tussuck of polyanthus. The honeysuckles climbed unheeded over the taller trees, around whose stems were pleasant seats, on which you might repose and listen to the songs of the cheerful birds above your head. It was, indeed, the pleasantest of all the many possessions of which imprudence and extravagance had dispossessed the once wealthy family of Holbrooke. But to return to Margaret.

It might form a curious subject of reflection what were the thoughts, if thoughts they could be called, which flitted across the mind of this poor girl. Was it possible that her existence was merely that of the brute creation, or did she, in her way, reason, and endeavour to dive into the mystery of all the good by which she was sur-

rounded? It was difficult to believe that all within was confusion and darkness; and, indeed, with her fair face and graceful movements, that deaf and dumb girl was described to me as an object of great interest to others; while her peaceful hours glided on unmarked to herself by any change—so uniform was their tenour.

Margaret had reached her twentieth year, and thus had her young life sped on. She was an heiress, and no inconsiderable one, and never was heiress guarded with a care equally watchful and affectionate. The noisy fox-hunters who were frequent guests at the farm-house, knew that it contained a young and lovely inmate, but they knew also that she was the child of affliction, and while their curiosity was often raised by the perhaps exaggerated reports of Margaret's beauty, their futile attempts to gratify it were never characterized by rudeness, or want of delicate feeling. It was soon remarked how rarely Margaret was to be seen, and at length a kind of mysterious veil was drawn by the busy fancy of the imagination over the fair dweller at the Hill Farm. The reports and conjectures concerning her were various. It was at first supposed that she was still more an object of compassion than, in fact, she was, for there were not wanting curious idlers who declared her to be deficient in intellect. If such had been the case, it would have mattered but little to poor

Margaret that the sense of sound was denied her. "Through the mouldy vaults of the dull idiot's brain," alone could pleasant or sad echoes have resounded — but it was not so, as time and circumstances fully proved in after years.

As is generally the case, there were others who in spite of the farmer's well known character as a good, and a kind, and a religious man, dared to whisper that it was the father's ill usage, which had affected the mind of the child, and that nothing could excuse or warrant the species of imprisonment in which they declared the unhappy girl was kept.

It was long before these reports reached the ears of farmer Bradley. In fact he was not a person to whom a calumniator would willingly whisper his poisonous tales. Such people are generally cowards, and there was about this stout English yeoman a something, which seemed to say that a word spoken against his honour and integrity could not be uttered with impunity.

But the time did at length arrive when the malicious story, which idleness had coined, and bad feeling had put into circulation, came to the farmer's knowledge in the following manner. At a parish meeting, some enquiries were made into the state of the poor in the workhouse, as the master of it, a man of a harsh and ungrateful temper, had been supposed to have exercised

unnecessary severity towards some of its inmates, One of these was an idiot, a boy of some twenty years of age—he might be more — but the quiet lines of his face, which passion seemed never to have distorted, made it appear almost that of a child. He was an orphan, and friendless, but to the kindhearted he was an object of compassion, and to none more so than to farmer Bradley. He was perfectly quiet and harmless, and there were simple kinds of manual labour of which he was judged capable. But his frame was very weak, and his health indifferent, and the work allotted him should therefore have been but light. Instead of which he was tasked far beyond his strength, and was found one day sinking under the weight of a heavy load, whilst his task-master (the workhouse keeper) was goading him forward with threats and blows.

Unfortunately for him, the witness of his inhumanity was farmer Bradley, whose indignation was thoroughly roused, and who lost no time in bringing the offender before the parish meeting referred to. The most influential amongst the parish authorities were assembled in the large room of the workhouse, and the case of the poor idiot was fully investigated. The answers of the master were short and rude, and to Bradley he was even insolent. The ire of the worthy farmer rose in proportion, but he was not prepared for the blow

dealt him by the cool malice of the tyrant of the workhouse. "I say, it comes very well from you, don't it now, to be bullying because I try to get an hour's work out of a lazy chap that could work if he would—why don't we all know about that 'ere poor daughter of yourn, how you uses her—look at home, master, use your own child kinder, and don't be troubling your head about other folks."

For a moment the farmer was actually struck dumb with astonishment, but he soon recovered himself, and rising with irrepressible indignation was about to execute a very summary vengeance on the offender, when his hand was staid by a strong grasp laid upon his arm.—He turned to look, and saw a face which was utterly unknown to him. It was a young face though, and one very pleasant to see, and as the farmer gazed upon that open countenance and clear eye, he felt his wrath gradually calming down into composure. "Come away," said the new comer—"you had better not stay here"—and he gently drew the old man from the room, and into the soft fresh air. It was delightful to leave that close, hot apartment, and those angry voices, and to hear instead the joyous birds and the summer sounds. No sooner, however, had they got clear of the tumult, than Bradley looked to his companion for explanation. But first I must describe the latter, even as he was described to me.

He was, as I said before, young, certainly under thirty, and decidedly handsome. There was no doubt, too, that he had seen a good deal of the world, for the knowledge of it was stamped on his countenance. Still it was an abstract knowledge, and had not taught him guile, or low thoughts, and lower practice. There was talent in his bright eye and broad forehead, and kindness and cheerfulness in his smile. It was, in short, a pleasant face to look upon, and as its owner was not an uncommunicative person, he soon made himself known.

"I dare say you wonder who I am, dropping in among you in this sudden way—but my name's Holbrooke. No one, I believe, ever expected to see me again in this country."

He had no sooner spoken, than the farmer's broad hand was extended to grasp his. "Better late than never, Sir," he began—and then lowering his voice, added—"but is it safe, Sir? I thought you could not come to this country. Can I be of any service to you? Believe me I would do much for your father's son."

Charles Holbrooke laughed heartily at the farmer's fears, declared he was—at least for the moment—safe from any danger of arrest, and proposed accompanying the old man across the fields to his farm. The offer was gladly accepted, for Mr. Bradley, in common with most people in that

part of the country, had highly respected the father of the young spendthrift, and in spite of the many *misdemeanours* of which his son was supposed to have been guilty, the farmer felt pleased and proud to have him as a guest.

That evening saw Charles Holbrooke installed as a welcome visitor in the house which had once been his own. In the window of that pleasant parlour had his father been accustomed to spend his summer evenings, and by that self-same hearth had Charles, then a thoughtless child, nestled by his parent's side. The prodigal was returned, but, alas! there was no father to fall upon his neck, and to pardon his past offences. His place was, indeed, there, but it was filled with strangers, and had he been alone, young Holbrooke would have wept in bitterness of spirit. I have said that his was not of a reserved disposition, and thus it was not long before the farmer was initiated into the plans and prospects of his guest, while many circumstances of his past life were placed in array before him.

There was much to blame and still more to regret, but there was nothing in all he had heard to prevent the right-minded and honourable old man from taking him cordially by the hand as they parted for the night. Each felt that he had gained a friend. I never heard any accurate detail of the law affairs, which had brought Holbrooke back to

his native country. It appeared, however, that some far-sighted lawyer had discovered a something in a will, whose I know not, which he assured our hero could be turned honorably to his advantage. So sure, indeed, of success did the lawyer feel, that he even lent money to his client that he might satisfy the most urgent of his creditors, and return to England without placing his personal liberty in danger.

All this did young Holbrooke explain to his newly-found friend, and although the old man did occasionally shake his head, declaring he knew nothing about law, and could not bear lawyers, still he hoped much from the circumstance that money had, in so early a stage, been forthcoming.

Charles Holbrooke retired to rest, but not to sleep. He was agitated and excited by the sight of his old haunts, and the remembrance of his childish sports and pleasures. There was not a nook in that old wood, which might have been his, which was not as familiar to him as a twice-told tale.—There he had started a hare from her form, and panted after her in childish eagearness, till wearied, hot, and thirsty, he had thrown himself on that steep bank of harebells, and drank in the hollow of his hand of the water from that clear and brawling brook.

He looked back to those happy innocent days, as on a sunny dream—he had awoke since then—

awoke to what? To fill the cup of pleasure to the brim—to drink it to the dregs, and then to throw it from him as a valueless thing. He tossed to and fro on his restless couch, while remorse sat at his pillow, and whispered her bitter taunts in his ear. She told him of talents misapplied, of energies wasted, of wealth squandered in self-indulgence. All this did he bear, for conscience was awake and would not be hushed to sleep again. He arose from his bed a better man. He did not sink into despondency, but stoutly and unshrinkingly he looked into the past, and with a firm purpose of amendment, dwelt upon the future which might yet be his.

The next day was the Sabbath, the first which for many a long year the self-banished man had spent in his native land. He met his host at the breakfast table, and at that pleasant morning meal sat Margaret, whom he recollected as a child, while he had forgotten, or perhaps never had heard of her calamity. It was not long before he became aware that the beautiful girl before him was dumb, and unconscious of his words, while her father sighed deeply as he feelingly spoke of her misfortune. The angry blood also mounted into his cheeks, while dwelling upon the calumny which the workhouse master had dared to utter concerning him. "But," said Holbrooke, deeply interested, "why do you not force him and the

world to acknowledge that your child is cared for as such a child should be. She has not been taught, you say; she can neither read nor write. What a new world of ideas might be opened to her, and her very countenance would shew the change wrought in her by instruction and the acquirement of knowledge."

The farmer listened attentively. "He had heard," he said, "of such wonderful things as teaching the deaf and dumb, and even the blind, to read, but there were no schools near, and Margaret seemed happy, but surely if the Squire thought she had better learn"——Holbrooke rather hastily interrupted him—"My dear old friend," said he, "don't send away your daughter because I recommend it. I certainly think she would be happier and you too, if you gave her some education, but she is very pretty, and perhaps you had better keep her under your own eye."

The conversation was interrupted by the appearance of the farmer's chaise at the rustic porch to convey him and his daughter to the church which was at some distance. Holbrooke mounted a stout pony, and followed the party, and probably the good farmer was not a little proud as he came into the church with Margaret on his arm and his guest walking by his side. They entered the pew in which the latter had so often sat as a boy —that very pew with its worm-eaten wooden panels, and seats crumbling away with age and

neglect. It was some time before Holbrooke could look around him, so stunned did he feel with the memories of the past. On the white-washed wall above his head hung the achievements of his family, now old, torn and dusty. Recollection was busy in forcing upon him many little circumstances of his early boyhood, but these mental wanderings did not last long. He felt like the prodigal, and like him he felt in the depths of his inmost heart, repentance for his past offences. Humbly he knelt before the throne of mercy, and after fervently praying for forgiveness, he rose from his knees with a contrite heart.

That Sunday evening was passed by Holbrooke at the farm. The next morning, having satisfied his eager longing to revisit the scenes of his boyhood, he went to London. There, in that crowded city was he to await the issue of the trial which was to confirm him a beggar, or restore him to affluence and consideration. Still firm in his resolution of amendment, he abstained from every indulgence by which unnecessary expense might be incurred. He engaged a small lodging in an obscure part of the town, avoided all meetings with his former friends, and lived a life of seclusion and self-denial.

In the meantime the hint he had given the honest farmer concerning his daughter was neither thrown away or unheeded. Long was it before the latter could make up his mind to part with his child, but

hi anxious desire for her improvement and ultimate happiness at length prevailed, and the sacrifice was made. To a large provincial town in the West of England, some considerable distance from his residence, was Margaret conveyed by her anxious parent. It was very difficult at first, indeed almost impossible, to make her understand the motives of this separation from her first and only friend. After he had left her thus alone among strangers, many and bitter were the tears she shed, and it was long before the kind instructresses of the establishment could calm her mind and restore her composure. The farmer returned lonely and sad. The first object he beheld on approaching his house, was the unhappy parish idiot, crouched near a hedge, and almost hidden by the long grass. The poor creature was trembling with cold and fear, having wandered beyond the precincts of his dreaded abode. He stood too much in awe of his tyrant to venture back, and there he lay wet, miserable and helpless, when the farmer's approach made him look up. "Hallo, Jack," said the latter kindly, "what are you doing here—get up, man; how came they to let you out at this time of the day?" Jack's reply was not very clear, but it was sufficiently so to make his kind-hearted questioner aware that the poor boy was labouring under the joint effects of fear, cold and hunger. The farmer's heart was touched.

"Come home with me, poor fellow," he said, "and I will see what can be done for you."

In a very few minutes after this colloquy, the good farmer and his companion were seated before a well-spread table in the enjoyment of such a meal as the latter had never, perhaps, known before during the course of his miserable existence. The supper over, the farmer began to think what he should do with his guest. His kinder feelings made him revolt from the idea of restoring him to his persecutor, and yet what a useless, helpless creature he was. Long did the good man ponder over the matter; so long that the unhappy subject of his thoughts, wearied and exhausted, had sunk into a sound and unbroken sleep on the hearth-rug at his feet. The farmer gazed pityingly on his pale, wan cheek, and as he gazed, the struggle between prudence and generosity was brought to an abrupt determination. The poor idiot's fate was fixed, and from that time he became the happy dependant of the Hill Farm. It is not to be supposed that this act of kindness softened the animosity of the master of the workhouse. On the contrary the enmity of this man against his rich neighbour increased ten-fold, and there was no species of petty annoyance to which he did not have recourse to vex and irritate him.

It was not long before a great and visible improvement took place both in the mental and

physical condition of poor Jack.—Well fed, decently clothed, and no longer living in fear, his mind gradually strengthened, and although always weak, and to a certain degree wandering, he was discovered to be not quite an idiot. His gratitude and devotion to his protector were unbounded, and his endeavours to re-pay, in some degree, his kindness towards him were incessant.

More than a year had now passed, and things remained the same. Margaret was still a pupil at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and report said a most promising one, and Holbrooke's cause was yet undecided.

At length the worthy farmer began to weary of his daughter's lengthened absence, and one bright sunny October day, he put his portly person into the coach which passed through the village, and with a lighter heart than he had known for many a day, found himself rolling on towards the abode of his child. Had, however, the farmer known when he left his house what was to occur during his absence, he most assuredly would have remained at home, even though such a delay might have retarded the meeting with his daughter for many a long day to come.

It was but two hours after his departure, that a traveller, way worn and depressed, entered his house.—He did not walk in boldly, or even by the front and principal entrance, but with stealthy

steps he skirted round to the back. The new comer was no other than Holbrooke. The important cause on which his future fortunes depended, had been decided against him, and he was penniless. More deeply involved than ever, he was come but to bid adieu to his old friend, and then to leave the country never to return. Great was his disappointment on learning the absence of his former host, and he was preparing, after a short interval of repose, to leave the house with a heart still heavier than before, when to his surprize the idiot of the workhouse entered abruptly. He closed the door with violence, and after fastening it with bolt and bar, he stood mute and trembling before Holbrooke. Presently a loud and surly voice was heard outside demanding admittance. Holbrooke was about to open the door, when Jack, whose eyes followed his movement, darted upon it, and with vehement prayer and gesture staid his hand. "It is him—I hear him—don't let him in"—he cried in an agony of terror, and Holbrooke was so much moved by his passionate entreaties, that he discontinued his attempt to admit the intruder. The person who occasioned all this nervous agitation in the weak heart of poor Jack was no other than his old persecutor the master of the workhouse. One of the principal creditors of Holbrooke had given a writ to a bailiff in order that he might arrest him, and as it was

rightly conjectured that the unfortunate young man would pay a visit to Farmer Bradley at his former home, the man was dispatched to the village. Not hearing of him there, he went to the farm, attended by his acquaintance, the master of the workhouse, who willingly offered to accompany him. Holbrooke had, in fact, been traced to the village, but had been lost sight of there. Jack's violent alarm had hidden his prey from the eager search of the bailiff, at least for the present. He had, in fact, no idea that the object of his visit was so near him, and after waiting a considerable length of time, he and his companion reluctantly left the premises, in order to carry on the search elsewhere. Luckily for him, no one had seen Holbrooke enter the house, and it was not till the evening, when the labourers returned from their work, that his presence there was known. Holbrooke had heard enough of the conversation of the bailiff when outside the window to be fully aware of the object of his visit, and he therefore made up his mind to wait till night before he quitted the farm. His intention, however, was changed by the advice of an old labourer who had been a servant of his father's, and who pledged himself and his fellow labourers for his safety, if he would remain concealed at the farm till the return of its owner.

There then, for nearly a week, did the fugitive remain, having for his attendant the faithful Jack, who was unremitting in his attentions, and well-meant attempts to please him. At the expiration of that period, and when Holbrooke's patience and fear of encroaching, were well nigh exhausted, he was rejoiced to see the good farmer driving leisurely along the fields towards the house. In a few minutes his cheerful greeting was heard, and Margaret, by whom he was accompanied, was, without loss of time assisted from the vehicle. There was something of shame and disappointment mingled with Holbrooke's better feelings as he made his situation known to his kind old friend. He had to tell him of his loss of fortune, and that he stood before him the very beggar and outcast that his own follies had made him.

And how did the good farmer act on the occasion? If anything his manner was still more kind and friendly than before, and it certainly was more respectful. He pressed upon his young friend the kindest offers of pecuniary assistance, but in vain. Holbrooke was too proud, and it may be added, too right-minded to accept the loan of money which he saw no means of ever repaying. He agreed, however, to remain his guest for one week longer, and it is difficult to say who was most gratified at this arrangement. The farmer was

grateful for Holbrooke's suggestion respecting his daughter's instruction, and Holbrooke for the kindly offers of the farmer, and for the asylum he afforded him.

But Margaret came!—Margaret! with her deep blue eyes so filled with intelligence and thought! Who could see her now, without instantly perceiving that every feeling she possessed had expanded into light and life? She could read—she could write—she could hold converse with her fingers, and every hour opened to her some new stores of information and delight. Her beauty was immeasurably heightened by her mental improvement. She looked up with a prouder and more open glance, while her very stature seemed to have expanded to a nobler and more commanding heighth. Those only who have witnessed the wonderful success which has attended the exertions of good and benevolent persons (I might mention one in particular) in institutions for teaching the deaf and dumb, will not wonder at the striking improvement displayed by Margaret. When their sensibilities are once roused—when new ideas and new feelings spread with rapidity over their minds, their countenances beam with an intelligence which it is delightful to behold, and which those, whose faculties have never been impaired, do not possess. This intellectual ardour, if I may call it so, in those deaf and dumb persons who

have been properly educated, must be seen to be believed, and when once seen it is not readily obliterated from the mind.

So it was with Margaret. On Holbrooke, whom she justly considered as, under Providence, the cause of the inestimable blessings she now experienced, she looked with eyes beaming with gratitude, and the eyes may almost be said to be the language of the deaf and dumb; nor could he remain insensible to these speaking looks. They soon began to converse by writing short sentences, and Holbrooke had scarcely half written one, when an intelligent sign shewed him that he was understood. At the end of two days, he learned the *Alphabet* of the fingers, and thus conversations were carried on. Margaret was incessant in her expressions of gratitude to Holbrooke, and we know that gratitude is nearly allied to love. Her soft glances, her eyes sometimes filled with tears, as she told him of her present happiness—of the intelligence—the new ideas and feelings—which had burst in upon her—the new creature in fact, which she had become, all these could not fail to convince him that he was beloved, nor was it in his nature not to return so much affection. He restrained, however, any expression of his present feelings. He knew himself to be a beggar, and that he should ill repay the kindness, hospitality and protection which had been afforded him, by

taking advantage of Margaret's new-born love. Towards the end of the week, therefore, he announced to his kind host his intention of quitting his hospitable house, and of seeking his fortune as best he might. The farmer combated his intention with every argument in his power, but without effect. Holbrooke's determination was made, and could not be shaken. In vain was he told of the happiness they had been enjoying—of the pleasure his company had afforded, and of the gloomy prospects before him. Holbrooke prepared for his departure with a heavy and almost a despairing heart. He felt, however, that he was acting right, and this supported him.

But how did Margaret receive the tidings that she was about to lose him whom she so fervently loved, and who had contributed so much to the enjoyment of the happiest week certainly of her life? When the intelligence was communicated to her, she quitted the room with a look of despair and grief in her expressive countenance, which instantly struck upon her father's heart. He followed her, and soon discovered the cause of her altered countenance. Margaret was the child of Nature—of pure artless nature, and the secret of her heart was instantly laid open to her affectionate parent. He returned to the room, and made Holbrooke an offer of his daughter's hand, and his own ample fortune. Holbrooke confessed

his unbounded love, but at the same time pointed out his poverty. The good farmer exulted at hearing his beloved daughter had gained the affection of the young squire, as he often called him, while his poverty was of no consequence, as he had plenty of money for both, and he would again become possessed of what was once his own.

Need I add that Holbroke led the pretty Margaret to the Altar, his pecuniary matters having been arranged by the substantial assistance of her father. Long and happily did they live together, and the "young squire," never regretted his union with the deaf and dumb girl.

The workhouse idiot, for so he was always called, was their especial care, and till very lately he was to be seen on his accustomed bench in the Village Church, the never failing fresh gathered nosegay in his button hole, and his old and well worn prayer-book in his hand.

So, blest Creator, let an idiot pay
His mite of gratitude this feeble way.

LINES WRITTEN

AT

LAYER-MARNEY TOWER, ESSEX.

BERTHA, to you I dedicate these rhymes,
Seeing that you and I in summer-weather,
What time the bees were busy in the limes,
To visit *Layer-Marney* went together:

And as we viewed the desolated pile,
Or sate conversing, chatting in the shade;
I could not help observing with a smile
'Twixt you and that, the striking contrast made.

For you in youthful bloom, were smiling there,
Smiling in all your youthful beauty gay;
While that old tower, desolate and bare
To wintry storms, was mouldering to decay.

But Time who harmonizes things and men,
His reconciling work will still be doing:
And you, my dear, in threescore years and ten,
Will make, I think, a very pretty *ruin*.

"A ruin'd tower" . . . . . in its decay
It speaks of glories pass'd away;
All the builder's fancies quaint,
In carved device of scroll or saint,

Shield or scutcheon, now are seen
Mouldering on the mossy green;
All that bore a glorious birth
Above the common things of earth
Are fallen now. Alas! that power
Hath vanish'd from the ancient tower;
A spell is on it, and it wears
A tender sadness in its years:
With what a pensive brow it looks
On the fields and on the brooks,
As it would recall its prime,
By gathering thoughts from elder time;
And that calm river, too is seen
Flowing beneath its margin green,
Ever as it flowed of yore;
Mid oaken copse, and forest hoar;
And here and there, on either side,
Coves where the Abbot's barge might glide
Gaining Saint Osyth with the tide.

Beside its chestnut-shaded skreen,
Where yon grey chapel-roof is seen;
There the Lords of Marney lie
In their stately canopy.
There they slumber side by side
Dreaming of their ancient pride,
When in old ancestral power
They dwelt within their stately tower.
All was theirs, both far and near,
Herd, and flock, and fallow deer;

And what beside, the forests old
In their leafy coverts hold;
When with sounding bugle they
And hound, and falcon, in array
Were chasing down the summer day.
All the wealth of hill and dale
Far as Mersey's distant vale,
Tow'r, keep, and hamlet, where the name
Of Darcey still survives in fame,
All was theirs;—where eye could range
Its morning flight o'er farm and grange.
Each inland weir, and stream-fed mill
Own'd no other master's will,
Nor harbour could the ocean boast
But theirs, along its subject coast.

So lived they in their ancient state
As became the rich and great,
With the Lord of Marney's bread,
Old and young alike were fed;
And each maiden had a shower
Of blushing gifts—her bridal dower:
So lived they, as brave men should do,
To their high achievements true,
From their wealthy store to all
Letting round their bounties fall;
Theirs was the aged widow's bread,
By them the orphan child was fed;

And what if something for delight
Was set apart, as if of right?
May had her honors; Winter bore
A garland on his tresses hoar,
And who would blame the poppy flower
That mix'd with Autumn's golden dower?
Then wide was spread the ancient hoard,
The wine-cup and the wassail-board;
With soaring hawk and bloodhounds bay
Laughter and voices light;—"'Tis May
Come to us in her green array."

There old and young with blessings meet
Came forth, each one, their lord to greet,
While from many a kerchief'd cheek
The blushing rose its thanks would speak;
And all along the village green
(That year young Edith was the queen)
May-games and merry Masques were seen.
Through the soft and summer night,
The casements gleam'd with lustre bright,
From each one, a star of flame,
Sounds of lute, and cittern came,
And in the moonlight, watching late,
For one expected at the gate
A Lady at her lattice sate.

Alas! and must these glories range,
Through a dark and sunless change

Drifting ever down;—the Earth
Lose the blessings of her birth,
And her golden moments haste
To a cold and dreary waste?
All the sympathies that ran
'Twixt Nature, and the heart of man;
All faithful ties and thoughts be rent,
Each gentle purpose and intent
Changed to tyrannous control;
Impatient will that would unroll
The future, and for empire bright
Not borrowed of supernal light?

And see the subject Earth in pain
Is groaning with an iron chain;
The river-gods within their caves
May look on their neglected waves,
And from her bed of pensive reed
Her timid urn the Naiad feed;
Oh! awful change! that nature still
Must work but at the human will,
Forego her rightful power, and be
A thing for use, and mastery.
The Earth shall yield her strength—the Ocean
Bend down in sullen awe his motion;
And shake his wreathed mane in scorn
To be a captive thing forlorn.
E'en the wild uncharter'd Wind
Links of a power unseen shall bind,

When high above the azure tides
Of air, the Ark of conquest rides,
And the daring vessel braves
Against their will the wrathful waves.

Whence comes it? for a potent spell
Is heard along each secret cell
Of Nature,—calling to obey
The thraldom of tyrannic sway.
Oh! vain dominion, late obtain'd,
Oh! power, by lawless conquest gain'd!
Who will, may praise—and yet 'twere wrong
To greet thee with the Muse's song;
An element in bondage, bent
Slave-like to work for man's intent,
Bearing with thee as a shroud
The smouldering fire, the lurid cloud,
Where erst the white-wing'd bark was seen
Gliding o'er the blue serene
In beauty like the ocean's queen.
Rise rather ancient powers that sleep
Forgotten in your caverns deep!
Rise ocean winds! and let the waves
Be loosen'd from their angry caves,
Trampling in indignant scorn
The craft, of human weakness born;
Let the subject realms obey
Once again their ancient sway,

The tall mast rear its regal head,
The sail its graceful bosom spread;
By cape or headland let it go
Opening wide its wings of snow,
And every wandering breeze be free
To waft it o'er the pathless sea.

Then wake no more to scenes of pain,
Ye Lords of Marney's old domain,
With your beards upon your breast
Lie, like good men taking rest,
Ye have lived, while life could last
In the glories of the past,
Wake not beside your stately tower
Ruin'd by Time's relentless power.
Lords of Marney's ancient race
Together sleeping face to face,
Wake not now to dreams of pain;—
Time hath dropt his golden chain;
Chain of rightful power that still
Held rule o'er Man's submissive will;
Aimless as the winds that range
Is the wild unfettered change;
Custom hath loosed her gentle yoke,
His willing bondage, Duty broke.
So ill from ill doth ever flow,
The harvest comes in bitter woe;
And ere many a year shall flee
Yon gray and ruin'd tower shall be
Oh! thoughtless Land a type of thee!

Sad emblem of what once had been
Like thee, and now no more is seen:
A shadow of an old and mighty sway
That cover'd half the world—then slowly pass'd away.

J. M.

"At some distance from the River Coln (which gives the name to Colchester) is Lair-Marney, so called from the Lord Marney to whom it belonged, and who, with some others of the name lie interred in very fair tombs in the Church there.

"St. Osyth was the chief seat of the Lords Darcy, stiled *Lords of Chich,* and advanced to the dignity of Barons by Edward the Sixth."—See *Camden's Britannia.*

NOTICES OF BIRDS, ETC.

I am highly delighted to see the jay or the thrush hopping about my walks.

SPECTATOR.

Some will evermore peep through their eyes, and laugh like parrots at a bag-piper.

SHAKSPEARE.

If fieldfares come early out of the northern countries, they show us cold winters.

BACON.

COUNTRY people often note the phenomena of nature with great accuracy, and are also, in fact, something of naturalists without being aware of it themselves. I mean by this remark that they are often acute observers of the habits of animals, and sometimes infer from them a change in the weather, or some other circumstances which would probably escape the observation of other persons. I therefore always pay great attention to the remarks of steady old labourers whom I may meet with in my walks or rides, and I lose no opportunity of entering into conversation with them, as I can generally pick up some useful observations.

Those who have resided in the country will have occasionally seen an assembly of jays, and heard their incessant screaming, accompanied by loud and angry vociferation. A countryman will tell you that they are *mobbing* an owl, and such is generally the case. A friend of mine while riding in the country, heard this screaming from a large assemblage of jays, and at the same time perceived a man, who, having picked up a stone, crept stealthily along the road for some distance. My informant thinking that this action of his had some reference to the noise of the jays, although he scarce thought it probable they would remain to be pelted, rode up, and asked what he was about to do.

"Oh," he said, "these jays are mobbing an owl." He was asked if he had seen him—"No," he replied, "but that is the noise they always make when so doing;" and then pointing in the direction from whence the cries proceeded, he added—"I lay a bet the owl is in that old crab-tree. I was picking up the stone to knock him down."

The curiosity of my informant was excited, and opening a gate, he rode close to the tree from whence the jays had already flown, and there sat the owl, which allowed the tree to be shaken violently before it took flight. "Be sure," said

the countryman, "when you hear jays making that noise, they are mobbing an owl."

The strong propensity of migratory birds to leave and return at the appointed season, plainly demonstrates that this unvarying principle within them is an instinct, by which they are providentially imbued by a beneficent Creator at the very time most adapted for their flight, and which is apparently irresistible. Indeed, they seem to be seized with the desire on a sudden, and neither sooner or later than is expedient, almost at the same time yearly, so that up to the hour of their flight, and as long as it is needful to stay for their preservation, they appear to have no thought of departure. The often undesirable faculty of anticipating the future, with all its cares and prospective dangers, is entirely and kindly withheld from the animal creation.

Last spring a vast number of fieldfares and other birds congregated on a piece of pasture ground where turnips had been thrown for cattle, some of which were in a half decayed state, and had probably attracted insects on which the birds fed. Amongst these were blackbirds, thrushes, starlings, and other birds. The fieldfares, especially, were in a high state of excitement, waging fierce war against the blackbirds and thrushes, displaying themselves at the same time to great

advantage by movements and positions very graceful, yet sometimes grotesque. The genial warmth of the sun appeared to have the most beneficial effect upon them, and they presented a strong contrast to the wretched and starved state several of them were in during the preceding cold weather. It then became a matter of enquiry why these birds of the north should be less enabled to bear severity of climate than those delicate natives of our own fields and shrubberies, such as the blackbird, the thrush, the robin, and the wren. On looking at these fieldfares sporting in the sun, it was difficult to imagine that they could feel any inclination to leave what they so evidently and intensely enjoyed, for harsher and colder climates. The birds, too, appeared so well contented with the weather, and their position, that it was impossible not to suppose that at least a pair or two would remain to build amongst the numerous hedge-rows and thickets around. Not one, however, remained, nor will they return until the inclemency of the coming season, and the strict laws of nature force them back to our shores. The occurrence above referred to might have been a jubilee occasioned by their approaching departure, more than any mark of contentment at a prospect of remaining; just as I have seen swallows and martins twitter with great glee as the period of their migration

draws near. Among the reasons for the migration of birds may be reckoned an incapacity of bearing any great inequality of temperature; by which I mean a temperature above or below a certain degree of heat or cold. Nature too may lead birds of passage from one country to another to destroy insects which could not be sufficiently kept under by the native birds. This should be thought of by those who often wantonly kill our thought of birds, such as swallows, &c.

The following curious fact affords not only a proof of the extraordinary proceedings of swallows; but would almost seem to show that they possess the power of making their congeners aware of the unfitness of a locality for building nests in succeeding years.

Some swallows had built their nests for several years in succession in the window of a drawing room which commanded a beautiful and extensive view. They however dirtied the glass so much, that the view was obscured. In order to prevent a recurrence of this, the corners of the window were rubbed in the spring with soft soap and oil. When the breeding season arrived, the swallows attempted to build as usual, but their pellets of clay would not adhere, and fell off as fast as they were applied. The birds persevered, however, for some

days, but at last gave it up. This is not surprizing, but it is an extraordinary fact, that from that day forward not one swallow ever attempted to build in the window in question during the many years the proprietor resided in the house. How is this circumstance to be accounted for?

While on the subject of swallows, I will mention another anecdote of their proceedings. At a gentleman's seat in Scotland, the kitchen and other offices were detached from the house, but connected with it by a passage covered at the top, but open to the front, and resting on pillars. In the passage a bracket was fixed, on which a lamp was placed for the use of the servants at night. Close to this lamp swallows built for several years, not in the least disturbed by the light, or the constant passing of servants. Some alterations took place in this passage, and they built no more there, but on the opposite side of the house a large bell was hung for calling the servants from the stables to their meals. This bell was covered by a wooden box, open to the front, and under and within this box, swallows built for many years quite undisturbed by the ringing of the bell several times a day.

It has been asserted, but I do not know whether there are sufficient proofs of the fact, that Nightingales, in their migration to this country take a straight course more or less in a northerly

direction. This is given as a reason why none of these birds are found in the counties of Devon and Cornwall. Now although the cause may very possibly be argued from the effect, as it is difficult to judge from personal observation which way they fly, their arrival mostly taking place by night, certain it is that a bird coming from Africa to England, must deviate from the straight course materially in order to reach the above-named counties. Supposing that nightingales come to us through Spain and the South of France, as is most probably the case, they must either change their course to the westward about Tours, or north of that place, or else on their arrival in England, turn to the west at once, which we have sufficient proof they do not, as they are never found in those apparently genial climates; whilst in the neighbouring counties they frequent almost every hedge.

It is a curious fact in proof of the nocturnal flight of nightingales in their migrations, that such of these birds as are confined in cages are more restless at night during the migratory season.

There is nothing at all imaginary in the idea of the eye of a newly-caught bird being expressive of misery. The iris, I think it is called, by which I mean the delicate circle of tiny feathers that surrounds the eye of all soft-billed birds, seems at that time contracted; — the expression of the eye

is altered, the beak is thrown upwards, a few feathers on the head are raised, and the whole appearance of the bird at that time is one of abject wretchedness.

The habits of the moor-hen have not, I think, been sufficiently attended to, or sufficient pains taken to render them tame, which may readily be done. They are then very *amusive* birds (it is a word used by Mr. White) especially when collected on a lawn before the house. A friend of mine has a pair that build a nest every year in a pond in his garden. They breed twice a year. The two families live together until the succeeding spring, but at the pairing season only one pair remains. They perch on the trees frequently of a night, and eat ripe fruit of all sorts, and are very fond of ripe pears. Their motions, when walking, are very peculiar, and unlike those of any other birds.

The turnstone (*tringa interpres*) appears to have a wider geographical range than any other bird. I mention this because I once thought this was the case with the common snipe. The turnstone is found in Greenland, and Nova Zembla, and Mr. Darwin obtained specimens of it in the Straits of Magellan.

There is a strange eccentricity, for I do not know what else to call it, in the character or habits of some animals. I have a small Sandwich Island goose which is without a mate. She has never, that I am aware of, laid an egg, and yet she has, of her own accord, taken to a common duck's nest and hatched the eggs. She was, however, indifferent about the offspring, and soon deserted them. She will follow me a short distance, her head near the ground and a little on one side. She is perfectly tame, and never associated with the several varieties of geese on the water.

Those whose occupation keeps them to the haunts of men; who never see nature developing her beauties in the spring, or have watched the habits and instincts of animals, will be but little inclined to admit the exercise of reason; while the observant naturalist will find an approach to it, in one way or another, on many occasions. Some animals possess it in a greater degree than others. A gentleman had a sow which for some reason was excluded from her usual sty, and the door was fastened by two pegs outside with iron rings. These pegs she removed with her mouth, and thus gained access to the sty. An iron bolt was then fastened on the top of the door out of the animal's reach. Her owner then watched her proceedings.

On coming to the door, she displaced both the wooden pegs as before, and then tried to get in. Finding herself baffled in the attempt, she took up the pegs in her mouth, and removed them a short distance off, appearing to imagine that by doing so she should attain her object. She then returned to the charge, and failing again to open the door, she again took up the pegs, and carried them further off still, and this system she persevered in for some time, removing the pegs further and further, and then again attempting the door, till finding all endeavours futile, she abandoned her attempts.

It seems almost a necessary inference from the above relation to believe that something more than mere instinct (according to its usual definition) must have been at work in this instance. It was in fact the reasoning of a child, and indeed precisely the same kind of expedient that many children of about two years of age might resort to in hopes of attaining their object.

As a further illustration of this subject, I will mention an anecdote recently communicated to me by a well-known officer of high rank in the British army. He had two dogs of the terrier breed—the one rough-coated, and of rather large size, of great intelligence and great attachment, named Pincher. The other was a very small smooth-coated snarling little animal, but an excellent

house guard, named Jacko. These animals lived together on very friendly terms, domiciled generally in the housekeeper's room, where they were great favourites.

One Sunday evening, the servants were summoned to prayers, leaving the room with their supper on the table, the cook only remaining in the kitchen adjoining the supper-room. In a short time Pincher went into the kitchen, and pulled the cook's gown, who supposing he was begging for food, chid the animal and drove him away. In a few minutes he returned, and again pulled at the cook's garments, when he was again reproved. A third time he came, and pulled at her gown with more vehemence, when wondering at the cause, she followed him to the supper-room, where the first thing she saw was little Jacko helping himself to the supper.

In this instance it is impossible not to suppose that Pincher knew right from wrong, and that he thought it his duty to report the wrong done, although by his playfellow and friend, to the person in authority. Here, in fact, a degree of intelligence was shewn, which is nearly allied to reason.

The following is an instance of a sort of eccentricity in an ass, but of such an ass as the learned Dogberry could not justly have written down *an ass* in his sense of the word. A gentleman from

whom I received the anecdote, was walking down a lane near a town in Norfolk, when he found himself in company with the following personages — an ass, with a lubberly youth of seventeen or eighteen years old upon his back, beating the animal most unmercifully with a thick stick on the head and neck — an old man armed with a hedge-stake striking at the hocks and hind-quarters, and a boy of eleven or twelve, also with a stick, *cutting* here and there as opportunity offered. The animal was certainly as awkward as an animal could well be, kicking, turning round, and throwing his feet upon the raised footpath, at the same time resolutely refusing to stir one step in advance.

"Isn't this a nice brute we've got here, Sir," said the old man to my informant, "we have been trying this three-quarters of an hour to get him on and we can't." The gentleman told him he would try what he could do, and having disarmed the three of their sticks, and laid them on the path, commenced a milder course of treatment by patting the animal on the neck, rubbing his nose, and speaking kindly to him. He evidently understood this tone of kindness, for hardly two minutes had elapsed, before, on the word of command, and a farewell pat on the neck, he cantered off as gaily as possible with the lout on his back, and in the proper direction.

Now here was a case of eccentric temper in an animal. One might almost fancy that it reasoned in the following manner — "As this fellow treats me in a becoming manner, and conducts himself like a gentleman, I don't mind if I go on; but if ever those three blackguards with the sticks should have made me stir one inch further, I'd be shot!" Sterne pleaded well in behalf of this useful, gentle, submissive, and *might-be-made* tractable animal, but alas! many years have rolled by, and the poor donkey still feasts on thistles, and not on maccaroons!

Various anecdotes might be mentioned of the eccentricity of dogs, and these might make an amusing chapter. My brother had a spaniel, which, on being affronted by being offered bread instead of meat, would trot off to me, a distance of seven or eight miles, and remain with me till her sulky fit was over, when she would return to her master. Cats, and many other animals, also, have their eccentricities.

HEVER CASTLE,

KENT.

" I was your wife, Lordly Antonio,
And in that balance, equall'd with yourself;
I was your handmaid, and you might have trod
On my humility,—I had kist your feet;—
But with disdain thou tramplest on my throat."—

All's lost by Lust.
W. Rowley, 1633. 4to.

It was a bright and beautiful summer morning that myself and friend, Mr. Mitford, my constant companion in my rural excursions, left the busy hum of London,

Fumum et opes, strepitumque Romæ,

for the secluded vallies of Kent, and its varied and beautiful scenery; and leaving the train at Edenbridge, walked through the fields to Hever Castle, the immediate object of our pleasant little journey. The first view of the castle is very striking as seen from the church-yard above it; and on approaching it, it more than confirms all

the expectation that could rationally have been formed; a very brief sketch of its history will not be uninteresting. Hever was the principal seat and manor of a family of the same name, and was built in the reign of Edward the Third. It was purchased from the family of Hever, by Sir Geoffrey Bulleyn, who had been Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Henry the Sixth, and from whom it descended to his grandson, Sir Thomas Boleyn, the father of the beautiful and unfortunate Ann Boleyn. Upon his death, Henry the Eighth claimed the house and manor in right of his wife, which he afterwards granted to his repudiated consort, Anne of Cleves,* who resided here, and it thus became the abode of two of Henry the Eighth's wives. It may here be mentioned as a curious historical fact, that all the six wives of Henry could claim a descent from Edward the First. It is certain that Anne Boleyn was living at Hever when Henry the Eighth courted her, there being several letters of both extant, written by Henry to and from this place. The chamber

* Mr. Mitford informs me, that Sir Samuel Meyrick, of Goodrich Castle, Herefordshire, possesses the two original miniatures, by Holbein, of Henry the Eighth and of Anne of Cleves; the very identical ones which were mutually exchanged; still preserved in the original cases of ivory, carved in the shape of a rose. They are perhaps the most interesting and valuable pair of miniatures in England. They were once in the possession of the Bridges family, at Lee Priory, Kent.

is still shewn, it is said, nearly as it existed in her time—adjoining it a winding turret stair, which, it is said, she used to ascend, when Henry's hunting horns were heard in the adjoining woods, and his arrival was thus proclaimed.

Anne of Cleves was possessed of the castle and manor in the fifth year of Philip and Mary, when it reverted again to the crown, and was sold to the Earl of Waldegrave. It afterwards came into the possession of the family of Waldo, who now own it, with large surrounding estates, and it makes one of their numerous farms.

In the windows of Hever Castle were the arms of Howard, Brotherton, Warren, Mowbray, Boleyn, Hoo, St. Omer, Wickingham, St. Leger, Wallop, Ormond, and one of Waldegrave.

The tomb of Sir Thomas Boleyn is the *only one* that is seen of the family, remaining in the church of Hever.

"STRANGE dream for one so young!"—I musing said,
As with slow step, I climb'd the turret-stair;
Her toilet by the casement stood — her bed
Of curtain'd silk, and tapestri'd couch were there;
It was the very chamber where she lay;
Unchang'd, tho' changeful years had pass'd away.

"Strange dream for one so young!"— yet fancies wild
We know, unsought for, cross the wearied brain,
When sleep has reason of her power beguiled,
And comes with all her wild fantastic train,
Mocking the mind with semblance—let her weep
If sorrow comes, it comes but in the dreams of sleep.

But why of sorrow speak? herself she saw,
In her own hall, 'mid festal lamps serene,
Leading the dance, and He, whom all with awe
Beheld, knelt to her, as to beauty's queen,
Hung on her crimson'd cheek, and whispered there,
Words that breathed o'er her, like enchanted air.

He spake of love that nothing could destroy,
Mocking all time and change;—he kiss'd the tear,
That dimm'd her soft and downcast eye—"Enjoy"
He said, "a Monarch's love, unmix'd with fear."
And something, too, he spake of one, in pain,
Who long enthrall'd had worn an old and galling chain.

It fled;—but when again in sleep reposed,
Sitting with dark and clouded brows she saw,
Grave, bearded Churchmen in long synod closed,
With wrinkled fingers pointing to the law;
And Legates posting over land and sea,
And much she marvell'd then for whom these things could be.

But lo! to brighter scenes the Conclave changed,
For sound of silver clarions shook the air,
And joust, and tournament, and champions rang'd
In order due, the bridal feast declare;
And one of princely form approach'd the maid,
And, bending at her feet, the regal sceptre laid.

A regal crown, her beauteous forehead graced,
And he, she loved, was with her on the throne;
But ever those whom smiling fortune placed
On flattering heights, has fickle chance o'er-thrown;
Or envious time, or destiny who hides
In awful clouds, the hand that o'er man's fate presides.

For once again the changeful vision show'd
An aged Queen, array'd in weeds of woe;
Stern was the look she wore, deep sorrows flow'd
From that great heart, and deathly was the blow;
And so in injur'd majesty she laid
Her steadfast eye of scorn upon the trembling maid,

And still her eye was fix'd,—yet never word
From those pale lips, nor living accent came,
Nor marvel, if no shade of Pity stirr'd
That queenly mind . . for violated fame
Was her's—insulted Majesty and pride,
And on her rightful throne, sate the incestuous bride.

Yet fair the star of Love still o'er her rose,
And Youth, what bright and golden hours are thine!
Shielding, for so thou canst, from earthly woes,
By transitory gift of Powers divine;
Nor speak of wrongs by her, but let her be
As in her maiden bloom, unblemish'd still and free.

But soon that blooming cheek like marble grew,
And quench'd how soon was Love's ethereal flame,
And ever as each wandering rumour flew,
Sudden and dark the clouds of evil came;
Estranged eyes she met,—perplexing fears,
And those whom most she lov'd, pass'd by with tears,

And then they spake of one, as false as fair,
False to her virgin vows; nor did they rest,
Till they had led her on in wild despair,
And her poor heart was breaking in her breast;
How could it be, that slanderous tongues in scorn
Could wound a maid like her — so fair, and so forlorn.

The earth grew dark beneath her feet, with shade
  Of coming ills, and dark the morning sky;
To one in clouds of deepest thought betray'd,
  Plunging from woe to woe in agony.
And so she wander'd on in grief and shame,
While still on heavier wing the night of sorrow
    came.

For then in dream or vision, once again,
  Confused sights, and shapes mysterious rose,
Shadows, she knew not what, and forms of pain,
  And fearful moanings heard at evening's close.
Grim towers appear'd, and many a dungeon stair,
Winding in darkness far into the misty air.

A lidless coffin at her feet was seen,
  His gleaming axe, the sullen headsman bore,
Strange sounds and sights forlorn rose up be-
    tween;—
  But lo! the morn unbars her silver door,
The Earth is glittering bright with vernal dew,
And from her trembling couch the affrighted
    maiden flew.

And all to soothe a troubled mind was there,
  In sight or sound;—the lark his early song
Of joy was trilling in the morning air,
  The stock-dove's voice was heard the woods
    among;

While one by one from out the sedgy brake
The Swans came sailing down the bright and silvery lake.

Green rose the Kentish hills;—in rich array
The forests spread their leafy umbrage round,
Hawthorn, and Hazel-copse, were blooming gay
And orchard-crofts, with fragrant woodbine crown'd;
How pleas'd she saw, leading his waters pale,
Her own sweet Eden glide, adown that pastoral vale.

All things awoke to life in earth, and air;
Sweet murmurs crept along the wooded dells;
The wild deer stirred from out their ferny lair,
The bee was humming in the cowslip bells.
And now to sylvan lodge, or hamlet grey,
Slowly the wandering kine were moving on their way.

But like the victim of some lonely spell,
Slow from her mind the dream of darkness fled,
And still those cold and deathly breathings fell,
That late had brooded o'er her midnight bed;
Speaking of sorrows past, of gloomy fears,
And things remember'd dim, through long and unknown years.

" Oh! give me back my vernal hours again,
My hours of youth and peace"—the maiden cried,
" Give me the beechen grove, the woodland strain,
And violets blooming by the brooklet's side.
And that sweet bower of eglantine,—the shade
Where through long summer days my careless
childhood stray'd.

" 'Twas there I watch'd the glittering insects play,
Circling with sportive flight yon sunny rill;
While the tall shadows of those turrets grey,
Slept in the moated waters calm and still;
Nor ceased to linger there, while evening pale
Drew o'er the shadowy scene her soft and dewy veil.

" Unclouded thus, my days of gladness past,
Sweet words and gentle greetings still were mine;
Pleasures to me from hands unseen were cast,
Bright as the azure heavens that o'er me shine;
So fairest thoughts from every heart I drew,
While peace, and tenderest hope, like flowers,
around me grew.

" Then take me to your sheltering arms again
Ye loved companions of my earlier days;
Green copse, and primrose bank, and winding lane
Rich with the golden treasure Autumn lays;
And thou, forsaken Streamlet, let me be
Free as the Summer winds, to wander still with thee."

But see how slants the sun's departing ray,
Bright clouds are travelling o'er the western hills;
And hark! the hunter's horn, and stag-hounds bay,
Peal after peal, the echoing valley fills:
And now through Hever's gates in kingly pride,
Led by the monarch's self, the trampling horsemen ride.

And is this but a Poet's tale that's told?
For see the wild flower on the castle wall,
Spreads its small banners through the ruins old,
Tall grass is waving in the roofless hall;
One lone and solitary tomb, 'tis said,
In silent guard preserves the secrets of the dead.

So musing in the Church-way paths I stood,
That look upon those ancient turrets grey;
Wearing their verdant crown of hills, and wood;
Then homeward bent my lone and pensive way;
And still I turn'd to gaze and linger there,
Mid those sweet woodland scenes, and shadowy landscapes fair.

J. M.

THE END.

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